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THE UNSTABLE SOCIETY*

Sir Geoffrey Vickers

For three years I have paid an annual visit to Canada to take part, as the only non-Canadian participant, in an inquiry organized by the School of Social Work at the University of Toronto into the effect on the well-being of ordinary men and women of the rapid industrialization which is transforming Canada and her society. This is a report and personal commentary on that experience.

Consider first the significant fact that the inquiry was held at all. If ever there were a time and place where men might well accept their state as good and growing even better, that time and place is surely Canada today. Her *per capita* income is among the highest in the world. The great majority of Canadians provide abundantly for their essential needs and have an increasing margin of buying power at the service of their individual choice; and this choice has at its call a market of fabulous extent. It commands not only automobiles and deep freezes and the other conventional necessities of their culture but also access to knowledge, enjoyment, and leisure. And all this is theirs without excessive labour, without apparent sacrifice of freedom or order, without obvious overdrafts on irreplaceable resources. Canadians, of all people, might be excused if they regarded industry simply as a cornucopia, a source of plenty; and rapid industrialization as the rate of increase in the volume and variety of that abundance.

In fact, few today regard industry so simply. There is a price to be paid. What exactly is that price? How is it set? How is it paid? Who pays it? These questions may be considered at various levels. A school of social work lives in the world of case histories; it sees ill-being in terms of individual men and women and children, each a unique problem in

*The substance of an address given at McGill University, November 18, 1958, including material which will appear as part of a book, *The Undirected Society*, to be published shortly by the University of Toronto Press.

distress and bewilderment. Yet such a school, none the less, has its roots in the social sciences and seeks to understand its world in terms of general concepts which can unify experience. As one would expect, then, the approach of this inquiry was partly practical and partly theoretical; and the two paths converged.

The project, which became known as the Round Table, brought together about a hundred prominent Canadians from business, government, organized labour, the professions, and the social sciences; but it differed from similar gatherings in the past in important ways. It met for a week not once but three times, at intervals of a year. It spent most of its first two meetings in groups of twenty, visiting places where the impact of industrialization seemed likely to be most striking—such as Cornwall, near which the Seaway has required the bodily removal of a whole township; or Malton, where the combined needs of peace and war set suddenly in an agricultural village a vast industrial complex and one of the world's great airports. It involved a partnership between laymen and professionals, in that the work of the three conferences was prefaced and linked by social surveys, professionally directed. The participants met and talked with representative people in these communities from all walks of life. The groups were mixed; in each, business executives, priests, labour leaders, and social scientists were fused into a team by their common experience and no attempt was made to influence or guide their thinking, though contributions to the theoretical background were made in papers given before or during each conference. The third meeting was a residential conference, devoted to thinking through the most urgent questions raised by the inquiry.

Apart from Cornwall and Malton, five other areas were visited—Elliot Lake, where a new town is being created to serve the uranium fields; Iroquois Falls, where the Abitibi Pulp and Paper Company carried out a similar project forty years ago; Scarborough, an example of Toronto's unplanned expansion; and a half-derelict area of downtown Toronto, which is the scene of a novel, large-scale experiment in municipal housing. In the second year a study of St. Catharines was substituted for the return visit to Iroquois Falls.

Such in summary was the plan of the Round Table. Of those who took part, few, I think, left without a sense of widened horizons, especially in two dimensions, diversity and time.

It is no secret that half the population of Canada is female and that a quarter is under ten years of age; yet these facts can come with the force of revelation to a predominantly male group of observers who

look around them with inquiring eyes freed, perhaps for the first time in many years, from the need to look primarily at the things for which they are themselves responsible.

There is a stereotype of the Canadian. He is male and under forty. He has a wife and at least two children. He is on the way up; the future promises successive increases of income and responsibility, indefinitely extended. That he will grow old and die is irrelevant; by then he will be peripheral to the Canadian scene. Canada is young, a country of the young.

The stereotype is less misleading in Canada than elsewhere, yet even so it typifies only a tiny minority. It needs only a simple exercise in arithmetic to show that at any given moment, all but a very small minority, even of employed adult men, have passed the age when they can expect any kind of promotion. Business ambition is available as motivation only for the few, even in Canada. In addition to differences of sex and age and economic status, there are wide differences of personality type which neither physiologists nor psychologists can yet measure. I count it a merit of this exercise that it brought home to us all the immense variety of status, of interests, of personalities, each "normal," each entitled to the same respect, which makes up a people.

No less elusive, though equally familiar, is the dimension of time. The babies in the maternity clinics, the senile in the geriatric clinics, are earlier and later versions of that active young man who looks out of all the advertisements. A human life today expects to span the better part of a century and for the purpose of well-being must be considered as a unity at least from birth to death.

Confronted thus with these familiar realities of variety in state and continuity in time, we felt at one point that the impacts of industrialization might prove so diverse and so individual that nothing general could usefully be said about them; but as the groups charted and pursued the leads that seemed most significant, a pattern emerged. Our concerns began to fall into three related areas.

One included our concerns about the individual satisfactions and fulfilment which are offered by rapidly expanding industrialization. In many places these seemed sharply different for men and women, for young and old, for the active and the reflective. The impression grew that Canada today is too exclusively a place for extrovert young males. More important and at a deeper level was our concern about the effect of industrialization on the values which set these satisfactions.

Another area included our concerns about community life. Many

Canadians live in communities which are physically new. Some, like Elliot Lake, are being created from the wilderness; others are formed by rapid development around village nuclei. Men often work so far from their homes that their living place is only a dormitory. They move often, under the influence of changing income, growing family, change of employer, or new posting. In such conditions, the opportunities for involvement in a local community, whether socially or in local government or public service, are often slim, especially for the men. The traditional concept of neighbourhood and community is changing its meaning. What is the effect of this on society and on individuals?

The third area included our concerns about the capacity of individuals and institutions, especially the institutions of community life, to adapt to the changes which industrialization imposes, and about the techniques for planning the developments involved.

Thus the Round Table, seeking to answer the question "What are the effects on individual well-being of Canada's rapid industrialization?" came by gradual steps to identify three areas of doubt which qualify the optimism natural to an age of abundance. One concerns the effect of industrialization on the social conditions of well-being. One concerns its effect on the values by which individual lives are lived and on their opportunities for satisfaction. One concerns the capacity of individuals and of society to adapt to the changes which rapid industrialization involves.

II

These related doubts have also been expressed by diverse thinkers in recent years, by scientists and philosophers, theologians and men of affairs. They have led, by devious routes, to such sombre conclusions as are expressed in Huxley's *Brave New World* and Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. They deserve consideration at a more abstract level.

Social conditions of well-being have emerged only recently as a conscious object of policy. For several centuries men in the West were preoccupied with the political conditions of well-being. The task of securing them is not over; it will never be over. Freedom and order will remain an unstable synthesis which will need to be understood and defended anew in every age. None the less, we of the West have today a heritage of ideas and institutions which define and secure the political conditions of well-being and, even when we disagree about them, we agree that they exist and that they are created and maintained only by the insight and courage and effort of men.

The economic conditions of well-being have long been known as freedom from want. Within the last hundred years they have imperceptibly changed to increasing abundance for all. For a time it was supposed that these conditions, unlike the political conditions of well-being, would spontaneously generate themselves, if left unregulated. There was never much theoretical justification for this belief. Few, if any, of the classical economists held out much hope that industrialization as such would benefit working men. Practical experience soon showed the need for other regulators. The wide distribution of wealth in Canada today is largely due to collective bargaining and redistribution of income through legislation and public spending. Other economic conditions of well-being have been identified, such as stability of employment and stability of money values; and the pursuit of these is a constant and often overriding objective of government policy. Thus in the economic field, no less than in the political field, Canada like other Western countries, has a highly developed and ever growing set of beliefs about the economic conditions of well-being and highly developed techniques for maintaining them.

Western ideas about the social conditions of well-being are less well developed, but the ideas themselves are the most ancient and fundamental of all. Until two or three centuries ago men needed no social scientist to tell them that human nature is born in fellowship and decays in isolation. Only after the atomizing effects of industrialization had dissolved the traditional bonds of community and neighbourhood did men seek consciously to understand what before they had taken for granted.

In Britain, the great depression of the thirties brought home to all that relief is no substitute for employment, and hence the social significance of work. The unplanned housing developments between the wars revealed that the social needs for meeting, recreation, and worship are as real as the economic needs for clothing, food, and shelter. Researches into delinquency showed that the social coherence of a family and, especially, the mother-child relationship in the earliest years of life are more significant than family income as a condition of well-being. In consequence, men have become accustomed to regard place of work, neighbourhood, and family as social, no less than economic, units.

Thus in a short time there has developed a powerful body of doctrine about the social conditions of well-being, and though it is still tentative and inchoate it is profoundly influencing the making and execution of

policy. Town planners, personnel managers, service chiefs, public health officers, educators, criminologists, and a host of others work on the assumption that social conditions are powerful conditions of well-being and that they need to be and can be understood and controlled.

Not only have social and economic conditions, no less than political conditions, become governors of policy; they are no longer supposed to be necessarily consistent with each other. Their interaction is a major problem for students of political science. The intrusion of social values into the political field, as conscious determinants of policy, may well be as disturbing—and as healthy—as was the intrusion of economic values when, as conscious determinants of policy, they inaugurated first the epoch of *laissez-faire* and later the earlier phases of the welfare state.

This then is the first area of doubt. What are the most essential social conditions of well-being in an industrial society? How can they be secured by methods which will not prove self-defeating—and at what cost?

The second area of doubt has also been the subject of much study. Some social psychologists have expressed the view that industrial society, especially in North America, inculcates in all certain standards of success which are accessible only to a few, and thus generates an excessive and unnecessary load of frustration and induces in a rich society the features of a fierce struggle for existence. Apart from this criticism, it has been said that the goals of an industrial civilization are unsatisfying in themselves, elevating what should be means to the status of ends; and this in turn is sometimes linked, at a deeper level, to the criticism that the values of an industrial age are marred by the objectifying outlook of the science which supports it. This last deserves some further examination.

Scientific knowledge is knowledge of that which is observed; and from this the observer himself is necessarily excluded. He may learn much about himself and his fellows by regarding them as objects to be observed like other objects, but there remains an observing self, not object but subject or, more profoundly, agent, which can never be known by this method. Dr. Oldham, summarizing the views of many writers, both scientists and philosophers, on this point, writes: "The most serious competitor of the Christian faith today is what we may describe . . . as salvation through knowledge. That is the working religion of men everywhere, the driving force of the modern world. It is what makes the world go round alike in capitalist America, in Western Europe, in the Communist East and in the fermenting continents of Asia and Africa."

Dr. Oldham makes it clear that "salvation through knowledge" becomes a rival religion only because knowledge is given the specialized meaning which it has acquired through the development of the physical sciences. It is interesting that this restriction is already raising problems and controversies in the growth of the social sciences.

Examples of this one-sided idea of knowledge are not hard to find. One, I suggest, is the passionate concern of the age with what is called the conquest of outer space. I can imagine that some historian of a future age may find summarized in this the essential weakness of our own. Why, he may ask, when our inner space—socially and individually—was so patently unexplored and unreclaimed, did we spend so vast a share of our resources on exploring the barren void outside our atmosphere? Was it not, he may answer, that there was the only remaining field in which we could remain aloof from our subject-matter, still non-participant observers? An example of another kind may be found in the resistance of ordinary folk to being scientifically managed or studied or even "understood." Underlying more specific reasons is, I believe, the unconscious but valid sense that the scientific way of knowing may be not merely barren but dangerous for the known.

Here, at all events, is some background to the group of concerns to which the Round Table was led in seeking to understand the impact of industrialization on individual values and satisfactions.

The third area of doubt, which concerns the meaning and limitations of adaptability, also calls for some background study. Industrialization has always proved a destabilizing force; it constantly reshapes the use of land surface; the source, volume, and character of products; the size of populations; the pattern of societies; the wants and needs and aspirations of mankind. Hence the constant need for adaptation. Do men approve the adaptive responses into which they are driven? Is there a limit to their adaptiveness? What happens if they are driven beyond it? These questions are becoming more accessible to study in the light of knowledge gained in the analysis of simpler dynamic systems.

In the view of many, the change which released this destabilizing force is so large in scale and so threatening in character that men can understand it only with a great effort of imagination. Professor Butterfield has described the new industrial era which began to dawn towards the end of the seventeenth century as "a civilisation exhilaratingly new perhaps but strange as Nineveh and Babylon." Others have compared it with the change from a hunting or pastoral to an agricultural way of

life. Those who have most closely studied it are impressed not so much by its ability to solve problems of production as by its impact on ways of life and on the values by which men live.

The agricultural way of life was relatively stable, a partnership with nature which could and did maintain itself for long periods in a state of relative equilibrium. By contrast, the industrial way of life has never produced stability in any sense and until recently never sought to do so and never inquired whether it could do so, if it wished. It assumed that it could and should indefinitely produce expansion at an accelerating rate and that the faster this expansion moved the better. This assumption is challenged today, not so much in a country such as India, which still has problems in meeting the essential needs of a population which may double in twenty years, but above all in North America, and especially in Canada, where a high standard of living coexists with still undeveloped resources as nowhere else on earth. Hence the importance, there above all places, of clarifying the concept of adaptation and charting the limits of adaptability. I invite you to consider this at greater length.

III

We use the word adaptability widely and loosely to describe the accommodations which we make to life. Most often it is used with approval of the readiness and skill with which an individual fits into a social group. Less is heard of the readiness and skill of a group in accommodating to and learning from a deviant individual, but this also is an important aspect of adaptation. Again, it was once a matter of pride to an individual to be adaptable to his physical environment, learning readily to tolerate extremes of temperature, changes of season, diversities of diet. Today, especially in North America, more pride is taken in adapting the physical environment to human requirements. Both are equally forms of adaptation. I ask my readers to suspend any preconceptions they may have as to which factor in these interactions should give place to which. What is involved is clearly an endless process of give and take between individual, society, and physical environment, extended indefinitely in time.

This picture of history as mutual interaction is meaningless, unless there is added to it some picture of the nature of its three constituents, which can account for the force and directions of their pushings and pullings and for the limitations beyond which they cannot be pushed or pulled without breaking. This would take us into deep water, which

I will avoid so far as I can. Consider instead, what are the major seekings and shunnings which guide and limit Canada's adaptive efforts today. Even a stranger may venture to list some of them. They include security from attack from without and subversion from within; a rising standard of living; minimum subsistence for all; certain freedoms, including the freedom to undertake and leave any work and the corresponding freedom to "hire and fire"; equality of certain opportunities, including opportunities for employment and business enterprise; a minimum of taxation, government activity, and state control; and so on. Any specific objective of government policy would be explained as contributing to one of these seekings or shunnings or another like them.

What is it which is thus sought or shunned? It is in every case a relationship. Security is a relationship between the state and its neighbours; personal freedoms are relationships between citizen and citizen or citizen and state. Those accepted policies which define the direction of a country's seekings and shunnings can all be analysed into relationships—inner or outer—which are to be achieved or preserved or escaped.

I want to point out some curious, though familiar, features of these relationships. First, they can never be attained once for all. Security and prosperity can be preserved only by constant activity. That is why I find it inconvenient to refer to these relationships as objectives or goals or ends of policy; for all these words imply something which can be achieved once for all. Policies can be realized, of course, only by setting and achieving a series of concrete objectives, just as a person's metabolism can be maintained only by eating a series of meals, but in addition to these specific objectives or "goals," a separate word is needed for those continuing relationships which are the underlying controllers of policy. I will call them norms when they are positive and limits when they are negative, or, more generally, positive and negative governors of behaviour.

All these norms and limits are more or less inconsistent with each other, yet they are all intimately connected. Maximum private enterprise seems to call for minimum government activity, yet involved is a partnership between them in which each depends on the other as the automobile industry depends on the road system. In any case resources, however great, are limited, if only because not everything can be done at once. Putting first things first means putting other things back, perhaps excluding them for ever, as agricultural use is excluded when the fruitlands of the Niagara Peninsula are put under concrete. Thus the making

of policy is always an exercise in restricted choice and is always itself restrictive in that whatever it actualizes denies actualization to a host of alternatives. Every "yes" implies a thousand "no's." The more abundant the opportunities, the greater the volume of all that must be left unrealized.

Finally, people cannot tell in advance how far they will be able to realize any or all of these governors or even which of them will prove inconsistent with others. Changes within and without, many of them the undesigned result of previous action, continually alter the situation and with it change both what people can do and what they most want to do.

Viewed thus in theoretical form, it is a puzzle how any society evolves from this manifold and conflicting body of governors any coherent policy. How can it weigh against each other so many disparate variables? Happily, it does not start with a blank sheet. Policies are already in course of execution, resources are committed, men are in mid career. Merely to maintain this situation in a state of stability requires ceaseless adaptive activity. To keep the level of water in the rivers within safe limits, the water in the dams must fluctuate with droughts and floods. To stabilize the currency, to maintain employment, the government must ring the changes on a repertory of devices for smoothing out the disturbances which are constantly released into the system from without and from within. The essence of regulation at every level from the national to the personal is to preserve relationships within their assigned limits by counteracting disturbances which threaten to upset them. Every organization, like every organism, has a wealth of sensitive devices for this purpose.

This dynamic representation of a society is as true of a primitive tribe or a mediaeval city state as it is of Canada today. Rapid industrialization makes an essential, and twofold, difference. It changes the character and increases the volume of the disturbances with which the regulative system has to deal, and it changes the norms and limits by which the regulators themselves are governed. Not only does it alter physical living space and social living space. It also alters aspirations, changing the governing relations which are the ultimate determinants of policy, and it alters expectations, changing men's understanding of the regularities which are the basis of prediction. All these changes operate at every level—in the Cabinet, in the Board Room, and in the individual mind. At every level they make new demands on the regulative machinery, both by increasing its load and by changing its setting.

This process is often accepted as simply growth and its accompanying instability as simply growing pains. Why "simply"? Growth is not simple, it is exceedingly mysterious. Among organisms it consists in the realization of form, according to a programme which is believed to be coded in the gene, and, within this frame, in the building of individuality out of experience. Yet even at the organic level another form of growth is encountered, in the cancer which apparently is not controlled by any inbuilt form but is none the less self-limiting, in that in time it kills the organism in which it grows. Ideas so doubtful and confused should not lightly be transferred to the social field. What sets the form controlling social growth?

In the organic field almost the only thing which can be said with certainty about any kind of growth is that it has never been known to proceed for long in a straight line, and this at least is also true of social growth. Societies, like organisms, pass through phases of development which end and can never be repeated but which leave an enduring influence on the phases which follow.

Consider the commitment of land. The surface of the planet is not expanding and it is most unlikely that life underground or in outer space will ever offer equal attraction to humankind. On the other hand, the population of Canada, as of the world, is rapidly increasing and each member of it claims to take up more room each year, directly for living and moving space, and indirectly for the provision of all the goods and services which he expects. It has been calculated that every human being on the North American continent is now consuming on the average, directly and indirectly, his own weight of stuff every day from birth to death, and this rate is expected to increase by 40 per cent in the next twenty-five years. This process must, I suggest, be self-limiting, both physically and socially, no less in Canada than in the small and overcrowded island of Britain. All those empty miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the Pole, cannot be used to relieve the congestion around Malton airport or to provide alternative sites for the head offices of Montreal banks. Land use is essentially local and largely irreversible; yet the utility of each development depends very much on its place in a large-scale pattern which has already grown to the scale of the Seaway and is still growing.

Parallel with the commitment of land surface runs the commitment of human and material resources in forms of organization which, I suspect, are almost equally irreversible. The proportion of the working population employed by government and large organizations continues

to increase; so does the proportion of requirements not supplied directly through a free market either because they are supplied directly through government, central or local (like education), or through a crown corporation (like the Seaway), or because there is only one buyer (as with government expenditure for defence), or because the project (such as the distribution of natural gas) needs government support, or because (as in many of the country's major industries) the number of suppliers is so small that the market is no longer independent of any one of them. Even in Canada, the sector of activity which is withdrawn, wholly or partly, from the control of the market is already so great that its effective management is essential to the success of national life. I am not concerned to commend or to deplore these familiar trends, only to point them out as examples of what I believe to be an inescapable trend in an industrial economy. Organizationally, no less than physically, the path, wherever it leads, cannot be one of indefinite linear progression.

Consider a third aspect of this development. The environment which limits mankind and which man has to alter or accept is decreasingly natural and increasingly human. The "other" is less often a thing, more often a man. Responses apt for dealing with things are inapt for dealing with men—much more refined co-ordination is needed. Thus socially, no less than physically and organizationally, the path of industrialization cannot be one of indefinite linear progression. It demands of men not "more of the same" but "something different."

I revert to the basic question—what kind of growth is this? Whether development is to be regarded as growth or as deviation depends on the governing relations which are taken as the yardstick, and these are among the variables which are changed by the process of industrialization. Yet they are not wholly beyond human control. The process of self-government is clearly wider than is usually understood by adaptation. It includes course-setting as well as course-keeping. To some extent men can choose the governors they are to obey, can determine whether expansion shall be the realization of chosen form or the formless expansion of the cancer cell. Thus men must distinguish two tasks and two dangers which lie confused and concealed within the concept of adaptation. A society must on the one hand control the rate of change so that the volume of disturbance in the system shall not be more than the regulators can handle. On the other, it must also control the direction of change by watching over the norms and limits which it is set to seek and avoid. Neither is wholly under its control, each affects the other and either may bring defeat. If the volume of disturbance becomes too great

for the regulators the governors will have to be impoverished to match what can be achieved, and history shows that in this process the delicate relations on which democracy depends are among the first to go. If the governors are unworthy, the pursuit of them will soon weave a web of habit and vested interest which is hard to break. Social growth, in any sense worth seeking, depends on the constant revision of norms and limits realistically set so as not to defeat themselves.

In describing a society in terms of governors and regulators I have used language which is more familiar to engineers and biologists than to social scientists; so I should perhaps emphasize that by stability I do not necessarily mean constancy. To hold a course is to be stable, whether the course be constant or not. The automatic pilot on an aircraft holds a constant course but the homing device in a missile holds a course which is set by the ever changing position of the target. The homeostatic devices of the body hold constant a man's inner temperature and a host of other factors, but the course he follows in his development from embryo to adult is ever changing. Whether the course be fixed or variable, the ability to hold it is the mark of stability, the failure to hold it is the mark of instability, signalling one of those failures in control which engineers and biologists study each in his own field but often with similar concepts and similar findings. But whereas the course is built into the missile by its designer, and into the organism by evolution, at higher levels of individual and social life, it is consciously or unconsciously self-set.

IV

This theoretical excursion may be useful to explain what happened when this group of responsible Canadians met to discuss and sum up their two years' experience. The three fields of our inquiry corresponded roughly with the three interacting fields of force which formed my first model of adaptation—the physical environment, the institutions of society, and the desires and repulsions of individuals; and the main question before us was: how far does rapid industrialization determine not only how far those desires and repulsions shall be satisfied but even what they shall be?

We were left with a lively sense of the part which the physical environments plays in the well-being of men and women. It defines the living space of a family. It sets the relationship between home and work for the breadwinner and thus affects his relation with the family and with both the living and the working community. It patterns the neighbour-

hood group and determines its facilities for meeting. On a larger scale of space and time, it determines the distribution of land surface between the multiple, conflicting uses of industry, agriculture, transport, residence, recreation, and amenity and thus patterns the lives of generations to come.

Urban and industrial development is spreading across Canada like a prairie fire. What sets the pattern? The process, it seemed, is inadequate to the needs of the land. "No Canadian product in the next generation," said one of our speakers, "will be more important than Canadian cities." None today is more haphazardly produced. Public service facilities lag behind private enterprise and cost correspondingly more when they are belatedly provided. Agricultural land is absorbed prematurely and misguidedly, not only through land speculation but also through the action of too functionally minded departments of government. Those who had visited Elliot Lake and seen what can result when the needs of a community are considered as a whole in advance contrasted it sharply with the formless, often self-defeating results of piecemeal growth—the contrast being most unfavourable to the latter. To quote the same speaker: "man is capable of conscious design and the city is his ultimate environmental creation." Such creations demand co-operation larger in scope and longer sighted in time than is yet at their service. The dollar sign which weighs so heavily with local authorities, as well as with speculators and vested interests, expresses a calculation covering too short a timespan and omits too many real values.

Of those who visited Toronto's experiment in low-cost housing, few were predisposed to favour subsidizing a building project. But they encountered two facts which before had been unknown or unreal to many; first, the hidden subsidy which had been paid before in dealing with decay, disease, and delinquency, costs now startlingly reduced; and secondly, the human costs involved in the unwelcome fact that Canada's ways of providing houses do not adequately serve the needs of a substantial part of its population—the old, the ill, the handicapped, the isolated, the new-comers, the unsuccessful, a cross-section of the infinite variety of humankind, hidden behind the bright young man in the advertisements. Yet, of the three basic necessities of life, shelter differs from food and clothing in being the living space of a family—that basic unit through which culture is transmitted, transmuted, and renewed, in which the foundations of character are laid, by which alone is nurtured the variety which protects individuals from the stereotype of industrial man.

In Canada, as in my country, private developers and local authorities,

business enterprises and crown corporations, compete and co-operate; planning boards restrain present choices and keep future choices open. But the quality of response which issues from all this interaction depends on what people feel to matter most and hence on the breadth of their view in space and time and humanity—on where they draw the ever widening boundaries between I and not-I, and between Now and not-Now. Between challenges and response there is interposed a critical time-lag, representing the delay between the sensing of new need by the few and the response in action of the many. This time-lag is, of course, as critical in the response of a whole society as in the reaction of a simple, mechanical control. It grows longer as the system becomes more complex, more dangerous as the pace of change quickens. It may already be Canada's limiting factor.

In terms of institutions new or changed we found some impressive evidence of adaptability. Industry on an ever larger scale makes longer plans with a heightened sense of responsibility. (What other agency could have built a Kitimat?) Crown corporations shape the face of Canada with a sense of the manifold significance of what they do—witness the borders of the Seaway, no less than the Canadian bank of Niagara Falls. In this field I will mention only two impressions.

The traditional political institutions, it seemed, are among the least adaptable. It is hard to expand the areas, the powers, or the budgets of government authorities to match all they are required to do in a society undergoing rapid industrialization. We found cases where local authorities are handling problems involving areas of space, spans of time, and amounts of money far beyond their resources and their habits of mind. By contrast, voluntary organization, especially in industry, is far more flexible.

We were impressed by the need for new institutions not only to implement policy but also to make possible the working out of policy through new contacts between governors and governed. Not only planning boards but also community planning organizations have their place in the network of communication, for through it a democracy constantly redefines its goals, ever modifying that synthesis of relations to be sought and shunned which are the effective governors of its behaviour. The readiness to improvise and to participate in such new institutions seemed conspicuously high, the quality of participation higher than in the traditional forms of government. Yet even in these we saw striking examples of adaptability. In 1956 we met problems which seemed insoluble to the local inhabitants and to us—the traffic problem at Malton,

for example, or the multiple effect on Blind River of the developing community at Elliot Lake nearby. When we returned a year later we found these stubborn problems already on their way to solution and a new atmosphere of optimism. We did not attempt to draw from our limited experience any general conclusions as to the present over-all success of Canada's effort to adjust to change.

When we moved to our third and most important field—the effect on individuals of rapid industrialization—we ran into a barrier which we could not pass. For this there were, I think, three main reasons. We had replaced the stereotyped Canadian by an infinite variety of human lives, each reaching into the future, perhaps for several decades, and we were impressed with the difficulty of generalizing about the satisfactions proper to so diverse a group. We did not know how to answer the fundamental question of how far rapid industrialization creates or distorts or masks the individual satisfactions which it purports to supply and we found the attempt to do so curiously embarrassing.

At one level the relevant questions have been asked in Professor Galbraith's recent book *The Affluent Society*. The classical economists, Professor Galbraith points out, took wants for granted—they were supposed to be given from outside the economic system. Their typical man knew what he wanted; the job of economics was simply to teach him how to maximize his satisfactions. Contemporary men, by contrast, learn their economic wants from the economic system itself, partly through advertising pressure and partly through the power of the system to create ever more conventional necessities. What, asks Professor Galbraith, are men to think of wants of which people are unaware until they have learned them from those who wish to supply them?

At this level then, if Professor Galbraith is right, wants are in part the product of industrialization itself, but industry makes its impact at deeper levels also. Dr. Alastair MacLeod, another of our speakers, invited us to regard it as one of the major educators of modern men and held that it was failing them in various ways—that it dominated, rather than taught; that it imposed some stresses which are noxious and denied others which are needed; that it made people too predictable both as producers and as consumers.

We added other questions. Does the dominance of economic rôles hinder people from building up an adequate idea of themselves as persons? Does a money economy create an unreal distinction between satisfactions which can be bought and those which cannot? Does it grossly overvalue variety of choice? Is Canadian society in consequence

too unwilling to restrict or even influence choice—outside the choices of the market? Does this contribute, paradoxically, to the extreme degree of conformity which, I understand, has developed among some Canadian teen-age groups, who thus find an effective though deviant way to provide for their lives the structure which their elders dare not offer them? Does competition distort values in the expanding field in which it is no longer an adequate regulator?

To these questions we found no answers. We could not even discuss them; indeed, we shied away from them. I felt that in this field, far more than in the physical field or the institutional field, the confusions produced by rapid industrialization were chiefly to be found. For it is here that the independent ethic of the pioneer and the competitive ethic of the *entrepreneur* are at odds with the ethic of interdependence which a developing industrial democracy is bound to force upon itself.

This confusion is reflected in the ambivalence which clings to so many familiar words. Is "work" a service to God and man or an evil to be minimized? Is "thrift" a duty to self and society or an obsolescent way of seeking personal security? Is "independence" a spiritual duty and right or is it an eccentricity hostile to successful adjustment? These doubts generate emotional charges, which turn useful concepts into explosive ones.

Similar charges surround other words. "Discipline" is almost unusable, "leadership" is not much better. "Control," "expert," even "specialist," suggest vaguely dangerous thoughts. "Aggressive" is a compliment when applied to a salesman, an insult when applied to a foreign state, and either or both in the wide area between. "Adaptability" has a better press than might be expected.

Much can be learned about the character of a society from its favourite words, much about its confusions from the words which it finds embarrassing. We were not able to analyse the confusions which we brought to light and it is not for me, a stranger, to try to do so now. I will only mention one impression which this experience has left on me, an impression which is not peculiar to Canada but which is sharply revealed there by the pace of change. This is an impression of almost schizophrenic cleavage between the traditional governors of the industrial system and those which prevail outside it.

The trouble, perhaps, is not that the governors in industry are wrong but that the governors outside it are inadequate. I recall the experience of those who visited Toronto's subsidized housing project. They found that to appraise it they had to make two unfamiliar calculations. They

had first to weigh against the subsidy the reduction in other public expenses which it had brought about, especially by reducing disease and crime. They thus had to take account of social costs, crediting savings which did not fall in the same account. They had also to consider the real value of what the money had bought, in terms of human health, happiness, opportunity, and achievement—not forgetting any ill effects in the same terms which the project may be deemed to have had. There is nothing unusual in such calculations; men should be making them all the time. What is strange is that because they are less exact they should seem less real.

Men of today are hypnotized by the measurable. Examples could be multiplied. I happen to have been concerned in Britain with the running of coal mines and with the running of hospitals. Both are now run by Crown corporations, with statutory duties to provide a service, but the product of one, coal, is sold, while the product of the other, therapy, is not: its return never appears in money in the hospital accounts. So the one is regarded as self-liquidating, while the other is not. A new mine is an investment, a new hospital an expense—just as here a new automobile factory is an investment, a new road an expense.

Strange consequences, psychological and practical, flow from this familiar but unreal division. I heard recently of two Canadian projects in medical research. One involved learning to make a very expensive drug more cheaply, the other involved learning to use a very cheap drug more effectively. The results expected from the second were far greater than from the first, but the first is completed, the second not yet begun. Industry did the first, no one is yet prepared to do the second. There is no money in it—only health!

What industry can do sails with the wind of progress. What industry cannot do must beat against two of the most constant winds of the Western world. One is the urge to see the return on money invested in the same account as the expenditure. The other is the fear of any expenditure which cannot be so controlled. One is rooted in an economic tradition which has immensely enriched the West; the other is supported by an even longer political tradition, stemming from those who won political liberty through control of the executive's purse. An epic waits to be written describing the fusion of these two honourable ethics in support of the norms and limits of the Western business world. Today these governors, guarded by a whole armoury of emotional defences, stand in sharp opposition to a newly emerging set of governors proper to the world which they have themselves created. This antithesis exists

not only between socialist and non-socialist states, but also between the industrial and the non-industrial sector; it exists within industry itself and within every thinking mind. It is the ideological conflict of today, endemic, universal, and paramount.

Industry is not only a way of production—it is a way of life and a way of thought. Like every other variable in society, it helps to discover and distort, no less to serve or frustrate, those governing expectations which define the present stage in men's search for the things which belong to their peace. In the need for change which it imposes its own values cannot enjoy immunity.

WINDOW AND CROSS IN HENRY ADAMS' *EDUCATION*

Kenneth MacLean

A distinguishing paradox of Western literature of recent time is the frequent combining, in even measures of poetry and prose, of the matters of society and history with those of personality and the individual. The *Education of Henry Adams* so combines. Its formal interest as social history cannot be overstated. In its earlier sections it moves through the mind of nineteenth-century New England—the lingering of the Enlightenment, the calm of Harvard, the shattering dilemmas of the Civil War. During this war Adams acted as private secretary for his father who was the United States Minister in London, and the second large movement of this volume presents a great deal of nineteenth-century England as this society moved further into its industrial phase—London growing smaller as it doubled in size. We see the scene, and we are introduced to the greater tones of government, literature, and country-house life. Further on, into the 70's and after, the *Education* brings us back to this continent where a Pennsylvania mind, devoted to "work, whiskey, and cards," was creating the new America of railways, oil, dynamos, hoping to find Fortune asleep in an elevator. The last chapters, less social than philosophical, deal sceptically with dominant turn-of-the-century theories and syntheses, while developing Adams' own questionable laws of inertia and acceleration. In the later pages, too, the reader is carried into the sleepy trades, into the religion of the Far East, and finally into the mediaeval religion of the nearer West. Within this impressive socio-philosophical story (of greatest value in itself, and clearly the work of the admirable historian of *Jefferson and Madison*) there moves, even as valuably, a private spirit, a private secretary, in full literary and imaginative intimacy.

At moments the *Education* seems to breathe among those pleasant intimacies of French life which were given a final expression in the Impressionists—the walk, the book, the meal, the solitary observation, as single as one's glass of absinthe before dinner in the Palais Royal. It

includes older, sharper English intimacies as well. It incorporates some of that enormous solitude of Gibbon. It suggests, too, the close domesticity of Sterne, the confining atmosphere of Cowper. Rooms and shadowy shades lead into personal corners and enclosures that are suffocating, claustrophobic, even shameful. The maggot is lost in the cheese; the earthworm is feeling for a light at the end of the corridor. The valley of life grows thin and narrow—narrow often with the resolved meanings of the imagination. The long gloom of Norwegian fiords, the sleeping distances of Russian inertia, startle this small inside life.

The intimacy of the *Education* is finally of the kind which moves among those sensitive images of thought, beyond which education does not go. Its intimacy is imaginative. It touches the skin. For comparable imaginative attentions, the *Prelude* and *Tristram Shandy* offer parallels. Adams indeed begins as Wordsworth's child and as poor Tristram, and something of the delicacy of both these spirits pursues the whole of *Education*. His name is Groombridge. Henry Adams is of course often, less attractively, Mr. Shandy the philosopher and idea-ist.

In approaching and preserving the sensitive imaginative moment, Adams perhaps drew obliquely upon his *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* of 1904, written just before the *Education*. Adams' late and decisive interest in Gothic architecture was stimulated by his old friend and travelling companion John La Farge, who was interested professionally in mediaeval glass.

> The hunt for the Virgin's glass opened rich preserves. Especially the sixteenth century ran riot in sensuous worship. Then the ocean of religion, which had flooded France, broke into Shelley's light dissolved in star-showers thrown, which had left every remote village strewn with fragments that flashed like jewels, and were tossed into hidden clefts of peace and forgetfulness.

"Chartres is all windows," Adams said. And so is the *Education*. It is proper to regard its sharply bright imaginative moments (there are perhaps a hundred or more) as psychological windows enclosing the soul, shining across a pearl-grey mental grisaille. The prose, Norman and New England—often salty and cold—is the stonework in this fenestration. The *Prelude* suggests similar windows of personal design, many of them close to glassy lake and blue water, and hence rather literally Gothic. However various, for both Wordsworth and Adams the Gothic light was greatly of French origin.

In many imaginative moments in the *Education* Adams has actually included the literal frame of a window. As a young messenger to Sicily

in 1860, Adams interviewed Garibaldi while the soldier banqueted at sunset with his "pirates" in the Senate House at Palermo. Dressed in the red shirt, Garibaldi left the table and sat in a window to talk with Adams. At a window in La Fayette Square in Washington, Hay and Adams stood in 1892 looking quizzically at old Civil War soldiers tottering along to their clubs and their cocktails and cards. Three times he refers to the window here. From a club window in New York in 1904, Adams observed the imaginative collisions on Fifth Avenue.

A traveller in the highways of history looked out of the club window on the turmoil of Fifth Avenue, and felt himself in Rome, under Diocletian, witnessing the anarchy, conscious of the compulsion, eager for the solution, but unable to conceive whence the next impulse was to come or how it was to act. The two-thousand-years failure of Christianity roared upward from Broadway, and no Constantine the Great was in sight.

In these late years Adams was crossing Poland and Russia by train, seeing other surfaces of conflict and chaos.

. . . From the first glimpse one caught from the sleeping-car window, in the early morning, of the Polish Jew at the accidental railway station, in all his weird horror, to the last vision of the Russian peasant, lighting his candle and kissing his ikon before the railway Virgin in the station at St. Petersburg, all was logical, conservative, Christian and anarchic.

Studied in the dry light of conservative Christian anarchy, Russia became luminous like the salt of radium; but with a negative luminosity as though she were a substance whose energies had been sucked out—an inert residuum—with movement of pure inertia. From the car window one seemed to float past undulations of nomad life—herders deserted by their leaders and herds—wandering waves stopped in their wanderings—waiting for their winds or warriors to return and lead them westward; tribes that had camped, like Khirgis, for the season, and had lost the means of motion without acquiring the habit of permanence.

Here, finally in illustration, is a very late "window"—chaotic, too.

One late afternoon, at midsummer, the Virgin's pilgrim was wandering through the streets of Troyes in close and intimate conversation with Thibaut of Champagne and his highly intelligent seneschal, the Sieur de Joinville, when he noticed one or two men looking at a bit of paper stuck in a window. Approaching, he read that M. de Plehve had been assassinated at St. Petersburg. The mad mixture of Russia and the Crusades, of the Hippodrome and the Renaissance, drove him for refuge into the fascinating Church of St. Pantaleon near by. Martyrs, murderers, Caesars, saints and assassins—half in glass and half in telegram; chaos of time, place, morals, forces and motive—gave him vertigo.

The imaginative moment is often very literally a window moment. Less literally, all imaginative moments in the *Education* are the windows of this personal church in which Adams stands, often painfully, at centre. The yellow kitchen floor at Mount Vernon Street, the rush of Swinburne's talk in the smoky bedroom at Fryston, war papers on the turf at Wenlock Abbey, his sister's sickroom glowing in the sensuous Tuscan light—all these images are part of the personal glass. The meaningless French novel, in turn, is thrown out the train window. The questionable little red-chalk Rafael is held up to the window. At an afternoon function at Miss Burdett Coutts's home in Stratton Place, the uncomfortable young private secretary tried to hide in the embrasure of a window.

As the "rosy sanctuary" rises in the far regions of this mind, the outward becomes the inward in that conversion of form which is romanticism. The psychological architecture of the *Education* is a striking monument of this romantic inward style. Its inner manners are deeply supported by an appropriately probing analysis. The "burning-glass" of Henry James often explores in human character unrecognized ranges of simplicity, paradox, sexuality, moral confusion, torpor. The analytical manner of the *Education* is the proper aesthetic friend of its inward imaginative style.

The imaginative moments preserved in the *Education* are those which time has selected for meaning and symbol. Time effects imaginative consolidations, operating even as distance in the far voyage of the Ancient Mariner. The *Education* is the story of objects rising into symbols through the perspective of years.

The imaginative process is slow, hesitant, irregular. The natural world, in contrast, generally shows a more steady motion—"a single, continuous, unbroken act." The seventeenth century was probably very much the age of motion, and the thought of this century in all regards acts as a sharp filter for Adams. The seventeeth-century "Coy Mistress" of Andrew Marvell is a poem of motion, which we may guess (or wish) Adams knew. Against the steady and inexorable way of real time Marvell has set imaginative time, with its slow and exotic accumulations. Two ways of time are observed in the *Education*. "This was the journey he remembered. The actual journey may have been quite different, but the actual journey has no interest for education." Wind and waves, drift and surf—motions of the sea—are a part of its natural time. Real time is carried along, too, by the locomotions of the nineteenth century—the railway which took the boy of twelve, in 1850, to Washington; the

new Cunarders whose smoke could be seen from the Quincy hills. When he was past fifty, Henry Adams learned to ride the new bicycle. In 1904, he bought the new automobile to use in his study of the cathedrals of northern France. The tourists encountered in the *Education* seem to be travelling by real time.

Imaginative time is different. Adams includes in the *Education* many images to suggest imagination's languid procedure. He employs those deliberate images of *walking* and *staircase* which belong to the time world of Sterne. He stands often in the stairway of thought. He walks with his thoughts in a room over his father's head during one of those congested Civil War nights which he spent as a young man in London. An image of similar effect is the *step*. It was very much a part of his imagination that the young Gibbon sat, in the evening of the day of history, on the *steps* of Santa Maria di Ara Coeli—imagination resting in and above time. Adams' *steps* are very close to the education theme. The still moment is sometimes one of a meaningful illness. The *Education* begins with the child's scarlet fever—a first memory being that of a gentle aunt "entering the sick-room bearing in her hand a saucer with a baked apple." In later years Adams lay ill in London, in Wordsworth's Waste Land city—the wounded knight of Western myth perhaps, needing to read a sign but only remembering.

> The time was the month of January, 1892; he was alone, in hospital, in the gloom of midwinter. He was close on his fifty-fourth birthday, and Pall Mall had forgotten him as completely as it had forgotten his elders. He had not seen London for a dozen years, and was rather amused to have only a bed for a world and a familiar black fog for horizon. The coal-fire smelt homelike; the fog had a fruity taste of youth; anything was better than being turned out into the wastes of Wigmore Street. He could always amuse himself by living over his youth, and driving once more down Oxford Street in 1858, with life before him to imagine far less amusing than it had turned out to be.

Earlier in England, in the summer of 1870 which was painfully marked by his sister's death and also by the war, Adams went to stay at Wenlock Abbey with his friends the Milnes Gaskells, who had restored a part of the abbey, the Prior's house, to use as a country home. "Lying on the turf, the ground littered with newspapers, the monks studied the war correspondence." The *green turf* (and *grass*) may be felt here to have that same blunting way against time which, as an image, it effects in Wordsworth's poetry. *Summer* is sometimes for Adams, as so frequently and pleasantly for the late nineteenth-century painter, the serene point.

. . . The happiest hours of the boy's education were passed in summer lying on a musty heap of Congressional Documents in the old farmhouse at Quincy, reading "Quentin Durward," "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman," and raiding the garden at intervals for peaches and pears.

Summer afternoons at Wenlock could be as timeless.

One's instinct abhors time. As one lay on the slope of the Edge, looking sleepily through the summer haze towards Shrewsbury or Cader Idris or Caer Caradoc or Uriconium, nothing suggested sequence. The Roman road was twin to the railroad; Uriconium was well worth Shrewsbury; Wenlock and Buildwas were far superior to Bridgnorth. The shepherds of Caractacus or Offa, or the monks of Buildwas, had they approached where he lay in the grass, would have taken him only for another and tamer variety of Welsh thief. They would have seen little to surprise them in the modern landscape unless it were the steam of a distant railway. One might mix up the terms of time as one liked, or stuff the present anywhere into the past, measuring time by Falstaff's Shrewsbury clock, without violent sense of wrong, as one could do it on the Pacific Ocean; . . .

It was in the summers, at the turn of the century, that Adams' studies of French glass were made.

In the long summer days one found a sort of saturated green pleasure in the forests, and gray infinity of rest in the little twelfth-century churches that lined them, as unassuming as their own mosses, and as sure of their purpose as their round arches; . . .

The imaginative process is slow, irregular. It is also catastrophic in its procedure, its knowledge coming with sudden shock. In suggesting such process, Adams uses a particular type of image: *shock*, *chasm*, *stride*, *kick*, *convulsion*, *explosion*, *rupture*, *breach*, *upheaval*, *overthrust*, *sudden warping*, *falling ceiling*, *falling wall*. A wall fell in the mind as he first felt Beethoven's imagination. As a nineteenth-century writer, Adams was most attentive to geologic and so-called evolutionary themes. He could sit on the Wenlock edge of time, feeling the presence below him of his fish ancestry. He could look into Quincy Bay and sense quite un-Mayflower cousinship with its watery inhabitants, including the shark. His idioms of evolution and geology are directly effective (indeed, perhaps new in the vocabulary of imagination) for suggesting the catastrophic way of the imagination—its jumps, its slow violence. Imagination is indeed that Friar Bacon's head which announced "Time had passed!"

And so the images "fade behind the present." After late grasshopper summer, life grows frail, grows thin as the elm trees. But a saintly and

severe spareness of scene takes over, like that in which the aged leech-gatherer sat, of rocks and pools which have become simple and clear with symbolic meaning. Life grows young with meaning, as it did for Wordsworth. Adams, too, sailed, if rather roughly, to Byzantium. The drift finds the seeker. By the time education has taken place, imaginative resolutions have been achieved to the point of a sharp, an almost Eastern symbolism: "only on the edge of the grave can man conclude anything." There is little imagery in the *Education* that is literal—"cheap imagination"; there is much that is symbolic. *Line* and *street*, *black* and *white*, *smoke*, *mountain* and *attic*, *triangle* and *thread*, *Rome* and *Paris* and *Mt. Vernon*—all are symbols. In this resolution the prose abounds in interrelations. Diction re-echoes. The essential phrase sticks. Emerson had said that for those who trust themselves, all objects will acquire meaning. The *Education* is the fulfilment of such personal trust. Those intimate ceremonies, which are the flower of the personal life, have here produced meanings, and, in a further degree, certain enchantments.

In the *Education* the imagery has been resolved into male and female patterns. Woman, wherever she appears, is the principle of vitality. She is the lyric impulse in this text: "the first fresh breath of leafless spring"; the snow singing under the runners. Shelley is clearly helpful here. The feminine excites the scene of nature, particularly that moving Southern landscape which the twelve-year-old boy saw on spring days in Maryland. Perhaps it is the Negro mother of the South who softly shadows these Adams landscapes, even as in a Whitman poem.

> The Potomac and its tributaries squandered beauty. Rock Creek was as wild as the Rocky Mountains. Here and there a negro cabin alone disturbed the dogwood and the judas-tree, the azalea and the laurel. The tulip and the chestnut gave no sense of struggle against a stingy nature. The soft, full outlines of the landscape carried no hidden horror of glaciers in its bosom. The brooding heat of the profligate vegetation; the cool charm of the running water; the terrific splendor of the June thunder-gust in the deep and solitary woods, were all sensual, animal, elemental. No European spring had shown him the same intermixture of delicate grace and passionate depravity that marked the Maryland May.

Other ladies belong to this landscape.

> The broad Potomac and the coons in the trees, the bandanas and the box-hedges, the bedrooms upstairs and the porch outside, even Martha Washington herself in memory, were as natural as the tides and the May sunshine; . . .

Here again is spring in Washington, gentle as in Rome, with a classical feminine presence.

When spring came, he took to the woods, which were best of all, for after the first of April, what Maurice de Guérin called "the vast maternity" of nature showed charms more voluptuous than the vast paternity of the United States Senate. Senators were less ornamental than the dogwood or even the judas-tree. They were, as a rule, less good company. Adams astonished himself by remarking what a purified charm was lent to the Capitol by the greatest possible distance, as one caught glimpses of the dome over miles of forest foliage. At such moments he pondered on the distant beauty of St. Peter's and the steps of Ara Coeli.

The boy made his first trip to Washington with his father to see his grandmother who was ill. "The softness of his gentle old grandmother as she lay in bed and chatted with him, did not come from Boston." Even in age and illness the grandmother can be associated with that vitality which is natural and Southern. This grandmother, Louisa, Adams made the first extensive feminine portrait in the *Education*. Educated in Nantes, she brought, to the White House and later to Quincy, her Sèvres, her Queen Anne, and the spirit itself of the silver age. She was indeed a Romney portrait in silver grey. The characteristic woman of the *Education* is an eighteenth-century spirit, whose vitality is that of intelligence and gaiety. Central woman in the *Education* is the sister, Mrs. Charles Kuhn, who died at Bagni di Lucca of lockjaw which developed from a foot injury received in a cab accident. "She faced death, as women mostly do, bravely and even gaily. . . ." In this striking and central moment of the *Education*, the vitality of a woman is allowed to be seen as participating and sharing in the vitality of the death which destroys her. Mrs. Henry Adams (Clover), whose death too was tragic, clearly belonged with the Millamants, among the bright mysteries of the eighteenth century—"a lightly-sparred yacht." Woman in nature and woman in society form something of a progress in the *Education* moving in the direction of the Virgin who is the sum of energies. The vital language of woman in the *Education* is somewhat modified by sharp observations on Pocahontas, Queen Victoria, and generally on the New York woman. Adams, too, could allow himself to imagine a wrinkled Venus.

Girls in summer dresses, and young men in black orators' gowns, "singularly wanting in enthusiasm"—the contrasting male imagery of the *Education* develops into patterns of ineptitude. A certain Shandyism controls Adams' masculine representation. From his boyhood he remembers his grandfather, the old President, making fruitless experiments in his dressing-closet with caterpillars under glass tumblers. His caterpillars never became moths and butterflies.

The Madam bore with fortitude the loss of the tumblers which her husband purloined for these hatcheries; but she made protest when he carried off her best cut-glass bowls to plant with acorns or peachstones that he might see the roots grow, but which, she said, he commonly forgot like the caterpillars.

In his last illness the old President sat paralysed in a tall-backed, invalid armchair, on one side of the spare bedroom fireplace—old friends dozing beside him. He died in wintry February, and funeral services were held in the Quincy church, with which the boy associated grey and bald heads. In Washington sober Shandean eyes saw the uncompleted square marble shaft which was to honour the first President, standing in a shabby city whose few completed buildings looked "like white Greek temples in the abandoned gravel-pits of a deserted Syrian city." From the Lincoln Inaugural Ball of March 1861 Adams preserved this rustic literary festoon.

He saw Mr. Lincoln but once; at the melancholy function called an Inaugural Ball. Of course he looked anxiously for a sign of character. He saw a long, awkward figure; a plain, ploughed face; a mind, absent in part, and in part evidently worried by white kid gloves; features that expressed neither self-satisfaction nor any other familiar Americanism, but rather the same painful sense of becoming educated and of needing education that tormented a private secretary, above all a lack of apparent force.

While Adams seems to assign a sterile symbolism to all masculine figures, his Bohemianism allowed him to indicate severely the particular degree of impotence in the English scene. To a masculine portrait, with arm in sling and hair parted in the middle, he often added either dullness or a restless nervous colouring—some of both these tones perhaps derived from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English satiric portraiture. The *Chartres* carried its complement of unsatisfactory male figures. The heavily negatived *Education* is itself written in terms of this masculine psychology. Adams is "the masculine philosopher."

". . . No woman had ever driven him wrong; no man had ever driven him right." Woman is made the centre of values in the *Education* —nature, society, religion. Many old values are attached to her. Like Rome itself, the *Education* is "full of soft forms felt by lost senses." With woman Adams joins the agrarian eighteenth century and an isolated Mt. Vernon, "with no practicable road to reach it." The old society of "agriculture, handwork, and learning" was hers. The age of humanism, when books were still "the source of life," seems to be a part, too, of this broadly associated province of woman. A striking passage with a

humanistic theme is that oddly Wordsworthian "boyhood-games" description of the defeat of the Boston Latin School in a snowball fight with town boys. Stones reinforced the soft snow and high foreheads bled as the humanities retreated before the newer social energies. Adams often rivals Gibbon in his power of giving poetic value to the humanities, which, clerical and mediaeval, can be placed in woman's and the Virgin's province.

To the masculine image he attaches the new energies of the scientific nineteenth century. Perhaps something of Hawthorne's mind directed Adams in this association, for Hawthorne linked (unhappily) maleness and science. The state as a power attempting to direct the energy of science is also given masculine association in the *Education*. The frustration symbols indicate Adams' spoken persuasion that scientific energy, being non-human (unlike the feminine retainers) is not controllable. "Excess of power . . . held by inadequate hands." Adams saw the scientific energies as accelerating towards chaos and death—moving into a disappearing path. Guns flashed their barrels in the snow halting Adams' sister at the Stelvio Pass, "where the glacier of the Ortler Spitze tumbled its huge mass down upon the road"—science and state presenting barriers to the true energies of life. Adams can strongly represent the sensation of the rising physical powers of the nineteenth century. He sketches the "frantic outline" of New York. In one personal spot of imagination he painfully seized the strength of the Northern armies emergent in the spring of 1863. The foundations of his opposition to scientific power are perhaps most deeply placed in an essential pacificism, inheritable from Gibbon and Shelley alike. The effect on the human being of relation to scientific power is, paradoxically, the inflation of the helpless ego. Adams' Senate Chamber is a scene of "irritated egotism." With pathos he presents in the later pages of the *Education* the breakdown of his great friends John Hay and Clarence King—both members of the little "Five of Hearts"—the statesman and the scientist. "A friend in power is a friend lost," in multiple ways. Adams is a great writer of masculine epitaphs, both English and American.

In the cathedral of Chartres, Blanche of Castile glares across the transept at Pierre de Dreux. The *Education* presents just such a divided imagination. Matthew Arnold saw his time as wanting a singleness of imagination. Adams, too, speaks as a scholar-gipsy, thinking "Arnold the best form of expression in his time." In Arnold the heathen armies fight at night. The conflict is made more open, more glaring, and rather less Victorian in the *Education*.

"Life was a double thing." Adams' harshest indictment (especially appropriate to Southerners, Senators, and railway superintendents) was that of being simple, of being incapable of "admitting two." His own father saw the ironies and let them stand. He did not know cant. He was not a schoolmaster, "a man employed to tell lies to little boys." The Jewish mind Adams can call "complex." He liked La Farge's mind, "opaline with infinite shades and refractions of light, and with color toned down to the finest gradations." One can hardly draw out the doubleness, the manifold crosslight that belongs to Adams' text. Winter and summer, the binary star, the lobes of the brain—there is a natural principle of doubleness. Moreover, ideas reflect and call up opposites, as shade belongs to light, the lender to the borrower. There is an added temporal doubleness, when what is past is seen in conflict with what is present. England especially seemed the centre of "the fantastic mystery of coincidences." It is evident that Adams is everywhere pursuing the imagination as an associationist. His chief associational emphasis is one which explores the language of opposites—of anarchy and complexity. His guides in the field of opposites are Locke and Sterne, Wordsworth and Keats, and perhaps particularly Hazlitt, a spirit evenly irritated and embittered. Hegel is a German guide, along with Kant and Schopenhauer. The conflict in the human imagination is disturbingly set off by a kind of agreeable biological and physical "associationism," whereby fish blends into man, and mass becomes motion in an easy purposeless "interconversion of forms."

The image of the cross lies in the centre of the Adams text, relating, as it were, the windows. It is a hidden image—the psychological point where the two dreams cross, of pleasure and pain. The cross exercises a similar psychological place in the middle, troubled passages of the *Prelude*. Adams touched openly the cross image as he passed from Blake's black London over to Holland, to enter the ripe beauty of still-sixteenth-century Antwerp. As their ship, the Baron Osy, steamed up the Scheldt in the morning mists, a travelling band began playing, and peasants dropped their tools to dance in the field. The cross is constant in Adams' questioning text, playing into every irony, every paradox, every wish and defeat. Adams had noted the omission of the crucifixion on Chartres' central portal. "Everything is there except misery." The architectural cross-thrust in a Chartres results in equilibrium, not conflict.

The cross image stands at the centre of what is probably a large pattern of religious images in the *Education*. There is a harsh religious

story, of Cain and Abel, of vice, of the worldly wise, of exile, of the broken pitcher. As a child of twelve Adams was presented in the temple of the bluecoated American Senators. Lyrical notes, too, obtain—of Eden and the smell of trees, of the rainbow that protects. Vaguely lost in the starry evening in Estes Park in Colorado after a day of fishing, Adams allowed his mule to carry him along to that cabin where he meets for the first time Clarence King. The religious symbols of Adams' New England text, themselves in conflict, surround a central psychological cross. "For he knew no longer the good from the bad." "For he knew not where to turn."

Something further is produced, and the conflict of opposites presents, through the cross, something further in the way of form. It is this further thing which is the advanced style of the *Education*. The conflict of knowns becomes the unknown, the "obstacle in the dark." Now one enters the region of a truly tuneless, questioning prose. Now one meets the tree which is not the happy tree of imagination. Instead, there is "a personal grief in every tree." Now we see the bird, not of Marvell's and Keats's enchanted bough, but another bird of imagination—the vulture, the screaming macaw, the dove that has lost its taste for olives. Now we hear the ironic echo of Wordsworth's much happier language. The *Prelude*'s water language is perverted into seawrecks. We hear echoes, too, of the language of an unfit eighteenth-century optimism. Whitman's purple scene becomes an irony. Here is a new jungle world, of lightweights and heavyweights. Proceeding with the cross, Adams has developed those perplexed styles of imagination suitable to his society of February faces. Here is modern imagination, "nervous as wild beasts." Here is the "garden of innate disorder," spotty, scrappy, restless, accidental, strange. This is the sublime—unlike the beautiful *Chartres*. This is experience—unlike the innocent *Chartres*. "Life could not go on so beautiful and so sad." "Life is so gay and horrid!" In the parish church in Champagne or Touraine, Adams always stopped to look at the window of fragments,

> where one's glass discovered the Christ-child in his manger, nursed by the head of a fragmentary donkey, with a Cupid playing into its long ears from the balustrade of a Venetian palace, guarded by a legless Flemish *leibwache*, standing on his head with a broken halbert; all invoked in prayer by remnants of the donors and their children that might have been drawn by Fouquet or Pinturicchio, . . .

Paradoxically, though, it was Rome which best suggested the disordered modern style.

The divided imagination receives tone from the very element of glass in these personal windows. There is special consideration given in the *Education* to glass and related images (mosaic, marble, porcelain, crystal, antimony, pearl, diamond, mirror). Glass is sometimes the cutting surface which education works upon. It is the mental substance, the "glassy essence." In the *Chartres* Adams uses the phrase "delirium of colored light," suggesting perhaps those associations with glass which obtain faintly in eighteenth-century writing (Pope and Watts, for instance) and in romantic writing (Coleridge and Poe, for instance). The hint is rather strong in the passage on Adams' German schooling.

> The future Kaiser Wilhelm I, regent for his insane brother King Friedrich Wilhelm IV, seemed to pass his time looking at the passers-by from the window of his modest palace on the Linden.

Colour plays a striking part in the *Education*, and it is proper to stress Adams' love of colour, so evident in the *Chartres*. The rose window in Chartres is "our Lady's promise of Paradise." Chartres was a bird lighting on the ground. The yellow-legs of New England shores are noted. Miss Stevenson has said that Adams "won back in color something remembered from his childhood." The boy had even tasted the colour of the letters in his speller. Perhaps in the *Education* colour turns from *yellow* to *black*, on to *blue* and *green*. This is colouring somewhat like that of the *Prelude*. No one so attached to colour, and who knew as well the philosophy of illusion, would be unaware of that particular language of illusion which, from the seventeenth century on, was associated with colour. Adams knew what it was to have the stage-scenery of the senses collapse, as in the summer of his sister's death. Snow and the glacial periods (or "intermittent chills") operate in the *Education* like the white of Moby Dick, as a reality below the illusion of colour. "Glow, like iron at dull heat"—Adams could use colour glaringly. The light from the thousand candles shining on spring nights over the empty St. Louis Exposition was phantom-like: "by night Arabia's crimson sands had never returned a glow half so astonishing." This historian can stand "green with horror." "The clouds that gather round the setting sun do not always take a sober coloring from eyes that have kept watch on mortality." Indirectly, Adams employs throughout the *Education* the colour that belongs to the agony of the Cross.

Colour and glass in their essences add direct tone to the troubled imagination of the *Education*.

Letters in Canada | *1958*

EDITED BY NORTHROP FRYE

This issue of "Letters in Canada" closely follows the model set last year, with the present editor serving as a stand-in for Mr. Douglas Grant, who is on leave of absence. His inexperience makes him all the more dependent on, as well as grateful for, the expert advice of Miss Ruth Charlesworth, who has prepared the large, complicated, and bilingual manuscript for publication, and the efficiency of Miss Paula Armstrong, who has been responsible for collecting and distributing the books. As usual, the contributors, who include two university presidents, have all taken time from very heavy schedules to make "Letters in Canada" the indispensable public service it is.

POETRY

Northrop Frye

James Reaney's *A Suit of Nettles* (Macmillan, pp. x, 54, $3.00) is a series of twelve pastoral eclogues, one for each month of the year, modelled on Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. The speakers are geese, and the tone is that of satire: there is a prelude addressed to the muse of satire. The themes are also reminiscent of Spenser: we have love songs (February), elegies (June and October), singing-matches (April and August), dialogues (January and July), fables (March), fabliaux (May), and a *danse macabre* (December). We begin in January with a Yeatsian dialogue between two geese, Mopsus and Branwell, in which the former, after making a fine caricature of the contrast between sacred and profane love, advocates forsaking both Elijah and Jezebel and adopting a calm rational view of the world, as white and sterile as the winter landscape. Branwell however protests that he wants "offspring summerson autumnman wintersage," and so the theme of fertility and sterility, the main theme of the poem, is announced. Sterility is sym-

bolized in May by two lady experts in contraception who insist on tying up their husbands in "sheets of tight Glass, beaten gold, cork, rubber, netting, stoppers, sand," but who get pregnant in spite of it. In July it is represented by a progressive education maniac, with his hatred for mental order and for the learning habits that build it up. August introduces a third emasculate, a literary critic who has mastered the easy trick of giving the illusion of raising his standards by limiting his sympathies. The theme of fertility appears in the two spring songs of April, with a contrast of white-goddess and sleeping-beauty myths. The names of the singers, Raymond and Valancy, suggest an oblique commentary on the symbolism of two earlier Canadian poets, Knister and Isabella Crawford.

The first experience awaiting Branwell as he plunges into the cycle of the year is to be crossed in love, an experience that produces the melancholy songs of June and October, and is apparently the reason for his wearing a suit of nettles, which seems to represent life in the world of Eros or natural love, a mixture of stimulation and discomfort. At the end of the year is Christmas, to which the geese are ruthlessly sacrificed: this approaching debacle hangs over the whole book, and gives it a larger human dimension. One can hardly call this allegory, as no one expects such a poem to be an uncomplicated story about geese. A religious theme is developed through the March fable, indicating that religion, like art and love, is a weapon of consciousness against death. This theme comes into focus in November, where, after three birds sing of the natural cycle from the perspective of winter, spring, and autumn respectively, Mopsus, the rationalist of January, introduces the symbolism of Christmas, which has to go here in view of the theme of the December eclogue:

> At the winter sunstill some say
> He dared be born; on darkest day
> A babe of seven hours
> He crushed the four proud and great directions
> Into the four corners of his small cradle.
> He made it what time of year he pleased, changed
> Snow into grass and gave to all such powers.

The climax of the book comes in the extraordinary firework show of September, a description of "Mome Fair." In Spenser mome means bumpkin and in Lewis Carroll it means away from home, but this is an ordinary small town fair in Ontario with its sideshows, ferris wheels, prize animals, freaks, and merry-go-rounds. The ferris wheel is here associated with a series of images from *The Golden Bough,* to which

A Suit of Nettles, a story of a cycle of the year ending in a sacrifice, has obvious affinities. The merry-go-round illustrates the progress of human thought as it goes around its circle from Parmenides to Heidegger and so back again: this episode indicates a strong influence of the "vicous cicle" of *Finnegans Wake* on Mr. Reaney's book. The "funhouse" is "an attempt to compress Canadian history and geography into a single horrific scenic railway ride," as the author puts it, and is a series of emblematic riddles. Thus "an old Indian's skin is turned into horse-whips and shoelaces" refers to the death of Tecumseh, and "The train comes to grief in a drift of flourdough" to the Titanic. At this point we become aware of the many links between the story of the geese and the story of Canada, the geese's Christmas being paralleled by the appalling massacres of Canadians which result from the quarrels of Europeans. A drunken preacher sums it all up with a brief sermon on the two hanged victims, Jesus and Judas Iscariot.

Spenser intended his *Shepherd's Calendar* to be something of a stunt, a display of professional competence in a field which at that time was largely monopolized by easy-going amateurs. Similarly Mr. Reaney puts on an amazing technical show. The metres include a long ten-line stanza with four rhymes and an Alexandrine at the end in the first three months; a sestina in February; octosyllabic couplets in March, a variety of poulterer's measure, with strong rhymes against weak ones, in May; dialogue prose in July; alliterative verse and catalogue prose (which is really a form of verse) in September, blank verse in December, and of course every variety of lyrical stanza, from the quatrains of May, June, and October to the complicated songs of April and August. Spenser got a friend to edit his book and provide an introduction and annotations: Mr. Reaney does his own editing, but invites commentary, not because he is pedantic or obscure, but because he has so much of the quality that is the opposite of pedantry, intellectual exuberance. Spenser's was a courageous effort, and met with a good deal of opposition from poets who complained that he "writ no language." Mr. Reaney's book will no doubt seem to many readers to have only too apt a title, to be bristly, forbidding, and irresponsibly inwrapped; or, in the words of his own goose-critic:

> No real emotion, no language of the people,
> Immoral in its basic avoidance of simplicity.

But at a time when most poets write, however unconsciously, with one eye on the anthologist, it takes a good deal of courage to work out a

scheme like this—a Stratfordian courage, of the kind that took *Tamburlaine* to Broadway.

Courage, however, is often the only virtue of failure, and *A Suit of Nettles* is a remarkable success. Just how remarkable it is too early yet to say. Anyone familiar with the puckish humour and twisted fantasy of Mr. Reaney's earlier volume *The Red Heart* might expect to find long passages in *A Suit of Nettles* where the poet is only playing around. The more one rereads the book the more one is convinced that there are no such passages. In February, for instance, we wonder why the tricks of inverted constructions and final spondees are used so persistently, until we see what fidelity they give to the fluttering movements of a bat:

> He hangs from beam in winter upside down
> But in the spring he right side up lets go
> And flutters here and there zigzagly flown
> Till up the chimney of the house quick-slow
> He pendulum-spirals out in light low
> Of sunset swinging out above the lawns. . . .

Similarly with the lovingly meticulous description of a cow in the alliterative verse of September. And while the line of narrative is easy enough to follow, a little study of the imagery will soon reveal a Joycean complexity of cross-reference and interlocking symbolism.

I have no space, with a dozen books still ahead of me, to dwell on the innumerable felicities of the writing. I will say only that I have never read a book of Canadian poetry with so little "dissociation of sensibility" in it, where there was less separating of emotion and intellect, of the directly visualized and the erudite. There are breath-taking flashes of wit, like the sexual image in January, "This stake and heart-of-vampire sexual eye of ooze"; there are moments of poignant beauty like the conclusion of June or the winter song in November; there are farce, fantasy, religion, criticism, satire, all held together in a single controlling form. Mr. Reaney has not tried to grapple with contemporary life in the raw, but merely to perfect his poem. And—such is the perverse morality of art—he has succeeded, as I think no poet has so succeeded before, in bringing southern Ontario, surely one of the most inarticulate communities in human culture, into a brilliant imaginative focus.

The core of John Glassco's *The Deficit Made Flesh* (McClelland & Stewart, "Indian File Books," No. 9, pp. 64, $3.50) is a series of poems about rural life in that northern spur of New England known as the Eastern Townships. One might expect such a poet to sound like a Canadian Robert Frost, but Mr. Glassco doesn't, and I mention Frost

only for contrast. Mr. Glassco's ground bass, so to speak, is the driving human energy that settles down to wrest a living from this harsh land, where

> while the eternal mountains stand,
> Immortal stones come up beneath the plough.

Under the grinding pressure of work in such a country the farmer is reduced to "rotten fenceposts and old mortgages," which is "No way of living, but a mode of life." Such a mode of life is based on necessity, but behind the necessity is what the poet calls "The structural mania of the human heart," the lunatic compulsion to take thought for the morrow and keep rebuilding the Tower of Babel. There are several images of an exhausting uphill journey that gets one nowhere in particular and of dying coals blown into renewed heat by an alien power. We see how a feverish vision of a paradise of conquered nature forces generations to wear themselves out to construct and maintain a "Gentleman's Farm" or a "White Mansion." The latter, as the poet describes it, takes on something of the malignancy of a white goddess:

> Two hearts, two bodies clove, knew nothing more.
> Ere I was done I tore them asunder. Singly
> They fled my ruin and the ruin of love.
> I am she who is stronger than love.

Against this blinkered will to power are set those who have refused to be propelled by it. There is the "deficit made flesh" who gives the book its title, an old bum left on the hands of a town council meeting, whose helplessness inspires them with what the poet sardonically calls "The rainbow-vision of a lethal chamber." In "Deserted Buildings," the poet meditates on the problem of the picturesque, the emotional response we give to ruined or deserted buildings like the "falling tower" of another poem which is the timing-tower of a race track. Perhaps our affection for such things has something to do with our sense of the latent irony in the illusions that drive a man to follow "his blind will to its end in nature." In "Stud Groom" the irony sharpens: the stud groom has renounced all ambition to live beyond the round of "another race, Another show," and as a consequence has given up everything that the world considers morally valuable for the sake of

> . . . an instant that lasts forever, and does no harm
> Except to the altar-fated passion it robs,
> The children it cheats of their uniforms and wars,
> And the fathomless future of the underdog
> It negates—shrugs off like the fate of a foundered mare.

Mr. Glassco is technically a very able poet, who can manage anything from villanelles to blank verse which, in "The White Mansion," he makes into stanzas by repeating the cadence of a line. The dactylic hexameter, for all its classical glory, seems in English to be good only for the most pastel kinds of romantic nostalgia, as in *Evangeline*, and it was an accurate sense of parody that chose it for "The Burden of Junk." The finest poem in the book, I think, is "Gentleman's Farm," where the alternating long and short lines of the stanza give a heavy thrust-and-relax rhythm, supported by the alternating of short words in description and longer ones in comment, and develop a most impressive cumulative power.

In some other poems of the book we move from the Eastern Townships into the mythical and religious archetypes that the poet has found embodied there. The white mansion thus expands into Penelope and her web in "The Web," and the structural mania of the human heart is illustrated in two sonnets called "Utrillo's World": I don't care for the second, but the first is a moving and eloquent poem. The driving force of life is connected with the Freudian imago or admiration of the father, which is projected in religion as "Nobodaddy" (Mr. Glassco adopts Blake's term for the sulky bewhiskered sky-god of popular piety). This father-figure is explored psychologically in "The Whole Hog," and in "The Entailed Farm" the poet speaks of the adjustment of maturity reached by those

> Who composed our quarrel early and in good season
> Buried the hatchet in our father's brain.

In "Shake Dancer" we have a fine conceit in which the figure of the dancer is gradually transformed into the outline of her dance, the "man of air" that complements her erotic movements.

I do not find Mr. Glassco's book uniformly satisfying: the echoes of Donne in "A Devotion" bother me and I have so far missed the point of the ballad on the death of Thomas Pepys. But on the whole *The Deficit Made Flesh* exhibits a most unusual poetic intelligence and talent.

The title of Ronald Everson's *A Lattice for Momos* (Contact Press, pp. 58, $2.00) is a reference to the legend that Momos, unaware of the function of poetry, criticized the human body for its lack of a window that would reveal thoughts and emotions. This is Mr. Everson's second volume, and we learn that he has returned to writing poetry after an abstinence of a quarter-century. It is perhaps a consequence of this that his writing shows so much freshness, with a highly sophisticated naïveté

as though such things as metaphor and metre were being discovered for the first time. In "L'Abbé Lemaitre's Universe" he spins a delicate web of seven quatrains around three rhymes; there are skilful slant rhymes in "One-Night Expensive Hotel" and initial rhymes in "Winter at Lac des Deux Montagnes"; "Fish in a Store-Window Tank" has the first quatrain and the sestet of a regular sonnet that isn't a regular sonnet, and he has a feeling of the primitive mystery of the sound and sense of words that comes out in the very lovely "Christening" at the end of the book.

He is similarly able to exploit the fact that anything goes in metaphor: in three poems he is dead and takes a corpse-eye view of life; in another he is the waves on a shore; in "June 21" he says:

> I laugh while huge reality,
> a mindless lout, summersaults for my pleasure.

There is a reminiscence of Wallace Stevens in his bright intellectual precision, and, like Stevens, he has the knack of making the title of a poem a part of the poem itself, as in the fine quatrain which bears the title "To the Works Superintendent on his Retirement." Often an epithet or two will give an ordinary poetic conceit a new dimension of significance, like "Letter from Underground," which tells how young colts are shocked by an electric fence that "underprivileged beetles" crawl under undisturbed. Sometimes we get irony through the honesty of a simple description:

> A conformist
> in bluejeans-crewcut plays bold pioneer
> with a capgun.

His main theme is that of the innocent vision, the "original sin of childhood rapture," which in adult life operates as love. Love is an irrational emotion that makes more and more sense as the world that is supposed to be sensible is gradually distorted into the illusions of fear and the anxieties of a desperate ritual:

> A large wild animal
> prowls outside my office.
> I chant Audograph incantations
> and, bowing, drum the typewriter.

Similarly, the certainties of immediate experience and the "pleasure-principle," the feeling that one is the centre of the universe and the conductor of a universal orchestra (see "Corduroy Road through the Marsh") build up in proportion as time and space dissolve into relativity.

In "Fall of the City" the fall of Rome and of our own civilization are simultaneous; in "Fish in a Store-Window Tank" the poet is contemporary with his caveman ancestors; elsewhere we read of "darting slow-poke swallows" and of an aeroplane travelling "childhood-slow." Such themes are common enough among poets, but are not often handled with such unfailing good humour and intelligence. The book is also illustrated with drawings by Colin Howarth. The illustrations are said only to "match the moods" of the poems, but in most cases they do illustrate them, and very pleasantly.

Irving Layton's *A Laughter in the Mind*, published by Jonathan Williams, Highlands, North Carolina, in 1958, was reissued, with twenty additional poems, in February 1959, by the Editions d'Orphée of Montreal (pp. 100). This enlarged version is the one reviewed here. There is, as usual, an astonishing variety of themes and techniques, and it is difficult to make a generalization about the place of this book in the author's development. There is perhaps more consistent interest in strict metres—witness the blank verse of "Cain," the nine-syllable line of "Climbing," the irregular couplets of "A Roman Jew to Ovid" and "Laurentian Rhapsody," the lucidly simple stanzas of "Two Songs for Sweet Voices" and the curious Heine-like "Rain," and the easy lilt of "Dance, My Little One" and the third stanza of "Poem for the Year 2058":

> This is the house the jacks built
> Out of hemlock and gilt:
> The saints and lovers are dead
> And all is common as bread.
> Now none believe in greatness,
> The dwarfs possess the bridges.

The central themes of Mr. Layton's poetry are here too. Apart from the personal poems and satires, which are of more ephemeral interest, there is the sympathy with animals which makes their suffering, or even their physical expression, a mirror of human guilt, as in "Garter Snake," "Sheep," "Cat Dying in Autumn," and "Cain"—this last on the shooting of a frog. There is a delicate vein of fantasy in two of the best poems in the book, "Venetian Blinds" and "Paging Mr. Superman." The latter tells us of the magic effect of this name even when pronounced in a dreary hotel lobby by a pageboy more familiar with comic strips than with Nietzsche or Shaw:

> This was the cocktail hour when love
> Is poured over ice-cubes and executives
> Lay their shrewdest plans for the birth of twins
> With silver spoons. . . .

The general point of view in the book is Nietzschean: the conception of the "outsider," however vulgarized it may have been recently, is still a real conception, and to Mr. Layton the poetic imagination leads one outside society, where one can turn back and see the world writhing in its own hell of selfishness and malice:

> How the loonies hate each other
> How they jeer & grunt & swear,
> Their sullen faces happy
> When another's wound they tear.

The way of "Jesus and Buddha," whose symbol is the "leprosarium," is to return to this world and work in it; the way of the poet is to keep clear of it, at least imaginatively. The reward of keeping clear of it is joy, the result of accepting life without a death-wish in it. Joy is not created by merely releasing one's sexual inhibitions, as the irony of "Obit" and "Enigma" warns us; and it is something very different from pleasure. It is what the poet calls, in the Yeatsian "Parting":

> A laughter in the mind
> For the interlocking grass
> The winds part as they pass;
> Or fallen on each other,
> Leaf and uprooted flower.

"I must bone up on Parmenides," the poet says: in the meantime his imagery is Heraclitean. Fire and dry light are the symbols of the laughter of the mind, watching the world burn up its rubbish; mist and damp are the symbols of the dying and life-hating world. Thus in "Love is an Irrefutable Fire" we have the contrasting images of moon and cloud, street-lamp and black air. The two symbols come together in the fine opening poem, where the mist is the poet's mortality, like the waves that reminded Canute of the limits of his power. In this poem the poet is a clown, buffoon, or starving minstrel, for in Mr. Layton genuine dignity is closely allied to the ridiculous.

Raymond Souster's *Crêpe-Hanger's Carnival: Selected Poems, 1955–58* (Contact, pp. 65, $1.00) is a mimeographed collection of poems in his usual epigram form. As compared with his earlier collections, the rhythm is tighter, and there are fewer poems that read like prose *collage*; the imagery is more accurate and objective, a little poem called "The Cobra" being evidence of Mr. Souster's awareness that his chief virtue is in objectivity. It is still true that the most emphatic poems are also the most perfunctory ones, and there is still a good deal of the moral exasperation that paralyses every comment except the most obvious one. But, as the title suggests, there are a good many poems about

death, some of them, especially "The Deaths," very eloquent, and they help to deepen and give seriousness to the book. On the other hand, "The Grey Cup," "Cat on the Back Fence," and "The Goat Island Poetry Conference" show a gift for sardonic fantasy that Mr. Souster does not indulge in nearly often enough, and many sparks and crackles in the imagery suggest that for this poet the act of writing has become less of a relief and more fun:

> Why, he treated that hound
> Better than his wife,
> Or so she tells me.

Occasionally, as in "The American in Montreal," or "Two Pictures of Bay Street," a brief sketch has emotional ripples that spread into a much larger area of significance, as has a curious little poem called "The Switch," depicting a Utopia in which the *parents* have to search for eggs on Easter morning. There are also—rare in Mr. Souster—flashes of verbal wit, like his reference to the spear thrust into the side of Christ "For Auld Lang Synne." He will even desert his social conscience long enough for an occasional metaphysical conceit, as in "Summer Evening," or "That Shape in the Fog," which is apparently the fog itself.

However, the main impact of the book is to be found in Mr. Souster's study of the dereliction in a modern city: old men muttering to themselves or snatching cigarette butts from snow-cleaning machines, drunks, suicides, patients in hospitals, a blind beggar on a street corner "Watching the darkness flash by," prostitutes, neglected children. They are nearly always inarticulate or silent, for they live in a world of submerged consciousness which they share not only with animals but with trees, buildings, and litter like the old tin kettle which has, the poet says:

> . . . that discarded look which moves me to pity
> In people, animals, things.

Such a conceit might seem faked, but in Mr. Souster's world, where human beings are on so rudimentary a level of consciousness, it is more plausible that subhuman life, or human artefacts like wrecked buildings, should express a good deal of human feeling. Hence such poems as "Sucker Run," "The Wreckers," "The Tree," and "Shea's Coming Down."

Louis Dudek's *En Mexico* (Contact, pp. 78, $1.50) is a long fragmented poem, less ambitious than *Europe*, but in my opinion more successful and better unified. It gets away to a slow start: the impact of a new country, like nostalgia, can often be a ready-made substitute for

genuine poetic feeling, and, again like nostalgia, may produce only a facile reminder of experience, like a colourful label plastered on a suitcase. The comments about life and death which intervene are not much more rewarding, for Mr. Dudek has little to add to the eternal verities. But he soon picks up his main theme:

> How the temple came out of the heart of cruelty
> and out of the jungle the singing birds!

Nature is an organic process out of which man evolves, and the process itself is full of unconscious art:

> Study the way of breaking waves
> for the shape of ferns,
> fire and wind
> for whatever blows or burns.

Man's life forms a history, which "Begins from the place we're in," out of which his art evolves. Art is therefore, for man, the key to reality, for "Form is the visible part of being." The whole poem leads up to this recognition of art in the final pages, and the observations on the jungle, the Aztec temples, Christianity with its man of sorrows, the modern class-conscious students of Mexico, the frogs and crabs and snakes and "all the gentle mechanical creatures that we kill" fall into place as integral parts of the total vision. In the middle is the simple human act, the routine work on which all history turns, symbolized by women washing laundry in a stream. In this poem Mr. Dudek has matured his technique of indented lines and parenthetical rhythms, and the gentle rocking sway of this meditative poem is full of a contemplative charm.

Mr. Dudek's other book, *Laughing Stalks* (Contact, pp. iv, 113, $1.50), is a collection of light verse. Some of the poems are about nothing except the poet's own self-consciousness: these are expendable, even though some of them proclaim the virtues of expendability. The reflections on scholarship and criticism illustrate a highly confused state of mind that may be called pseudo-anti-intellectualism. But when Mr. Dudek is not pretending to be a simple soul, and is his natural complex self, he can be witty and amusing. He has some good parodies of other Canadian poets, the best of them being a "Composite Poem by Six Leading Canadian Poets," a pastiche of thefts from Eliot and Thomas. There is also a vigorous explosion in Skeltonics called "Sunday Promenade," a nightmarish vision of a crowd of children. There are some free-verse political poems in the manner of F. R. Scott, but Mr. Dudek in a satiric mood seems, unlike Mr. Scott, to be more at ease in a strict satiric metre:

> The Farmby Program fills the soul,
> Telling the folks how many cows
> Were burned last night while chewing chows,
> Who had a birthday, who ate hash
> And died of piles in St. Eustache.

There are sharp images of a bird returning to his cage and "the fictions defining life and its limits," of radio commentators "looking through glass at the sad Sardou comedy"; there are well-turned epigrams in "The Cure," "Make It New," "Good Literature Teaches," and "Reality." The third of these poems explains very clearly how the conception "beauty," if used in its proper sense as an attribute of good art, has nothing whatever to do with the conception "attractive subject-matter," in spite of the fact that most people, including most of the cultivated Canadian public, are firmly convinced that it has. This opposition of beauty to sentimentality is a central issue in Mr. Dudek's poetry, and is what gives most of the real bite to his lighter verse.

Miriam Waddington's *The Season's Lovers* (Ryerson Press, pp. viii, 56, $2.50) continues with the subjects and qualities of her earlier collection *The Second Silence*. Much of it is concerned, like Mr. Souster's book, with dereliction in the city, but in the more direct context of social work the derelicts are less inarticulate, and consequently less pathetic. We hear their splutters of self-justification, their whimpering screen memories, and all the rhetoric of human nature under duress. Naturally such sounds are not confined to the unfortunate or criminal, and we hear them also from old women in Toronto scheming to get a best room or chair, and from the crowds on Montreal street-cars who form the family background of the city's thieves and prostitutes:

> From the same parish, aunts in hats,
> Green and painted loud as parrots,
> Have issued forth to board the buses;
> Between their words, small cries, and fusses,
> I've heard their false teeth click and clamor
> And answered with my English stammer.

Not that the poet is merely amused by all this: there is a fine flash of sympathy in her comment on the lonely woman who has "nothing to buy that's personal to her," and there is a good deal of old-fashioned moralizing: one poem is entitled "My Lessons in the Jail."

The main theme of the book is the sense of the difficulty of communication, with its accompanying sense that on deeper levels of the mind, including some of the areas gingerly explored in analysis, there is far less

isolation. In the love poems, which become more frequent towards the end of the book, this theme tightens up both in irony and intensity. Sometimes the irony predominates, as in the encounter with the young poet who comes to tea and finds that

> he has come too early
> to dine on answers, and I, ill-served by fate,
> dug up from scullery, have come too late.

Sometimes, as in "No Earthly Lover," there is rather the feeling that in love the sense of identity, or union in one flesh, may be something more than a metaphor. Occasionally winter symbolizes the isolation of ordinary human contacts, and spring the unity underlying them. In the title poem at the end we finally meet the "season's lovers," the poet's version of Adam and Eve, united in their hidden paradise, with an ironic echo of Milton in "He clung to self, and she to him."

Mrs. Waddington's two gifts, one for spontaneous lyricism and one for precise observation, are better integrated here than in *The Second Silence*, but are still not completely fused. In such poems as "Semblances" there is a kind of lilting melody that springs over the diction, which in itself would hardly bear too sustained analysis. But one pauses with pleasure over better realized passages in "Jonathan Travels," in the song beginning "Paint me a bird upon your wrist," and in "An Elegy for John Sutherland."

Marya Fiamengo's *The Quality of Halves* (Vancouver: Klanak Press, pp. 41, $1.50) is by a British Columbia writer who appeared in *Poets 56* two years ago, but is essentially a newcomer. The quality of halves, we are told, is expressed by the muted sound of the vowel in the word "dusk." Miss Fiamengo is a mythopoeic poet, and to her the world of myth is a night world (or sometimes, as in "At the Lake," a world of mist), full of symbols of aristocracy: imprisoned queens, peacocks, swans, and jewels. This world is opposed to the "republican and sane" daylight of a more tedious reality, which needs the mythical night to complement itself. A strong Yeatsian influence on this mythology is acknowledged in the title poem. There are lapses of taste, especially in "These Faces Seen," and some muddy writing in "Song for Sunday," where it is difficult to sort out all the mandalas and pieces of angels. But she manages her sonorous elegiac rhythm very well; the particular kind of decorative loveliness she aims at she often succeeds in getting, and one finds some tense organization of sound here and there:

> A liquid whorl of lostness as when ducks
> Make suctions when they seek the sea.

The most consistently successful poem, I think, is "In the Absence of Children," where, in spite of an elaborate symbolic construct, a bit more of the republican daylight is allowed into the poem than is usual.

Peter Miller's *Meditation at Noon* (Contact, pp. 101, $2.00) is an extremely interesting, if uneven, collection, with three translations at the end that indicate an unusually thorough knowledge of contemporary poetry in other languages. The usual level is that of poetic rhetoric rather than fully realized poetry, although the rhetoric is that of a lively and sharp mind—some of his own poems read rather like translations too, where the form has been abstracted from the content. Poems are often brilliant in conception but less satisfying in execution, as in "Photographer in Town," or well started and finished only by repetition, as in "Samson of the Arts." Most of the poems are in free verse, and in a rhythm that is well handled, though the title poem and one or two others have a more strongly accented beat. Formal metrical schemes, as in "Total War" and "Christmastide at the Pornographers," tend to lead to forced rhymes, though even those are sometimes appropriate, as in "Resignation."

Mr. Miller generally tends to be metaphysical, his conceits varying from the pendantry of "Tangential Girl" to the witty and ingenious "Abstraction." In the latter the versatility of behaviour shown by human character is compared with the capacity of an abstract painting to be a reservoir of subjects instead of a single one. The general mood is that of a good-humoured detachment, sharpening to intellectual satire in "Sensationalist," "Synthetic You" (a poem that might well have been called "History of Canadian Poetry"), and "The Eyes," this last dealing with the effect of executive staring on intellectual diffidence. The title poem shows a strong interest in the theme of the mental landscape, which reappears in three other poems, all among his best, "The Open Season," "The City, Then," and "A City Refound." These are based on the theme of a mental or ideal city as contrasted with an actual one: a concrete abstract, so to speak, as compared with the abstract concrete of Yonge Street or Manhattan.

George Ellenbogen's *Winds of Unreason* (McGill Poetry Series, Contact, pp. 87, 1957, $2.00) is the third in the series of McGill Poetry Books edited by Louis Dudek, and is illustrated with drawings by Peter Daglish. The poems are in a relentless free verse in which a long sentence is chopped irregularly into two-beat, three-beat, four-beat lines, giving something of the effect of a memorized and badly delivered speech. The result is that they slide over the mind without taking a grip anywhere, as

though what the poet calls "the flat rhythms of a dull dishonest age" had infected what he also calls his "weary songs." All the poems are short enough to go on a single page, and the best way to read them is *en bloc*, for the theme rather than for the quality of the writing. There is a good deal of variety of theme, but only in the final section of the book do we find anything much more distinctive, in "The Falling Leaves," with its melancholy cadences, in "Just Another Whisper," and in "Through a Greyhound Skylight," which ends with a more sharply pointed irony:

> Yet as the wheels indiscriminately
> crush the bodies of stray dogs
> who will tell the other passengers
> to keep looking at the scenery?

Other volumes which contain much pleasant and melodious verse, but need no extended critical comment in a survey of this kind, are: H. J. T. Coleman's *The Far Hills and Other Poems* (Ryerson, pp. viii, 48, $2.50), Nan Emerson's *Wind Song and Other Verse* (privately printed, Winnipeg, pp. 128, 1957, $1.25), Mary (Davidson) Bishop's *In Heaven's View* (Hounslow: Cedar Press [Toronto: Ryerson], pp. xiv, 46, $3.00), a memorial volume, and R. A. Parsons' *Reflections,* Books I and II (Ryerson, pp. viii, 117, $3.00), a double volume of verse by a Newfoundland poet, with introductions by Monsignor Dinn and President Gushue. Wallace Havelock Robb's *Tecumtha* (Abbey Dawn Press, pp. xiv, 223, $5.00) is more difficult to characterize. It is a long prose poem, with verse interludes, on the figure better known as Tecumseh, who is treated not historically but mythically, as (I quote the subtitle): "Revelation of the true Shawano Tecumtha; Dreamer of Amity; Lonely Redman Monarch and Mighty Mentor of the Forest; Leaping Panther Frustrated and Shooting Star Betrayed; Gigantic Genius and Magnificent Mystic Among the Gods." It is said to have taken thirty years of research, and is a remarkable conception, however grotesque in execution.

II

There are five Ryerson chapbooks. There is little to say about the four poems in *Samson in Hades* (pp. 15, $1.00), by Ella Julia Reynolds, except that they are rather long for the points they make, and while they have a good deal of fluency in rhythm and diction, they have a disconcerting tendency to collapse into *cliché* in moments of stress. Myrtle Reynolds Adams' *Morning on My Street* (pp. 12, $1.00) has some lively

bouncing imagery in the title poem, and a more sombre search for a past identity in "Gift to the Years" and "This I." In the last poem, "Shallow to Deep," the two themes come together with some genuine feeling and eloquence. In Fred Swayze's *And See Penelope Plain* (pp. 16, $1.00) there is some lively satire: what with this book and Reaney, Souster, Dudek, and Layton, the anthology *The Blasted Pine*, reviewed here last year, already needs a second edition. The "Penelope" of the title poem is the wife of a well-to-do Canadian who, uprooted from all her interests ("societies, mainly missionary") to make the regulation conspicuous-consumption pilgrimage to Florida, works off her boredom in incessant knitting. "Caedmon, Sing Me Something of the National Potential" threatens us with

> A terza rima on Chalk River and Hiroshima,
> A lyric on Social Credit, a panegyric
> On wages in bargain basements, a squib for sages
> Who serve on Royal Commissions and deserve
> What they get.

"Toronto" has some demure echoes of Sandburg ("They tell me you want to be loved, and I believe them") and "Education is a Race" puts the irony of that subject into a compact nutshell. I think however that the more serious "The Drowning" is the best integrated poem in the book, although "Spring Song," except for the single bit of metrical putty in the phrase "Wholeheartedly pagan," ought to have a leading place in any collection of Canadian spring songs.

Thomas Saunders' sober unpretentious studies of rural life in Saskatchewan are always welcome, and I like *Something of a Young World's Dying* (pp. 20, $1.00) better than his two previous chapbooks. Here the comparison with Robert Frost would have more point than it would for Mr. Glassco, yet here too the differences are more important. The poems, which look like blank verse at first glance, are actually in surprisingly elaborate rhyme schemes, and the rhymes have a harsh obtrusiveness that distresses the ear and yet seems curiously appropriate. Mr. Saunders gives us a Wordsworthian illusion of the language of real life by coming close to doggerel and yet skilfully avoiding it. The main theme of the book, too, as expressed in the title, is quite different from Frost, being purely Western. Mr. Saunders is fascinated by the curiously uneasy relationship between man and nature on the prairie. In "Coyote's Howl," a very simple, even obvious poem, yet a haunting and effective one, a farmer, as his wife is dying in childbirth, hears in the howl of a coyote the latent hostility of the land to him and his life. "The Mill" (a title

which makes one look twice at the poem) tells of an early pioneer who remains on the prairie because he has never known any other home, and yet does not really feel at home there. "Poplar Hollow," from which the book's title is quoted, describes a ghost town, struck with a kind of precocious senility, "growth in its first decay." "Sandy Bowles" and "Empty House" deal with the desperate effort to maintain a continuum of identity in this flat world where "No third dimension rises but the dreams Of man," and "Adjustment" and "An Old Man and the Land" with the spirit of resignation that up to a point succeeds in achieving it.

John Heath's *Aphrodite* (pp. 23, $1.00) is a posthumous collection of poems by a writer who was killed in Korea at the age of thirty-four. There is a foreword by Henry Kreisel, who is apparently the editor of the collection. The effect of these poems is like that of a good jazz pianist, who treats his piano purely as an instrument of percussion, whose rhythm has little variety but whose harmonies are striking and ingenious. There is a group of poems in quatrains, split in two by the syntax, where most of the protective grease of articles and conjunctions is removed and subject, predicate, object, grind on each other and throw out metaphorical sparks:

> Red razor dawn shears shadow beard
> Along jawline of head turned earth
> The seaweed dream stalks dessicate
> As mind tides back to daylight berth.

The vigour and liveliness of the style have all the characteristics of light verse: polysyllabic diction in "Sleep" and "The Season," rollicking rhymes in "Superscriptions," and a limerick-like stanza in "Burdens." In "Northern Spring" the sound is more carefully organized:

> The outspace looking, stark, star bitten
> Pole slopes back into the sun,
> The white owl haunted, gray wolf daunted
> Winter world hears rivers run.

In several poems one feels that the poet has no real theme: he is observing and describing with great wit, but does not know where to *take* all his cleverness, and hence the poem sags after a promising beginning. I think this happens for instance in "Fun Fair," a curious anticipation of Mr. Reaney's September eclogue. In the title poem, on the other hand, there is a real theme: Aphrodite's complacent reflection that as long as the cycle of nature continues to turn on copulation she will be "still queen":

I have outlasted them,
Poor peacock Hera petulant at Zeus
And Attica's longnose divinity
And some young moonfaced chit of Bethlehem
Bouncing a second Eros on her knee.

This poem in particular indicates what we have lost by the poet's death.

Jay Macpherson's Emblem Books series continues with two more chapbooks this year. Violet Anderson's *The Ledge* (n.p., $.50) is at its best in close description and observation of "Poet's Minutiae," the title of one of her poems. "The Well," "Sea Piece," and "Under the Juniper" have a good deal of charm, with a murmuring pleasant rhythm and sound as well as careful imagery. Mrs. Anderson is most successful when she is not *saying* anything: when she states her theme before drawing a moral or making reflective comments. "Collectivist World" is an example of this: it sags into talk, but only after an excellent image, which is really the whole poem, of:

the shape of a committee meeting
varnished about the circumference
with the usual chairs,
and cloudy at the core
with the jargon of cigarette smoke.
The windows stick.

Heather Spears's *Asylum Poems and Others* (n.p., $.50) are much more ambitious, and have a strident power in them which does not depend on their success, though I hasten to add that it does not depend either on the automatic shock of the subject-matter. The percussive vocabulary and wrenched syntax, the pounding and clanging of monosyllables, the use of such phrases as "on bed to lie me" that suggest a dissociation of personality, have all been deliberately adopted to give the sense of a mind at breaking point. A strong Hopkins influence comes into view in an extraordinary "Sonnet," where there are only three rhymes for the whole fourteen lines, and even those repeated in inner rhymes. Miss Spears makes it clear that while an asylum may well be as close to hell as we can ordinarily get on earth, that is so partly because the madman's self-created hell demands an objective counterpart:

They took him back, when he could walk
To his own bed which he did not know
And left him drowsy and numb for a cure.
How bound and blasted week after week
He was, how watched—and now
He is building against them again, and is still obscure.

The title speaks of "other" poems, but we never get very far from the asylum, and even the religious poems still talk of severed minds, dragging chains, and screaming, only reaching some kind of troubled serenity at the very end. A most disconcerting and haunting little book.

A third chapbook series, Fiddlehead Poetry Books, contributes Alden A. Nowlan's *The Rose and the Puritan* (University of New Brunswick, pp. 16, $.50). These are mainly vignettes of childhood on a farm, and are full of the sufferings of animals, which seem so much a part of the order of nature on farms as elsewhere. It is curious how often the themes of Mr. Reaney's book recur in the other verse of the year. All the poems are well written, pleasant, and carefully worked out. The low-keyed sensibility and lucid diction are a model of what at least most chapbook writing should be. The purely human subjects treated in "The Brothers and the Village" and "All Down the Morning" are a bit on the hackneyed side, and such themes as "The Egotist" are much more deeply felt and distinctive:

> A gushing carrousel, the cock
> Revolved around the axeman's block.
>
> Sweet Christ, he kicked his severed head
> And drenched the summer where he bled.
>
> And terrible with pain, the scream
> Of blood engulfed his desperate dream—
>
> He knew (and knowing could not die)
> That dawn depended on his cry.

The title poem is considerably more complex, and suggests that the gentle pastoral sympathy of the other poems is by no means Mr. Nowlan's only poetic quality.

A number of students, mainly undergraduates at University College, have shown a good deal of poetic activity this year. Most conspicuous among them is John Robert Colombo, who has had four chapbooks attractively printed by the Hawkshead Press in Kitchener. *Fragments* (pp. 11, n.f.s.) is a collection of epigrams, in a blinding typography, which perhaps need a little more wit to bring them off; *This Studied Self* (pp.16, $.75) has more variety as well as greater intensity. "angry young man" (the titles are in lower case), an ingenious circular structure, and "palm leaf," on the Cumaean Sibyl, are the most notable poems here, along with "nightfall":

When the last of the summer sun
Bright casement of an ancient church
Cracks in the distant chaos of trees

As dark clouds merge to knit once more
In the wake of the parting birds
And shadows shroud a once-wake world

Then there will die in heart and head
That stunning sun, that gilded gaze
That demon woman earth

Variations (pp. 16) contains some vignettes of city life somewhat in the manner of Mr. Souster, though the elegiac tone in "Eveningfall" and the reflective mood of "Thinking Function" are I think better managed. *In the Streets,* by Ruta Ginsberg (still Mr. Colombo, apparently), is a broadside (privately printed, $.50) with an amusing poem about a lion in the Riverdale Zoo who was born in captivity and is consequently as Canadian as his visitors. *This Citadel in Time* (pp. 12, $1.25) is more ambitious, and in my opinion more successful. Mr. Colombo is a serious poet who has not yet squeezed the prose out of his style, and these are religious poems in a very long meditative line which allows him the fullest scope for his abilities, which are at present on the plane of rhetorical eloquence rather than poetic form. The citadel is the Church, and the poems deal with various aspects of the conception of the Church, "The Apostles of Night" being perhaps the best sustained.

Another broadside of four poems "for the Missile Age" by Kenneth McRobbie, *Jupiter C* (Contact Press, $.25), deals with the theme indicated in the title, the poet taking over the functions of the warning prophet after religion has become futile. Of the four poems, which are untitled, the fourth is perhaps most successful in its fusion of mechanical, erotic, and parody-religious imagery:

No mere sign will do now unless it be
the haloed breast of a Japanese woman
turned to steam in her baby's mouth
and radiant surely over
all the world's sites its thin ash of piteous religion.

The annual poetry edition of the University College *Gargoyle* (pp. 26, $1.00) contains twenty-six poems by Mr. Colombo, Christopher Priestley, Gerry Vise (whose two religious poems stand out sharply), E. A. Lacey, and others. Most of the contributors show the conservatism of their generation: the main effort is to clarify and round out a clearly

conceived metrical form. A certain impatience with more self-communing types of poetry would be consistent with this: thus Alexander Leggatt in "Poetry 1958":

> The lyre's strings are tied in knots
> The flute is stuffed with plasticine
> The Muse has laryngitis now
> Whose voice had once been crisp and clean.

Three other chapbooks, *Scales*, by Jack Winter (n.p.), *Daydreams*, by Dora P. Fortner (Carillon Poetry Chapbooks, pp. 20, 1957, $1.00), and *Canada for Man and Other Poems*, by V. B. Rhodenizer (privately printed, Wolfville, N.S., pp. 16, $.35), call for no particular comment.

I am not sure whether *Poems* by Martin Gray (Edinburgh: Serif Books Ltd. [Toronto: Contact Press], pp. 46, $1.00) belongs in this survey or not. Mr. Gray is an erudite poet of considerable expertise, with a well-modulated meditative style, though the trick of ending a sentence oracularly in the middle of a line is somewhat overdone. Some of the poems are in oddly old-fashioned idioms, like the Tennysonian "Telemachus" and "Pastoral Conversation A.D. 33," which discusses the Crucifixion. In some of the poems the style is so clear and correct that the limitations of the poet's mind become visible, as in the poems on Venice and Port Royal and the Spenglerian "Speculation," where reflection has little to add to description. I like best the drifting descriptive poems, "Belle Isle," "Across the Continent," and "Caribbean," with their gentle stanzas spaced out like the whorls of a canoe-paddle. The poet also has a special affection for insects that gives unusual intensity to "Notes on Ants," and, if one may say so, a sharp bite to "Flea."

[NOTE: *The Collected Poems of E. J. Pratt*, second edition, edited with an introduction by the present writer (Macmillan, pp. xx, 395, $5.00), will be reviewed in a future issue by Dr. F. W. Watt.]

FICTION

Claude T. Bissell

In *The American Novel and Its Tradition*, Richard Chase argues that it is the predominance of the romance that gives to the American novel its distinctive character, and differentiates it from the basic English tradition. By "romance" he does not mean a sentimentalized account of history that has inspired many best-sellers, but rather a bold and frankly unrealistic exploration of human values through the medium of narrative

and character. He is thinking of Hawthorne and Melville, not of Margaret Mitchell and Kenneth Roberts. This is the tradition that has given American fiction its power and its significance. It has brought, so Richard Chase contends, a quality of intellectual energy, "a certain intrepid and penetrating dialectic of action and meaning, a radical skepticism about ultimate questions."

The tradition of the romance has been strong in Canadian literature; indeed, it has been the most persistent and, quantitatively at least, the most important; but this is a very different kind of romance from the kind to which Chase refers. It is romance that has nothing in common with Melville, or Faulkner. Canadian novelists have been immune to the more extravagant and daring influences from the south. One might distinguish between the American romance emphasized by Chase and the typical Canadian romance in this way: the former is radical, dealing with unusual people and unusual situations, and written in a mood of inquiry and questioning; the typical Canadian romance, on the other hand, is conservative; it deals with familiar people in familiar situations, and moves placidly towards a mood of acceptance and reconciliation. For the latter kind of novel, marriage is the great symbolic act of reconciliation, and all of the four Canadian novels of the year that we might describe as romances conclude with a marriage or with an impending marriage. The typical method of creating a feeling of the familiar in these novels is to make use of historical events and figures and to relate them to a private world of courtship and marriage. The formula is to make history cosy and intimate by linking it to the domestic hearth and the marriage bed. In Mrs. E. M. Granger Bennett's *A Straw in the Wind* (Ryerson, pp. vi, 281, $3.95), the historical material dominates. This novel is a successor to her first book, *Land for Their Inheritance,* which dealt with the early settlements in Quebec in the years from 1617 to 1629. She is now concerned with a period slightly later than this in the history of New France, and in particular with the fortunes of De la Tour, and his attempts to found a settlement in Acadia. The material she has in this novel is somewhat more stirring: the scene is more diverse; it shifts from Quebec to Acadia and to Boston; and she projects all this clearly and simply through the mind and emotions of a central character, the young French girl, Isabelle, who has come out to the new world as an attendant to De la Tour's wife. This novel, like its predecessor, has the virtues of directness and unpretentiousness; it rigorously eschews the usual gaudy trappings of the stock historical romance, and maintains a level tone throughout.

In Gladys Taylor's *The King's Tree* (Ryerson, pp. 336, $4.00), the historical material is less prominent; it is always subordinated to the author's invention. Gladys Taylor deals with the early relations between French and English in the Eastern Townships at the period just before the rebellion of 1837. Where Mrs. Bennett strives for a calm, rational directness, Miss Taylor espouses the melodramatic and the darkly passionate. This is a novel of what I have previously described as backwoods Gothic, in which huge and nebulous emotions engulf the characters and move them to strange and desperate actions. Unfortunately Miss Taylor possesses few of the qualities necessary for the artistic projection of these enormous emotions. Her style is, at best, commonplace; at worst, it is wooden; always it is unequal to the task that she sets for herself.

The two remaining novels in this *genre* deal with a contemporary scene. Mr. D. K. Findlay's novel *Search for Amelia* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company [Toronto: Longmans, Green], pp. 256, $4.25) is about Canadians serving in the Air Force during World War II. It begins, however, with a historical retrospective passage that goes back to the early part of the nineteenth century and tells about the foundation by Scottish immigrants of the family home in a settlement near Ottawa. Throughout the novel this sense of a family tradition provides a link between the Canadian and the European descendants of the family. The novel divides itself into what is, I am sure, direct and accurate reporting of air training and combat during the War, and idyllic interludes of romance and courtship. This is a more sophisticated and skilfully written novel than *The King's Tree*, but it is still basically in the tradition of the conservative romance.

The fourth romance is *Centenary at Jalna* (Macmillan, pp. vii, 304, $3.50), by the acknowledged mistress of this minor *genre*. *Centenary at Jalna* seems to be a return to the first Jalna novel. The family is now all together; there is a good deal of emphasis on the toughness of domestic ties, despite the separations and diversifications that have come with the years; we have the familiar pattern of Jalna tranquillity threatened by alien forces; there is a touch of tragedy in the death of Finch's young wife during childbirth; there is one of Miss de la Roche's fine studies of childish diabolism; and, more than ever before, Miss de la Roche seems to hover tenderly over Jalna as a retreat from the pressures and democratic vulgarity of modern life. In the final scene, with the marriage of Adeline and Philip, the whole Jalna saga seems to have come full circle, for Adeline is a reincarnation of Gran, and Philip, of

Gran's handsome soldier husband. In comparison with the other three writers of romances of the year, Miss de la Roche is subtle and skilful. Throughout these years the Whiteoaks do not seem to have wearied her, and if her characters do not possess infinite variety, they have a simple intensity by which they live and move on the page.

The romance such as I have described cannot yield fiction of first quality. It is impossible, for instance, for the writer of this kind of novel to have a genuine theme. He is not analysing experience; he is sentimentalizing it. Instead of a theme, instead of a passionate apprehension of experience, a reader gets at the best a moralistic reflection.

One looks for novels with a theme in a second, and increasingly more important, tradition in Canadian fiction, what I have elsewhere called contemplative realism. This is an offshoot of the central English tradition of fiction, in which a writer, concerned with an accurate recording of manners and mores, yet tries to unify the record with a central insight or interpretation. It is a tradition in which a serious, earnest writer can gain limited success; but real distinction is hard to achieve, for the writer must unite an interest in the detail of living with great interpretative and imaginative power. The theme, or the interpretative comment, must not be imposed on the material. It must not impose itself too brazenly on the readers, as it does in two of the novels of the year.

The first is Herbert Steinhouse's *Ten Years After* (London: The Bodley Head [Toronto: British Book Service], pp. 371, $4.25). This is a piece of political reporting. The hero is an American journalist working for a broadcasting corporation, and living in Paris; the time is 1955, during the most intense period of the Algerian crisis. There are three plot complications, two of which involve McCarthyite machinations against men of liberal ideas, and one of which concerns the development of the heroine from political naïveté to mature social consciousness. But for the most part the novel is an account, detailed, presumably authentic, of political shifts and manœuvres in France, as the Algerian question upsets or distorts normal political convictions. This is not a successful novel, but it is an interesting book, written out of vivid memories and an intense apprehension of the European scene.

In Charles Israel's *The Mark* (Macmillan, pp. viii, 308, $3.95), the predominance of the theme is not so obvious, since there is a central plot, which is carefully developed and moves towards a climax and resolution. But everything subserves the theme. The hero has been guilty of a sexual offence against a young girl, has been in prison, and is now trying to re-establish himself in society. The novel becomes a

study in the pathology of sexual deviation and in the processes of social re-establishment. The characters are abstractions in a sociological textbook, and the dialogue has the ring of the T.V. documentary.

More often, it is the absence rather than the prominence of a theme that characterizes the novel of contemplative realism. In a recent symposium on the novel, edited by Granville Hicks, many of the contributors, who are young American writers of some distinction, emphasize the function of the novel as "recorder"; a novelist must strive to see "the timeless struggle of the human heart as it existed under a certain set of conditions." This is the attitude particularly congenial to short-story writers, to the typical short-story writer for the *New Yorker,* for instance, who is precise and accurate, but leaves behind a sense of vague and ironic sadness. This is the manner, although less acidulous than that of the *New Yorker* writer, of Desmond Pacey in his collection of short stories *The Picnic and Other Stories* (Ryerson, pp. 143, $3.95); each story is a little film of ordinary experience, with, now and then, a sharp focusing on a physical symbol, or with suggestions of strong emotions that lie just below the surface of events. Ralph Allen's *Peace River Country* (Doubleday, pp. 222, $4.25), belongs to this kind of recording fiction. The tone of the book is quiet and reflective. The Peace River country of the title exists only as a sort of mirage in the minds of the young mother and the two children whose story Mr. Allen tells. They have established the Peace River country as the goal of their endless trek from one small prairie town to another, as they seek to escape from the threatening shadow of their poor, drink-besotted husband and father. In the concluding scene the family come together over the deathbed of the father, and then the mother and children are once more setting out on their pathetic journey. The novel is written with care and sensitivity, and with delighted awareness of the details of everyday life. Mr. Allen denies himself any bold flights into poetry or indignation, and strives, successfully, I should say, to combine pathos and humour. This is a novel where the recording is an end in itself, and where there is no genuine concern with theme.

In the three remaining novels, the writers strive, with varying degrees of success, to unite the picture and the idea, the record and the theme. Sinclair Ross's novel about the west, *The Well* (Macmillan, pp. vi, 256, $3.75), is a book with a clear and specific theme. The hero is a young criminal fleeing from the scene of his last offence; during a break-in, he has wounded and possibly killed a man. By accident he meets an elderly farmer in a small prairie town and accepts an offer of a job. He

has no intention of remaining, but finds himself bound to the old man and fascinated by the hard and unsparing life of the prairie, far removed from the seedy turmoil of his delinquent childhood in Montreal. But the farm is far from being a paradise. The old farmer has, after the death of his first wife, married again, and his young new wife is hard and sensual. She and the young criminal become intimate. Compared to her, he is soft and malleable. She plans the murder of her husband in such a way as to leave her and the young man unsuspected and in clear possession of the farm. But at the very last moment he turns against her scheme, and refuses to do her will. In that moment he triumphs over his past and he asserts himself as a moral being. This is a superior novel, what one would expect from the author of *As for Me and My House*. But the adventurous theme is inadequately projected. The book is not written with sufficient intensity and power to weld together theme and action.

Mr. Robertson Davies' novel *A Mixture of Frailties* (Macmillan, pp. 380, $3.95) is really his first serious novel. One of the intelligent characters in the novel points out that humour is very different from wit and high spirits. The latter have little moral significance, but humour immediately transfers one into the world of moral values. Humour, this character observes, is often immoral in the fundamental sense of the term, because "it makes its own laws and it possesses the person who has it like a demon." In this sense, *A Mixture of Frailties* is a humorous book, whereas the two preceding novels are novels of wit and high spirits. There are a number of connections with the previous world of high comedy. The novel begins in Salterton, and we encounter a number of our old friends, particularly Solomon Bridgetower and his wife Veronica, Humphrey Cobbler, the witty and irreverent church organist, and the late Mrs. Bridgetower's intimate friend, the sourly self-righteous Miss Pottinger. But we see comparatively little of the Salterton of high spirits and middle-class eccentricity. The emphasis shifts to another Salterton about which we had previously known little, a Salterton of vulgarity, of philistinism, and of crude religious fundamentalism. The heroine of the novel, a young girl with the rather unfortunate name of Monica Gall, is a product of this world; she has been selected according to the provisions of the Bridgetower Trust to be trained as a singer in Europe. She is stubbornly devoted to her family and to the crude religion of which she is an artistic adornment. Monica thus sets out on her pilgrimage with every conceivable drawback except the absence of a certain natural talent. The novel is concerned with the transformations

that take place in Monica Gall during her study in England and Europe. At the end of her education Monica emerges not only as a first-class artist but as a person cleansed of her early ideas and prejudices. The enlightenment is accomplished through the agency of three people: a voice trainer, a little Irishman of eccentric behaviour, with a passion for teaching his students to seize the "muhd" of a song or a work of art; Giles Revelstoke, a young Bohemian composer of genius, supremely indifferent to the morals of society, concerned only with himself and his own genius; and finally Sir Benedict Domdaniel, the great maestro who had first encouraged Monica and then became her guide, philosopher, and lover. Mr. Davies' first excursion into the serious moral novel is not entirely successful. At times there are shimmering suggestions that Monica has been transformed by a sublime vision of the nature of life and the mission of the artist; fundamentally, however, she remains a commonplace little girl, endowed with a good voice that has been skilfully transformed by teachers, and capable really only of a high degree of sophistication that is her mother's shrewd and vulgar sense of reality, given a glossy coat. Still, this may very well have been Mr. Davies' intention, as the very title of the novel suggests. Whatever reservations we may have about the working out of the central theme, there can be no reservations about the book as a source of pleasure. It is alive with phrases of delightful aptness; it is the work of a mind taking delight both in itself and in the world with which it deals.

The final novel with which we are concerned this year, and the one which perhaps most skilfully blends a record of experience and the interpretation of it, is Colin MacDougall's *Execution* (Macmillan, pp. 278, $3.50). This is a novel about the Canadian Army in Sicily and Italy, and it is, it seems to me, by far the best Canadian war novel. It is, first of all, magnificent reporting, detailed, authentic, rarely vitiated by self-conscious indulgence in the melodramatic and the horrible. The mood is often reminiscent of Wilfrid Owen's poetry, not so much the horror as the pity of war. And yet this is a novel that goes beyond horror and pity and becomes a comment upon war and the nature of man. It is not a pacificist novel; it is not a political protest against war; but it tells us why modern warfare, despite the way in which it occasionally releases the heroic and the compassionate in man, is fundamentally a blasphemy against the human spirit. Execution, comments a philosophical soldier in the novel, is "the ultimate injustice, the ultimate degradation of man." And modern warfare, MacDougall is saying, always in dramatic terms, is funda-

mentally execution, whether it is the official killing of deserters, the launching of a hopeless attack against impossible odds, or the judicial execution of a poor, innocent soldier for political reasons. Modern warfare is the imprisonment of the human spirit in the prison of a cruel and soulless bureaucracy. *Execution* is a deeply moving book; it is also a courageous one.

THE HUMANITIES

After receiving Desmond Pacey's *Ten Canadian Poets: A Group of Biographical and Critical Essays* (Ryerson, pp. x, 350, $5.50), I made the comparison the author seems to invite—with F. L. Lucas's *Ten Victorian Poets*. My first and last reaction to the very different tasks these two scholars had set themselves was, how could Mr. Lucas fail, and how could Professor Pacey succeed? Through the English critic's pages flow the ideas, the history, and the poetry of a great epoch, from Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold through Swinburne, Morris, and Hardy. As a critic he has merely to quote intelligently and a reader stirs with interest, and as a biographer his only problem is how much of those fruitful, often exciting, lives can he find space to tell of. Besides, his poets are all dead. Professor Pacey has chosen five living Canadian poets and five Canadian poets now dead, and with still greater weight and seriousness of attention than Mr. Lucas has subjected them to the same direct, full-scale biographical and critical approach the English poets receive. We should not be surprised if they barely sustain the onslaught.

When a poet's work, because of its slightness either in quality or in quantity, is only a partial reflection or fulfilment of his life, there is no clear standard of relevance in biography and, with recent or living subjects in particular, no clear rules of decorum. For Mr. Lucas the criteria are fairly simple: is the fact a facet of an interesting "character"? is it significant historically? is it relevant to the understanding of an important poetic *œuvre*? Professor Pacey's studies of the living or the dead do not answer to these tests: the term "Canadian" in the title has opened the way to new and less strict standards of relevance. Nevertheless, *Ten Canadian Poets* draws together a vast body of information of undeniable interest to students of Canadian literature, some of it based on previous studies (as in the chapter on D. C. Scott), a good deal consisting of new matter or new interpretations of the familiar (as in the

chapters on Carman and Smith). The book is most useful when chronicling legendary phases in Canadian literary history (for instance, the Montreal "renaissance" in the 1920's involving Smith, Klein, and Scott) or reassessing conventional biography and drawing attention to neglected features (such as the personal morbidities of Carman underlying his rôle of professional optimist). There will be those who will dispute, however, the validity of the claim that A. J. M. Smith "almost single-handed . . . effected a revolution in Canadian poetic theory and practice," "stemmed the tide of lush romantic verse and replaced it with a clear, cold, intense and complex classicism." The book is least effective when dwelling on the ordinariness of personal and intellectual histories—unless we except the chapter on Sangster, whose losing struggle to rise above mediocrity is a typical case-history to explain why no other poets emerged from pre-Confederation society to merit inclusion by Professor Pacey. In their critical aspect the essays do not always solve one of the common problems of Canadian literary criticism, that of inflation. No doubt it is true that the best Canadian poetry of nature description, such as Lampman's, is more complex than a first reading often suggests; but the pages devoted to the explication of "Heat" (pp. 130–3), for example, parody "new critical" delvings into a Marvell or a Donne, to the distortion of the poem's fundamental simplicity. Again, is it really fair to expose living poets to the dangers of this kind of solemnity? "Had *The Great Feud*," the author says of Pratt's allegorical extravaganza, "been read and analysed with the same care and frequency as Eliot's *Waste Land*, it might not still remain an enigma." Yet at the other extreme Pratt's excellent first volume, *Newfoundland Verse*, is dismissed as "merely a set of conventional finger exercises."

Professor Pacey's *Creative Writing in Canada* (1952) remains the best handbook covering the whole field of Canadian literature; his new book is designed to supplement the necessary sketchiness of the earlier work, and in that function it will be valued. What *Ten Canadian Poets* does not provide or employ, however, is a point of view, a thesis, or perspective which would have avoided the four-square treatment of authors whose poetic achievement is undeniable but minor as though they were major poets. R. E. Rashley's historical study *Poetry in Canada: The First Three Steps* (Ryerson, pp. xviii, 166, $4.50) fares better to the degree that it has found a solution, though at times we may feel that the book's schematization matches Dr. Pacey's defect with excess.

Poetry in Canada is perhaps the most thoughtful, ambitious, and

original book yet written on the history of Canadian poetry. It is ambitious and original in its attempt to account for the growth of Canadian poetry from the beginnings to the present as a coherent, developing, indigenous tradition truly expressive of the growing society which produced it, instead of as a series of echoes, more or less unsuccessful, of literary developments in Great Britain and the United States, or as occasional monuments of isolated achievement. It is a thoughtful book in its careful balancing of comments on style and on content; its continual tossing up of local insights into Canadian poetry and society; and its marshalling of the argument as a whole so that it suggests, despite the apparent rigidity and awkwardness of the "steps" and "groups" with their "modifications" and "transitional figures," that Mr. Rashley really is trying to carve the chicken at its joints for the first time in Canadian literary history.

Since Mr. Rashley's whole book elaborates the implications of the "first three steps" any brief account will make them seem a cruder simplification than they are. We cannot even define them chronologically, for the author wisely recognizes that phases of literary growth in Canada inevitably overlap: immigrant dismay, for example, in one area postdates pioneer pride in accomplishment in another. In the movement from immigrant poetry with its alien orientation to pioneer poetry the "first step" has been taken. A relaxation of utilitarian effort follows the pioneer's first success in establishing his community on a safe permanent basis, and poetry emerges which retrospectively records the community's struggles and achievement, using as its chief symbol the settler at the centre of his clearing engaged in spreading civilization outwards over a hostile external environment. Hence "survey poems" such as Goldsmith's *Rising Village,* Howe's *Acadia,* and McLachlan's *The Emigrant,* which try "to examine the past and sift out what is valuable in it, to crystallize for society its reachings towards self-knowledge."

For the poets of the latter part of the nineteenth century, the Group of the Sixties, these pioneer poets failed by not gaining full imaginative grasp of their environment, which remained mere "externality." To Roberts, Lampman, Scott, and Carman nature is not merely external and hostile and the accomplishments of the community are of less interest than the sensibility of the individual. Their change of attitude (made possible by the partial physical domination of environment by the pioneers) led them not to struggle but to commune with nature, to record her moods as their own, to seek self-knowledge in nature and to merge in spirit with her. Their more sympathetic response made nature

the source of their poetic symbolism and the substance of their poetic "world of idea." They were not just late-Romantic imitators, but were responding to immediate needs and local circumstances.

Mr. Rashley sees a third step taken in the poetry of Pratt and the Montreal poets and others writing after 1920. Nature either as a hostile external force or as a source of beauty and wisdom fades in importance, and man in his personal and social relations takes the centre of the stage. Contemporary urban life, depressions, global war, and various responses to such challenges, become the content of the poetry of the "thirties group." As the most ubiquitous theme and chief symbolism "nature" is replaced by "love," whether interpreted in the Marxist, Christian, or humanist way. Underlying the whole range of post–1920 poetry is the sense of social commitment and solidarity. Mr. Rashley sees this poetry now at its end in Canada as elsewhere, and a different direction, perhaps with more concentration on individuality again, certainly without the more simple social involvement of the thirties, gradually if still obscurely emerging. The fourth step is now being taken.

Despite Mr. Rashley's care we sometimes feel that poets who do not fit adequately into his historical scheme come off badly. I. V. Crawford's verse is dismissed as "a blind alley of experiment in style" for its "pseudo Indian imagery." Abraham Klein, a more serious case, is banished to the company of Heavysege perhaps because the matter and style of Jewry are too rich to be harmonized with the austerities of others in the thirties group. But at this point the distortions of the book's scheme become most apparent. No doubt most of the poets since 1920 have features in common which distinguish them from the late-Victorian Canadian poets, but their differences defy any satisfying conception of a "group." The attempt to categorize most of the contemporary poets in this way results in a species of reductionism that occurs nowhere else, and which constitutes the worst fault of the book. It is all the more regrettable when we see what Mr. Rashley can do on a more generous scale with contemporaries: his commentary on Pratt is an admirably perceptive, sensitive, and tempered explication and judgment.

Undoubtedly Mr. Rashley's preoccupation with the inner logic of the development of Canadian poetry has led him to give less attention to, and even to neglect, parallel and to some extent causal literary movements outside Canada. But this shift from the more usual emphasis is all to the good, and it does not preclude awareness of the impact of

those major intellectual and literary currents to which Canadian poetry can be related. In taking the centripetal approach Mr. Rashley had to assume there was an articulate, evolving centre in Canadian poetic development, and in this he is justified. The major strategy of *Poetry in Canada* is highly successful.

Until now, interested critics and scholars have been obliged to rely entirely on the old files of the Toronto *Globe* for the weekly *causerie* "At the Mermaid Inn," written jointly by Lampman, Campbell, and Scott during 1892–3, and apart from brief excerpts in critical studies it has been lost to more general readers. Though limited to one-fifth of the series as a whole, Arthur S. Bourinot's selection, in *At the Mermaid Inn Conducted by A. Lampman, W. W. Campbell, Duncan C. Scott: Being Selections from Essays on Life and Literature Which Appeared in the Toronto* Globe, *1892–1893* (Ottawa: A. Bourinot, 158 Carleton Rd., Rockcliffe Park, pp. iv, 96, $3.50), gives a fair sampling, and it includes the passages of special significance already familiar to serious students.

If general readers show only the mildest interest in the collection the fault is not Mr. Bourinot's but the three poets'. There is nothing of literary value in the whole series above the level of their other published work, and almost all is well below it, despite the occasional surprise that the range of subject-matter, mood, and point of view in their journalistic undertaking may be capable of providing. Campbell's contributions are sometimes fiery and heretical in their references to society, religion, and literature; Scott's show a playful inventiveness, steady intelligence, and a breadth of literary interest; Lampman's remain the most sensitive and charming, especially his quiet meditations on nature and life. We can see, for example, a typical Lampman nature poem in embryo in his more diffuse description of a winter's walk: "Out on a country road, walking in a quiet and silent downfall of snow, when distances are veiled and hidden, and my mind seems wrapped about and softly thrown in upon itself by a smooth and caressing influence, I become immersed in the . . . depth and intensity of reflection." Lampman appears in other moods as well: "How utterly destitute of all light and charm are the intellectual conditions of our people and the institutions of our public life! How barren! How barbarous!" Publication of the *causerie*, nevertheless, is not likely to enhance the reputation of any one of the three poets, and readers not already sympathetic may find much to confirm expectations of mediocrity and dullness.

Mr. Bourinot's brief introduction draws together the somewhat con-

tradictory judgments on the series by other scholars, while not attempting to reconcile them or to make a contribution in itself, and the few notes throughout are evidently intended as the editor's occasional reminders of relevant critical books and articles. *At the Mermaid Inn*, added to his editions of Thomson and Lampman letters, consolidates Mr. Bourinot's claim to be among the most industrious and faithful amateurs of Canadian letters.

To place *The Arts in Canada: A Stock-Taking at Mid-Century*, edited by Malcolm Ross (Macmillan, pp. viii, 176, illus., $10.00), beside its forerunners the *Year Book of Canadian Arts*, edited in 1929 and again in 1936 by Bertram Brooker, is to be struck at once by vast changes in temper and attitude. The earlier books still energetically debated the problems of regionalism, nationalism, and internationalism in the arts, and showed relatively little fear of seeming provincial. *The Arts in Canada* would have us think the ancient debate is virtually decided: "One cannot fail to see," writes Malcolm Ross, "a common direction discernible in all the arts represented in this book. What is it? 'The international idiom.'—'The cosmopolitan note.'—'The contemporary sense.' Such phrases at least help to suggest the direction." And yet, are the old issues dead? In their different ways the editor and many of the contributors feel it necessary to deny that Canadian arts in the process of becoming international are becoming "faceless."

How much more inhibited as well as sophisticated in tone the later book is can be seen most simply by comparing Malcolm Ross's introduction with the outspoken, italic-sprinkled, proclamations of Bertram Brooker. Among the contributors, too, there is generally less display of personality and less forthrightness, understandably rarer phenomena in our day, though it is true that the more haphazard construction of the *Year Books* in itself allowed a much greater play of individuality. All the more surprising is the fact that *The Arts in Canada*, though so much more conservative, has come near to falling between two stools. To be an eye-catching, topical, entertaining show-piece of the Canadian arts and at the same time solidly informative, critical, and scholarly is impossible, and yet the book tends in both these directions. For despite its fundamental seriousness, the brevity and sometimes the tone of the chapters encourages the sense of slick-magazine superficiality. The half-hearted and space-consuming gesture of bilingualism, two fragments in French followed by translations, only adds to this impression.

The Arts in Canada aims to be more comprehensive than the *Year Books*, embracing as it does handicrafts, industrial design, town planning,

the film, and scholarship (the last in a robust assertion by Professor F. E. L. Priestley of its place among the leading "creative" arts). But the chief innovations in two decades are of course the claims of radio and television. Despite these challenges painting and poetry have remained the senior arts, with music and the novel in pursuit as before, and the old and newer theatrical arts ("Ballet" by Ken Johnstone and "Opera" by Boyd Neel) calling from the rear. "I find writing about the Canadian theatre or drama," wrote Merrill Denison in the 1929 *Year Book*, "depressingly like discussing the art of dinghy sailing among the bedouins." Mavor Moore in 1958 is cheerful, even jaunty, but it is evident that the irrigating waters of the Canadian Thames have so far barely spread beyond Stratford. Canadian television, the same writer indicates, remains more of a phenomenon than an art requiring criticism ("I find the sheer scope of the thing still startling"). John Beckwith's chapter on music couples some forceful suggestions as to how composers can be helped with a challenge to Canadian audiences to give contemporary Canadian music a chance to prove its merits. But the composers' situation is apparently little different from what it was in 1929 when Augustus Bridle complained that "Canada has enough unpublished music manuscripts to make a line of the treble clef from Montreal to Winnipeg." The more fortunate arts of painting and poetry, according to Robert Ayre and Northrop Frye, are today as little inhibited by conscious concern for "Canadian identity" as music; and all three arts are similarly immersed in what is cosmopolitan and contemporary: the atonal, the abstract, and the mythopoeic. The Canadian novel, as Claude Bissell describes it, remains a more provincial and conservative form, rarely experimental and still most successful in the vein of "contemplative realism."

The book's handsome format and lavish illustrations are a fair indication of the growing richness in quantity and quality of cultural life in Canada since World War II. In holding the mirror up to the achievements and the patterns of that period, the contributors could scarcely avoid controversial judgments and lapses in taste; in trying to be thorough and conscientious they could scarcely avoid dullness. Taken as a whole, however, the book may be considered a useful and informative stock-taking: judicious rather than stimulating, tolerant if rarely genuinely enthusiastic, honest while trying consistently to be sympathetic and constructive. What could be more Canadian? It will send its readers back to the arts in Canada with increased knowledge and a sharper critical awareness. (F. W. WATT)

Within the category of the visual arts in Canada, *The Face of Early Canada* by F. St. George Spendlove (Ryerson, pp. xxi, 162, illus., $8.50, de luxe $14.00) is not only the first of its kind to be published, but surely the most important book of the year in its field.

The excellent selection of early Canadian topographical paintings and prints, reproduced in this volume, focuses attention upon two eminent Canadians: the author, F. St. George Spendlove, Curator of the Canadiana Collections of the Royal Ontario Museum, which include the Sigmund Samuel Canadiana Gallery; and the collector and philanthropist Dr. Sigmund Samuel. In this most fortunate partnership we have combined abilities and enthusiasms of an outstanding character. Without Dr. Samuel's informed interest and his very generous benefactions, no scholar could have been afforded the opportunity to devote himself to the research necessary to collect, document, and interpret the substance of a volume of this character.

Mr. Spendlove combines a text of notable clarity and charm, written in a flexible and engaging style, with a wealth of valuable documentary information. The text is comprehensively illustrated by 128 plates, beginning with Ramusio's imaginative conception of the "Indian Village of Hochelaga," engraved in 1556, and continuing through to another fiction of the mid nineteenth century, "A View of the Lower Town at Quebec," engraved at Augsburg, Germany, by François Xavier Habermann. This discriminating selection includes the finest examples in this area of practice and study. And our rich heritage of topographical drawing and painting, hitherto known only to a few diligent collectors and informed scholars, is made available to the interested Canadian public.

In his Preface the author states in part: "This present book has as its aim an increase of interest in such prints, both as a subject for collecting and as a means of building up in our minds a very necessary picture of Canada." Later in the Preface he observes: "The surprise that awaits the collector of Canadian prints when he first realizes the size and possibilities of the field he has entered, and the beauty of some of the individual specimens, may be considered as typical of every branch of Canadian research and collection. A treasury of history, biography, art, culture, wit and good citizenship."

Many readers will be familiar with a number of the prints and with the names of many of the originating artists and draughtsmen dealt with, but it is reasonable to presume that few indeed will have had access to the range and depth of factual information about each which the author has so happily and painstakingly set out for their pleasure and interest

here. His chapter on George Heriot (1766–1834), for instance, whose "Ruins of the Intendant's Palace at Quebec" is reproduced in colour, is a perfectly delightful brief biographical study of a very skilled and observant artist. I do not think the author runs any risk of contradiction when he states than Heriot was "probably the most able watercolourist working in Canada between 1800 and 1816." His careful analysis of Heriot's style and technique is a valuable addition to the other knowledge we possess concerning this energetic and versatile man. A characteristic passage from the text states, "The peculiar charm of Heriot's work seems to come from several recurring factors in it. One of these is the result of his very clear and exact perception, always looking for the most significant features of the landscape. Added to this was fine draughtsmanship and brushwork, and highly individual colouring. These qualities resulted in landscapes of remarkable charm." Heriot's travels through the Canadas of his day were materially assisted by his appointment as Deputy Postmaster-General of British North America. His duties required him to travel between Montreal and Niagara and from Quebec to Halifax. He made good use of these opportunities, as his paintings and writings testify.

It is most appropriate that the name of Paul Sandby, R.A. (1725–1809), be associated with many of the soldier topographers who worked in this country. As drawing master at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, they had come under his disciplined instruction there. But it is ventured that few will know that the father of English landscape painting, Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714–82), developed a large oil painting of Niagara Falls, based on a sketch made in 1768 by Lieutenant W. H. Pierie.

The Falls held as great a fascination for the public then as they do today. The author tells us that it would no doubt be impossible to make a complete list of the pictures of Niagara Falls, but some of the more significant prints, paintings, and water colours are mentioned in the text. Although no record exists of a visit to North America by Henry Fuseli, that fantastic English contemporary of William Blake's, there is a water colour of his, inspired by Niagara Falls, in the Sigmund Samuel Collection.

The ever popular William Henry Bartlett (1809–54) and James Pattison Cockburn (*ca.* 1779–1847) are ably dealt with in separate chapters. The author has much of interest and value to add to what may be considered to be common knowledge about these remarkable men. Of the two, Bartlett's *Canadian Scenery*, published in 1842, is possibly the

most widely known. Cockburn, an artillery colonel stationed at Quebec, was another of Paul Sandby's protégés.

There is also an informative chapter on Nathaniel Currier and the Boston firm of Currier & Ives. "Among the earliest productions of the Currier shop, dating from 1825, are the four Thomas Young drawings of Toronto." (The town of York had become incorporated as a city the previous year, when it reverted to the original Indian name and became the City of Toronto.) "Well known as an architect, Young was the designer of King's College, first home of the University of Toronto." His decorous classical drawing, "View of King Street (looking eastward)," lithographed by Currier & Ives, appears on the dust cover of the present volume and also provides a most attractive frontispiece. Residents of Toronto today may well lament the passing of the gracious serenity implied in this handsome print.

The numerous impressive and exceedingly well-printed reproductions appearing in this volume have already been alluded to. Their importance cannot be over-emphasized. Arranged in chronological sequence, they represent, as the title of the book declares, the face of early Canada: silent, evocative, documentary evidence of the childhood of a nation.

It is perhaps regrettable that observers of New France were less prolific in the documentation of their environment in print form, but the means of serialized reproductions was not so readily available, or so popular, in the seventeenth century. And who is to question the significance, in terms of observation, of the *Jesuit Relations*, or our heritage of architecture, or the religious paintings of Frère Luc and the Master of the Aimable Marthe Votive?

The French in Canada were the first to use the engraved print and the Ramusio, the mid sixteenth-century diagram of Hochelaga (Plate 1), is the earliest. But from 1759 the British topographers recorded with indefatigable energy and enthusiasm for a century. The measure of delight in each separate print will vary with the individual, but it is safe to say that every intelligent young Canadian, from eight to eighty, will find this early picture history of our country of the most absorbing and inspiring interest. Mr. Spendlove, his patron, and his publishers are to be congratulated on combining, in this handsome volume, a valuable historical document with a picture book of wide general interest.

We should be eternally grateful to the editors and publishers of the Ryerson Press for their foresightedness and persistence in publishing the now extensive series of short biographies of Canadian painters. It is unlikely that this could have been an overwhelmingly profitable venture

over the years, yet they have continued their policy of adding to the growing list of titles. *Frederick Simpson Coburn* by Gerald Stevens (Ryerson, pp. xii, 72, illus., $3.95) is the latest addition to the series.

In his Foreword Dr. A. Y. Jackson, like the benevolent old warrior that he is, accepts the opportunity as a fitting occasion to recall the past ineptitudes of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. In fact, he has much more of interest to say about the Academy and its shortcomings than he has to say about Mr. Coburn. However, it would be incorrect to imply that he does not acknowledge that artist's contribution, even if his praises are sung in an almost inaudible voice.

Mr. Stevens contributes a charmingly human document, from which the gentle and quietly observant personality of F. S. Coburn emerges with almost shy reticence. One discovers him in his natal environment of Upper Melbourne, Quebec, sketching the horse-drawn logging sleighs as they pass along the road to the local sawmill. "Horses have been Mr. Coburn's first and greatest love," the author tells us. "But skies—skies clear and cold—come next." The artist's recurring, but ever varying, theme is concerned with that basic Canadian winter industry, logging, and his favourite aspect of that industry is that noble, now vanished sight, the horse-drawn sleigh, hauling the mighty logs from the snow-laden forest. Employing this device alone, he painted countless variations on the theme. In fact, his artistic reputation, and his contribution to Canadian painting, rest upon the limited context of these handsome nostalgic canvases, redolent of the fragrance of fresh-sawn logs, steaming flanks, damp leather, and the bright vigorous realities of a Canadian winter.

The author reveals the fact that these "logging" compositions do not form the whole corpus of Coburn's work. He points out that the artist "contributed to Canadian art his version of the day of the red and blue sleighs, and pungs, and cariols, and the bay, the black and white horses, and the teams of white oxen hauling logs and cordwood." And the illustrations in this volume disclose a wide range of subject-matter from figure studies to still life. It is also sometimes forgotten that the artist had a friend in Dr. William Henry Drummond and that early in his career he illustrated a number of Drummond's poems for Putnams of New York: *The Habitant*, *Le Voyageur*, *Johnny Courteau*, *Madeleine Verchères*, and so on.

Coburn did not emerge as a significant painter until he was in his late forties, at about the time of the first Group of Seven exhibition. He was a quiet industrious man, working in seclusion in the Eastern Townships and finding his principal market in Montreal with the help of the

eminent art dealer the late Frank Stevens. His training had been sound and his manner grew around his interest in the Haagsche school in Holland and the Barbizon in France. His accomplished style, however, developed through his contacts and friendship with Maurice Cullen and his own personal devotion to the Canadian winter scene.

His biographer tells us that a "Winter Coburn was a sure way to start a collector buying works of art." The significant fact about a "Winter Coburn" is that in spite of the limited imagery employed, each painting had a vitality and life of its own and a rational honesty that had wide appeal.

The monograph concludes with observations on Coburn's palette and technical methods. There is a chronology, a commentary on each painting reproduced, and finally a list of collectors.

It is always an encouraging experience to discover an observant and intelligently critical new book, written by a former student. Dr. Alan Gowans, author of *Looking at Architecture in Canada* (Oxford, pp. 232, illus., $7.95), is a graduate of the University of Toronto and, although he is now chairman of the Department of Art History at the University of Delaware, it is perhaps understandable, and fortunate for us, that his two books to date have found their inspiration in Canada.

Among the notable new books on the subject of architecture which claim attention at this time, one observes a wide variety of purpose. The distinguished American architectural historian Henry-Russell Hitchcock provides another valuable addition to the Pelican "History of Art" series with a searching survey of western architecture in his *Architecture: Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries*. His aim has been to examine critically the almost overwhelming diversification of movements, revivals, and survivals characterizing this restless period. His method has been that of the informed historian. On the other hand, John Betjeman, the English poet, has given us a charming and agreeable little *Guide to English Parish Churches* in which his declared intention is to discuss only those churches whose architecture or setting makes it worth while "bicycling twelve miles against the wind" to see them.

Dr. Gowans declares in his Preface that his aim has been to write a short "popular" history of Canadian architecture, rather than a scholarly one. "By 'popular' I mean partly that it is addressed to people with an intelligent interest in the subject, but no special technical knowledge of architectural history; and partly that the buildings represented are products of common, general, 'popular' taste in their time and place, rather than the works of individual genius."

Dr. Gowans has faced the problem squarely, with typical energy and consummate understanding. Although he states that his aim is not primarily one of scholarship, no reader can pursue his lively and informed text without a full realization that, emerging from between the lines of an agreeable and smooth-flowing literary style, there is not only an able manipulation of research data but also a scholarly insight into the true character of architectural development in this country. For the first time, an organized and discriminating mind has tackled the formidable task of ordering and establishing a valuable chronology in the development of our architecture, from the timeless beach villages of the Haida on the Queen Charlotte Islands to the new Westbury Hotel in Toronto. No reader unaware of the varied and sometimes obscure sources from which the factual data has been drawn can appreciate the magnitude of the task Dr. Gowans has so happily resolved. From a hitherto disorganized miscellany of hidden source-material he has produced an orderly readable text, copiously illustrated, laced with sprightly wit, appropriate humour, and irresistible satire.

The author is most secure in his early chapters, "The Pioneer Background," "New France" (readers will remember Dr. Gowans' earlier book *Church Architecture in New France*, Toronto, 1955), "French Classicism," and an excellent brief chapter on the Quebec architect Thomas Baillairgé (1781–1859), whose family had worked on problems of the old cathedral church through the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and who was given the commission to design a monumental façade for the Basilica in Quebec City. Unfortunately, and for reasons of economy, it is believed, his design was bungled and never carried out as he had conceived it.

In discussing American Classicism and its influence in Canada, Dr. Gowans deals at some length with such notable monuments as St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and Colonel Barnum's house at Grafton, Ontario.

"The Victorian Age" includes observations on the Gothic revival in Canada. Of James O'Donnell's parish church of Notre-Dame in Montreal, an early and monumental example, built 1824–41, the author writes, "Notre-Dame resembles nothing so much as a collection of Gothic shapes cut out of cardboard and pasted together." However, later he adds, "But that is only how it looks to us. Clearly its builders did not see it in the same way. And if we want to understand the Victorian period in Canadian architecture, which begins here, we have to try and see it somewhat as they did." He also discusses the secular manifestation of the Gothic

revival as it is expressed in homestead and farm houses in Ontario and the Maritimes. The lancet window, the bay window, and the picturesque fretwork lining the eaves, sometimes referred to as "barge-boarding," the decorated finial-post at the peak of the gable—these were the external vocabulary of their English and Continental counterparts, but gauche and provincial by comparison. The text proceeds, looking with critical enthusiasm at Thomas Fuller's designs (1859) for the new Parliament Buildings in Ottawa. The official British version of Gothic, as confirmed in the new Parliament Buildings at Westminster, was the archetype for this grand conception, of course, and there is much to commend Fuller's adaptation and his spacious use of the Ottawa site.

A subheading, "Pomp and Circumstances," affords the author ample opportunity to assail the more whimsical and opulent manifestations of late-Victorian and Edwardian architecture. Casa Loma, the baronial castle home of Sir Henry Pellatt, offers his ready wit an obvious target and he does not shrink from accepting it. "Fantastic is the only word for this squirrellish heaping up of miscellanea whose only common denominator was an imposing price tag," he says, thus dismissing Sir Henry's gold-plated bathroom fittings, his lavish stables, the crenelated towers and bronze-cast facsimiles of Italian doors. "No other Canadian building, I think, quite rivals Casa Loma in its own field . . . none have become so entirely outmoded, so totally useless."

In his final chapter on modern architecture, dedicated to flowing space and flooding light, Dr. Gowans discusses the impact of new thinking, new materials, and new techniques: the use of steel, glass, and ferro-concrete. What he has to say will not be a revelation to professional readers, but since it is not his intention to address himself to that group, it is a useful summary of what has been and is taking place. Here again, as throughout, the text is seasoned with pithy observations and wise comment, brightened with illustrations of new buildings from Gander to Vancouver. One might have wished to see better examples of our new building by our younger architects. No mention is made of the work of John Cresswell Parkin, Peter Thornton, or Herbert Moody, and very little about Charles E. Pratt. But this is not to decry what has been included. One realizes that the final editorial problem, in the contemporary field, may well have been concerned with that difficult decision of what to leave in and what to leave out.

Dr. Gowans has given us a valuable study. It might just as readily be accepted as a study of the development of Canadian taste. As Nikolaus Pevsner points out, architecture gives us a more accurate bulletin on the

state of the patient's health than other arts. Clients do not commission the construction of a building, or seldom do, until they are personally satisfied with its design. This tends to reflect decisively the condition of individual and collective taste at the time and place of the building's erection. Certainly, in reading this book, I have been impressed with the careful trace it returns of (with apologies to Dr. Pevsner) "the Canadianness of Canadian taste." (CHARLES F. COMFORT)

The Osborne Collection of Early Children's Books, 1566–1910: A Catalogue (Toronto Public Library, pp. xxvi, 561, $15.00) is a catalogue of part of the Osborne Collection of children's books in the Boys and Girls House of the Toronto Public Library. It is at once a tribute to its compiler, Miss Judith St. John, and her helpers, to the reputation of children's library work at Toronto (initially under the direction of Miss Lillian Smith), to the enterprise of Mr. Edgar Osborne, who, without wealth, gathered together an unusual collection of books and then decided that Canada should be its home, to the support of scholarship and letters by the McLean Foundation, and finally, and very strikingly, to the editorial and typographical skill of the University of Toronto Press.

If not the most attractive volume of its kind published in Canada, it can have few rivals. Not many years ago the supposed five hundredth anniversary of the discovery of printing was celebrated in Toronto by a small co-operatively produced volume which was as typographically unpleasant, not to say cheap and nasty, as well could be imagined. I mention the fact here because it is such a recent ironic example of the difference between good intentions and a taken-for-granted level of craftsmanship. The more than five hundred pages of this book are economical, efficient, and elegant; the press work is even and consistent; the numerous illustrations are not only in black and white but also in remarkably good colour (by Rolph Clark Stone).

The problems facing the cataloguer, and the formulae adopted, are briefly indicated in the Preface. That the catalogue is arranged "to conform with the system of classification that is in use in our children's libraries in Toronto" seems justifiable, even though this book should become a general research tool. Moreover there are three appendixes (a "Chronological List of Editions, 1566–1799," a "List of Illustrators and Engravers," and a "List of Publishers, Booksellers, and Printers") and an excellent index. Bibliographical eyebrows may be raised at some statements about irregularity ("Although we have striven to be consistent in bibliographical details we have, in the notes, *sometimes* deliberately sacrificed consistency," p. vii, and "Lack of space has prevented

the inclusion of *obscure* engravers, or the history of the numerous books engraved by the Dalziel Brothers and Edmund Evans," p. 434; italics mine), but this irregularity is intentional, and the general impression is certainly one of consistency and care. Only time and expert usage will test the adequacy of the descriptive, and the accuracy of the bibliographical, notes, but this volume has every appearance of being an important addition to the bibliography of children's books.

The Stratford Festival, 1953–1957: A Record in Pictures and Text of the Shakespearean Festival in Canada (Clarke, Irwin, pp. xxii, 72, illus., $3.50) is a very handsome book of photographs of all eleven productions of the Festival. Six of the plays were directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and his influence was apparent in other productions. But the rhetoric, ritual, and movement of the Stratford stage, often so exciting, occasionally distracting, and, in *Oedipus* (despite Mr. Whittaker) so excessive and misconceived, does not show up in stage photographs, and the star of this book is Tanya Moiseiwitsch, so far designer of all but one of the plays. Even without the colour we get some idea of her elegance, brilliance, and invention.

The photographs are prefaced by the Governor-General's remarks at the laying of the foundation stone of the permanent theatre in 1957, and by a review of productions and acting by Mr. Herbert Whittaker. Mr. Whittaker assumes rather too readily, it seems to me, a director's right to exercise his "magic" in "shaping" a Shakespeare play, when in practice this sometimes means so much emphasis on one aspect, or even "gimmick," as to damage the proportions of the whole. No doubt he is right in recognizing both the very great talent of Mr. Guthrie, and what makes for popular success. His criticism is in general pleasant, cultivated, and complimentary; as when reading his reviews, one must sometimes read between the lines to get any idea of real reserves. However a book like this is intended to foster the recollection of images, and record the real wonder of Stratford—the dream which materialized, as Mr. Massey says, because "a few men had faith in an idea." (N. J. ENDICOTT)

As an all-round field naturalist and as one who has laboured incessantly with ever widening success to arouse public interest in nature, no one has had a longer career in this region or become better known than Stuart L. Thompson, onetime President of the Toronto Field Naturalists' Club, and author of *Outdoor Rambles* (illustrated by Geoffrey Goss; Longmans, Green, pp. x, 150, $3.50).

Stuart Thompson has always been particularly successful in awakening

young people to the lure of the wild and in drawing the attention of those who have had little experience to the joys and excitement of discovery in the world of nature. This he has done in many ways: in summer camps, through leading hikes, in countless talks and lectures, in broadcasts and T.V. sessions. Now he has drawn on all these, and on his lifelong journal, to give us this pleasant collection of *Outdoor Rambles.*

The *Rambles* are a distillation of the author's experiences, selected and ordered so as to initiate readers into the pleasures of nature observation all through the year and in all the provinces of that world with which the rambler-author has made himself so well acquainted. We watch the skunk cabbage poke through the mud in spring, the snipe winnowing over the marsh; we hear the frogs singing, and examine a "dying lake"; we take note of "wings in the dusk": nighthawks, whippoorwills, bats, flying squirrels, and we discover the thrill of following tracks, of listening to nature's sounds; we chase the seasons through the year until we have passed snow buntings and redpolls in wintry fields and have emerged once more onto the verge of spring with chickadees whistling in the maple sugar bush. These are the sights and sounds that the author has pursued with unfailing zest all his life, and which he has taught untold others to rejoice in. Here in these pages he is still doing the job he has done all these years, and doing it well—initiating people into the many-sided, unending delights of the realm of nature.

In this endeavour he is ably abetted by the drawing of his friend Geoffrey Goss, a newcomer to the field of nature illustration, and one whom we are pleased to see taking up this line. His scratchboard black-and-whites do much to evoke the spirit of the writing and to set it vividly before the readers' eyes. Clear-cut reproductions, fine printing, and an attractive format all add to the pleasing impression made by this book. (RICHARD M. SAUNDERS)

The Churl of Mortgage Manor no more aspires to Literature than Mr. Jim Reidford, whose cartoons enliven his latest book, pretends to Art. In *Crater Country* (illustrated by Jim Reidford; Ryerson, pp. x, 169, $3.95), Lex Schrag's facetious account of an ill-conducted expedition to the New Quebec Crater in Ungava in 1958, he proposes to delight (the jokes centre on the citified author's constitutional inadequacies in the hard northlands) and to instruct, or, as the dustcover elegantly puts it, "to apprise prospective travellers to the Ungava tundra of the conditions they would find in the North." It seems likely that even lovers of the Churl *persona* will feel the comedy long drawn out, and newcomers will certainly have difficulty discovering sufficient humour or enlightenment

to raise the work above the level of not always genial mediocrity. (F. W. WATT)

II

Mr. Alan Heuser modestly describes his hundred-page book on Hopkins, *The Shaping Vision of Gerard Manley Hopkins* (Oxford, pp. viii, 128, $3.00), as an "essay." It is an admirable attempt to elucidate as concisely and precisely as possible the essential nature, and to some extent the origins, of Hopkins' aesthetic and religious thought and feeling, always with an eye on the actual verbal effect of poem or "image." While the approach is not primarily biographical, Mr. Heuser has organized his book by a chronological division of Hopkins' life into four periods, an approach which allows him to show the interaction of personal and intellectual problems and the extraordinary unity in Hopkins' "shaping vision." Extraneous material is rigorously excluded, and there is a very judicious use of personal judgments of Hopkins' personality, the influence on him of Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, his Jesuit training, and his scholastic and Platonic reading.

In so brief a treatment a number of problems must be treated very cursorily. But the compactness of generalization and statement found in some of Mr. Heuser's pages (for example, those at the beginning of chapter IX in which the influence of Ignatian techniques of spiritualizing sensation is traced through a number of characteristic poems) is, I think, not the brevity of rapid simplification, but an expression of conclusions which have been reached after the subject has been considered and reconsidered over a considerable period of time, and with careful reading of the now considerable body of fairly technical criticism. Whether Mr. Heuser's description of Scotist thought (as it shows in poems) is precisely accurate or not, this reviewer is not in a position to say; but one can say that when, in the last three pages, Mr. Heuser risks a general definition of the shaping vision which is the title of his book, this abbreviation has behind it the cogent brief descriptive arguments of earlier chapters, as well as relevant informative footnotes to provide evidence of the author's careful analysis of the more technical philosophical and theological parts of Hopkins criticism. The book seems to me an original study of great interest to any student, or even reader, of the poetry of Hopkins. (N. J. ENDICOTT)

"There is the Burney family. There is no end of it or its pretensions. It produces wits, scholars, novelists, musicians, artists in 'numbers

numberless.' . . . Madame D'Arblay, it must be owned, had cleverness enough to stock a whole family, and to set up her cousin-germans, male and female, for wits and virtuosos to the third and fourth generation." These remarks by Hazlitt could have served Professor Joyce Hemlow as an epigraph to her admirable life of Fanny Burney (*The History of Fanny Burney*, Oxford: at the Clarendon Press [Toronto: Oxford University Press], pp. xvi, 528, illus., $5.25), for they indicate perfectly the difficulties her subject must have confronted her with. The Burneys were so numerous and, as we now find from Miss Hemlow's researches, so voluble and so united a family that a biographer of their star is compelled to sort them into order and master their vast correspondence in order to free Miss Fanny and allow her to shine properly in her higher sphere. For, as Hazlitt implies, it is she who really matters, not excepting even her father, the great and musical Dr. Burney.

Miss Hemlow has done all this wonderfully well. The material she has had at hand—in great part her own discovery—would have daunted a less determined and hopelessly confused a less single-minded person, but she has arranged it clearly and with a steady eye to effect: Fanny is never lost to sight. Of course, one can still be irritated at times, in spite of Miss Hemlow's tact, at the Burneys' numbers and pretensions, as Hazlitt was, and even view Fanny herself somewhat unfavourably; but generally we are willing enough to accept them all at only a little below their own valuation. And we do so because to know them is to know the period. The family's history is social and literary history as well, as Miss Hemlow shows and will demonstrate even more fully when she begins to publish her extensive edition of the Burney papers. We may have to wait some time for the edition, but this biography is both a foretaste of what we can expect and a proof of Miss Hemlow's editorial ability, as well as being in itself a lively and informative study of a talented novelist and an agreeable woman. (DOUGLAS GRANT)

All over the world in this year of 1959, bicentenary of the birth of the voice of Scotland, lights are twinkling forth as Scots light candles to the memory of Robert Burns. Such a flame is Kenneth Kirkwood's essay *The Immortal Memory* (privately printed, pp. viii, 68), though in truth it is not the first time this candle has burned in memory of the bard, for once in Tokyo, once in Buenos Aires, have gleamed the festal beams now relighted on the banks of the Ottawa.

Addresses given first at Burns' Nicht celebrations are refashioned here into a set of dramatic scenes from Burns's life, a poetic pantomime asking for a stage. A touching tribute this, pleasingly written, to a

homeland and a life that's far away, to a Scotland of history and dream, to Bobbie Burns, the romantic realist of the heather hills, the Highland Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Such a tribute will stir nostalgic sighs in Caledonians everywhere, set them to reciting, "A man's a man for a' that," to dreaming of Scotland near beyond. (RICHARD M. SAUNDERS)

Kenneth P. Kirkwood's *Ophelia of Elsinore* (Ottawa, privately printed, pp. viii, 162) is a study of a Shakespearian character that harks back to A. C. Bradley and even Mrs. Jameson. His view of Ophelia is summed up in the following passage (pp. 5–6):

> I have sometimes tried to imagine Ophelia as being a modernly developed young lady of say 17 or 18, well brought up in the Palace, and as self-assured and sophisticated as an upper-class girl of that age might be today. Hamlet, a very experienced and intellectual young collegian prince, would be more likely to be drawn to a gay intelligent sophisticated girl of such a character. But the textual evidence is too strongly against this characterization. Shakespeare quite evidently had another type in mind, despite his own mental preoccupation with a pert, seductive maid-of-honour of the English court, Mary Fitton. The character of Ophelia is more like that of an undeveloped fifteen or sixteen-year-old miss of Victorian time; shy, meek, innocent, unsophisticated. She was submissive both to her father and her elder brother; she was simple and humble before Hamlet whom she worshipped. Her fright in the closet scene when he rushed in dishevelled; her fidelity when refusing his letters and sadly returning his gifts; her showing of one of his letters to her father; and her naiveté in asking the most simple questions concerning the Gonzago play, show that she was barely more than a child in her development. And in the mad scene, we perceive her only as a poor afflicted child, and not a half-grown woman. This is why our natural attitude toward her is one of tenderness and sympathy.

The author's method of supporting this generalization is to analyse each scene of the play in which Ophelia appears, with copious references to the opinions of other commentators and criticism of their views.

It is often objected against Mr. Kirkwood's critical method today that it tends to obscure the purport of the play as a whole in favour of an abstraction of "character" which is more appropriate in the discussion of a modern psychological novel than as applied to a drama of the Elizabethan age. However, the bulk of *Hamlet* criticism that is still being read is imbued with this point of view; and, for those who are not troubled by the critical method Mr. Kirkwood uses, his analysis is sensitive and discerning, his opinions always thoughtful and well weighed. (HAROLD S. WILSON)

Paul's Cross was an open-air pulpit surmounted by a cross that stood in the northeast corner of the churchyard of the old cathedral of St.

Paul's. There, every Sunday morning and on other anniversaries as well, a sermon was delivered to the crowd that filled the angle made by the choir and transept of the cathedral, where the preacher's voice, directed by the sounding-board over his head, reverberated from wall to wall. Against the walls themselves had been erected a double row of "rooms," in appearance not unlike the boxes of a theatre, to house the dignitaries who attended. These regularly included the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London and the prebendaries of the cathedral, but their number was often swollen by some of the high officials of the realm, judges, bishops, privy councillors, and even on occasion the sovereign himself. The Paul's Cross sermon was not merely a London institution throughout the reigns of the Tudors and until its suppression in 1642; it acquired a semi-official character, so that on special occasions the preacher acted as the mouthpiece of the government to explain or justify policy and even to impart news which otherwise could not have been so rapidly disseminated.

In *The Paul's Cross Sermons, 1534–1642* ("University of Toronto Department of English, Studies and Texts," No. 6; University of Toronto Press, pp. x, 261, $5.50), Professor Millar MacLure has set himself the task of examining this institution from the time of the English Reformation until 1642. The task was no mean one since it involved, besides a considerable amount of historical and antiquarian research, the reading of several hundred sermons. Yet these surviving sermons (shall we say 300?) are not only a mere fragment of those actually preached at Paul's Cross, but also a relatively small segment of the printed sermons of the period that are extant, and this fact points to one of the difficulties besetting such a study. It is as if one were to write a history of the birthday odes of the eighteenth-century poets laureate without any history of the Pindaric ode in English poetry, and yet had to take for granted the history of the form in its larger context. In spite of the well-known studies of Owst and Mitchell we still lack an adequate history of the English sermon, and until such a history exists to establish the conventions and norms of the sermon at the various stages of its development it will be difficult to isolate the special characteristics of any single class of sermon, especially one so occasional in its nature as the Paul's Cross sermon.

In spite of the difficulties inherent in the nature of his subject, Professor MacLure acquits himself well. Chapter I, "Antiquarian," is an excellent account of the Cross and its situation, the auditory, the preachers, and the establishment that maintained them. Chapter III,

"Sociological," tries briefly to come to grips with the problem of the special nature of the Paul's Cross sermon and enumerates various aspects of the life of the age that are especially illuminated by the sermons. Chapter IV, "Homiletic," gives an admirably lucid and succinct account of the preachers' "rhetoric," namely, the organization of the sermons by means of the division of the text and its application. It is in the longest and most substantial of the chapters, chapter II, "Historical," that the greatest number of difficulties arises. The problem has been what to take for granted, and Professor MacLure tends to take too much. The well-educated reader may be reasonably familiar with the political history of the Tudors and Stuarts, but for the purposes of this book he has to be equally familiar with the history of the Church, and knowledge of Church history, among the laity at least, is not as common as it used to be. Further difficulties arise because Professor MacLure's style tends towards allusiveness: "In the Plot sermon of 1608 Robert Tynley, Archdeacon of Ely, . . . confuted 'a Prophane Fugitive' who had written a letter against the '*Apology* for the Oath of Allegiance.' " Or again, after two moralizing quotations from a sermon there comes the comment; "Such were the lessons taught from that most dubious, indeed scandalous, affair of August 5, 1600." Few readers will recognize the Jesuit Robert Persons as the "Prophane Fugitive" of the first sentence, and not many more will recall that the "affair of August 5, 1600," was the Gowrie conspiracy.

It is a more serious objection that the study of the contemporary relationships of the sermons has confined itself only to the larger issues of politics and religion, and has ignored many of the subtler allusions. An example will illustrate. On Monday, March 24, 1617, on the anniversary of the King's accession,

> the archbishop of Caunterburie, the Lord Keper, Lord Privie-seale, the earle of Arundell, the earle of Southampton, the Lord Hayes, the controller, Secretarie Winwood, the Master of the Rolles, with divers other great men, were at Paules Crosse, and heard Dr. Donne who made there a daintie sermon, upon the eleventh of the 22nd of Proverbes; and was excedingly well liked generally, the rather for that he did Quene Elizabeth great right, and held himself close to the text without flattering the time too much.

Donne's text was "He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips, the King shall be his friend," and, as Chamberlain observed in the passage just quoted, for the greater part of the sermon he "held himself close to the text." Only in the last half-dozen of the forty pages which the sermon occupies in the most recent edition did Donne proceed

to the "Accommodatio ad Diem," the application to the present occasion. Nevertheless in the earlier part of the sermon, in the description of the King in relation to God and his subjects, there is much that would inevitably have been applied to James and represents what might be called flattery by indirection. More interesting still, as a student pointed out to me some years ago, is the section that follows next. Second only to the Archbishop of Canterbury among the auditory was the new Lord Keeper, Francis Bacon, who had received the Great Seal earlier in the month and was probably making his first public appearance in the City in all the panoply of his new office. Many pairs of eyes must have been turned towards him as Donne went on to describe the man whom the King delighted to have for his friend. The Paul's Cross sermons must inevitably have contained many implications of this kind, where the preacher expressed himself indirectly for fear of the consequences of too much outspokenness, or where compliment by indirection was more subtle and more pleasing than downright flattery. Much of this allusiveness, admittedly, cannot hope for recognition in the twentieth century; my complaint, however, is that Professor MacLure does not seem to have made sufficient allowance for the possibility of its existence.

Nevertheless, the book is a pioneer study of real value, and one which opens the way for other similar investigations. And, finally, a special word of praise must be given to the invaluable "Register of Sermons Preached at Paul's Cross, 1534–1642," which occupies pages 184–256; scholars will turn to it with gratitude for many years to come. (R. C. BALD).

III

Decadence, by its very nature, excludes daylight and air. To such an extent is this true that even critical pronouncements on the subject have, in the past, been delicately offered in cork-lined atmospheres of respectful reticence. A. E. Carter's *The Idea of Decadence in French Literature, 1830–1900* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xii, 156, $4.50), however, lets in both air and daylight so skilfully that a reader moves from one chamber of horrors to the next, completely free to examine dispassionately the ingenious contrivances and curious contraptions of what is surely the mind's most startling waxworks show. Here, for example, one is enabled to examine the complex machinery of an extraordinary transformation scene in which the Noble Savage of the pre-Romantics with his enthusiasm for the natural is first changed into the moody, introspective, and fatal Romantic hero of 1830 who in turn splits into two

perverted types of himself, a sort of run-down René and an accelerated Don Juan who ultimately dovetail into their decadent derivatives—the languid neurotic and the stoic dandy. In other words, the author brilliantly demonstrates that what might be thought a revolt against primitivism is actually a metamorphosis of the old myth, that is, decadence is primitivism *à rebours*.

The metamorphosis began, of course, long before 1830, with De Sade's preference for the abnormal over the natural. Upon this fundamental of the idea of decadence other elements were gradually built up until the concept was complete. Dr. Carter sets forth the successive and often complicated steps in the development of the idea with a clarity and precision that spring from a fine sense of proportion. He neither belabours nor overcondenses his points, with the result that unmistakably implied perspectives open out with rewarding frequency in a text which is a model of economical expression.

A man who prefers the abnormal and artificial inevitably thinks of himself as superior to natural law. He, therefore, is the true modern, and his abode that most artificial of habitats, the city. He alone is capable of extracting from the prose of urban progress the poetry of urban decadence. It was, in fact, two such poets, Gautier and Baudelaire, who most enriched the growing definition of this ideal creature, during what Dr. Carter calls the first or late-Romantic, and predominantly literary, phase of decadence. Both were well qualified to do so. As Dr. Carter reminds us, "Baudelaire liked depravity"—"by 1887 *baudelairisme* had become nearly synonymous with decadence"—and Gautier was Baudelaire's master and friend. The two poets explained the decadent as, at highest, a particular kind of artist, one whose every gesture is voluntary and calculated to shock or astonish. Such an artist takes as background for his art the corruption of past and present civilizations; he replaces the home with the theatre, music-hall, casino, gambling den, brothel, and dive; gardens and familiar flowers he replaces with hot-houses and hybrids; his heroines are strumpets, his heroes burglars; recourse to cosmetics, drugs, and sex perversions renders himself as artificial as his setting which even his style is made to match, a strange conglomerate of jewelled preciousness and crass vulgarity, a perverse amalgam of things "against the grain." The subject-matter to which that style is applied varies, except for *ennui* and artificiality (which are constants), according to whether the artist is more inclined towards neurosis or dandyism: in the former case the stress is on impotence and sterility, in the latter on sadism and Satanism. Other distinguished

writers helped strengthen the Gautier-Baudelaire formula. Barbier the poet, Taine the historian, and Barbey d'Aurevilly the essayist supported it in theoretical writings; Sainte-Beuve's *Volupté* and Stendhal's dandies foreshadowed its incarnations; Balzac's novels were further flowers of evil produced by the hot-house Paris; Flaubert's *Novembre* and *Passion et vertu* anticipated the atmosphere of decadence a half-century before its decline; Verlaine, Rimbaud, and Mallarmé each made his special contribution.

In the second phase of the development of the idea of decadence the scientists and pseudo-scientists take over. Dr. Carter points out that neither Gautier nor Baudelaire, nor indeed any other writer up to the middle of the century, had real knowledge of the pathology of degeneracy. This lack was remedied after the sixties with the appearance of a host of medical publications devoted to the study of perversions not as acts of will but as symptoms of neurosis. A man is decadent because he is psychotic, said the doctors and, most men being psychotic, it followed that nineteenth-century man was decadent. As Dr. Carter puts it, what the Naturalists borrowed from the doctors was not a theory of heredity but a theory of decadent heredity. And the doctors returned the compliment. But when everyone is decadent or degenerate (the terms were used interchangeably) what becomes of languid René, or stoic Don Juan? Huysmans provided the answer by creating, in *A Rebours*, Des Esseintes. The latter, like everyone else, was decadent and degenerate—but with a difference. Others were so because they could not help it. Des Esseintes not only could not escape his decadence but, in addition, helped it along. What made him a true decadent was his self-conscious taste for corruption, a talent he was even capable of veering into a perverted mysticism, an esoteric religiosity beyond the probe of medical clairvoyance.

By thus restoring the true decadent to his rightful exclusiveness, Huysmans brought the second or Naturalist period of decadence to a close and opened the third or *fin de siècle* phase, when the development of the idea of decadence comes to a temporary standstill. Its authors, Bourges, Mendès, Rachilde, Péladan, and Jean Lorrain, Dr. Carter scrutinizes with a care they would nowhere else deserve. Their endlessly repeated exaggerations and absurdities, those of a school with an official periodical, *Le Décadent*, are today as unreadable as the parodies they inspired. By 1900 school and journal had petered out. But not the idea of decadence. It is to be hoped that, someday, Dr. Carter will deal with its revival and persistence on down through Valéry and Gide to Sartre, Genet, and beyond.

One point in *The Idea of Decadence* raises an issue. To speak of Delacroix as though he were, for Baudelaire, the actual painter of "modern woman" is slightly misleading. In the article to which Dr. Carter refers, Baudelaire, having classified Delacroix's women as mythological (nymphs, etc.) or historical (Cleopatra, Marguerite, Ophelia, Desdemona, Mary Magdalen, the Virgin), goes on to say "M. Delacroix me paraît être l'artiste le mieux doué pour exprimer la femme moderne. . . ." Again, the statement that "Delacroix was the great painter of this contemporary decadence" is not nearly so clear as the unstated but obvious fact that wishful thinking, on the part of Baudelaire and others, chose out of Delacroix's work only such features as would tend to make him appear so. Surely the cosmic Delacroix, with his ever increasing command of space composition, so antithetical to the narrowing blind alleys of dandydom, is the outstanding graphic genius of the Romantic rather than of the Decadent movement? Be that as it may, one is surprised, in a book which quite properly names Thomas Couture and Constantin Guys, to find no mention of either Gustave Moreau or Odilon Redon. It is also curious that, along with references to painting, there should be none to the flood of artificial romanti-classic programmatic music in the last quarter of the century, in many ways so apparently in harmony with the spirit of the decadent idea.

The half-dozen printer's errors in the text are negligible though regrettable in a book that otherwise lives up admirably to the high standard of the "University of Toronto Romance Series."

Exploring, as it does, an almost entirely neglected field of which the importance and bearing are, for the first time and in a masterly manner, made abundantly clear, this book is indispensable for serious students of nineteenth- and twentieth-century French literature. (ROBERT FINCH)

IV

Within Michael Macklem's small book *The Anatomy of the World: Relations between Natural and Moral Law from Donne to Pope* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, pp. x, 139, $3.75), an enormous quantity of the literature of controversy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is skilfully compacted about the problem of evil, both as it exists in the universe and as it exists in man. Between Donne's *An Anatomy of the World* and Pope's *Essay on Man* a revolution occurred in "the established schemes of belief" which these two works reflected. Through the lively steps of the controversy set going by Burnet's *Sacred Theory of the World* to the final domination of the

public imagination by Newton's *Principia* we pass from the conviction that the evil in nature is the effect of the curse which followed upon Adam's sin to the optimistic view generated by the new science that evil is the consequence of the rule of divine law, and therefore merely apparent and not real. But if the effect of man's fall was now removed from the physical world and left only to man's nature, it was, according to Dr. Macklem, in due course removed from that too. Human nature came to be viewed as subject to law in the same sense as physical nature. To show this Dr. Macklem takes his history of ideas through two controversies, first over the question whether the moral law has its origin in God's will or in his reason, and then, the victory for reason having been gained and the short step taken from the divine to human reason, the dispute as to whether man's moral faculty resides in reason or in sense and the affections. The case for the latter is won by Hume, and the moral law becomes simply "a description of the nature of man." I doubt, however, that in moral theories, as opposed to scientific theories and in a lesser degree to such cosmological theories as occupy the first part of this admirable book, a history of ideas can be made out of the triumphs of any party to a dispute. Historians today give a much bigger place to Hume than any he enjoyed in his own day. The ethical argument in which he participated had no clear outcome, and so far as the historical order is concerned the last important word in the rival claims for reason and sentiment was not given by Hume. The arguments of his powerful critic Price had still to be contributed. (ROBERT MCRAE)

F. E. Sparshott's *An Enquiry into Goodness* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xiv, 304, $5.50) is vigorous, elegant, perceptive, and scholarly. It is also about a hundred pages too long.

The book's major purpose is the analysis of goodness—of the use to which the term "good" is put. Sparshott provides this by deploying a formula: "To say that x is good is to say that it is such as to satisfy the wants of the person or persons concerned." The section in which this formula is explained (Section 6) is a model of organized detail, in which the lessons of earlier controversies are borne in mind and treated with proper irreverence. The formula is durable: it comprehends the various factors in evaluations about which dispute may arise; whether x would satisfy the need the speaker has in mind; whether there is such a need; whether it should have preference; and whether the selection of interested parties is acceptable. This properly divides the areas of dispute between the nature of x and the requirements

of those concerned with it, thus demolishing the absurd assumption that we have to choose between "objectivist" and "subjectivist" theories of value. It also has the strength of entailing that "when there is no doubt as to who are the people concerned or what they want, questions about goodness are questions of fact," thus demolishing the equally absurd assumption that matters of value *cannot* be matters of fact, and helping us to see when they are and when they are not. There is no doubt of the methodological usefulness of a formula here, since it gives a ground-plan for the details of usage of which such a discussion must largely consist. It does not, as far as I can see, involve any departure of principle from the more common piecemeal collection of such usages, since these are always assembled "for a particular purpose."

I have one objection to the wording of the formula, and it is to the phrase "the persons concerned." This would seem to leave homeless the use of "good" in statements like "The mosquito has a very good blood-sucking mechanism." The interests in terms of which such a judgment should be construed are surely those of the mosquito itself (for it certainly has needs), not those of entomologists or mosquito-fanciers. Admittedly, when judgments of biological utility are made it is the biologist who would supply the criteria of evaluation, but this is not because such a judgment refers to his or his colleagues' needs, but because it refers to the creature's needs and the biologist happens to be the only one who can discern what they are. It is significant that Sparshott's objection to the classical functional theory of goodness is merely that it assumes that each thing has only one function, when it may have many. Suppose that, for human beings, it has none? Rather than invent some, why not amend the phrase to read simply "those concerned"?

There are serious objections to the book's form. It should have begun with Section 4. The general introductory sections on philosophy and ethics have much of interest, but should be separate essays. The section on analysis, though closer to the concerns of the book, seems to reveal a chronic indecision as to whether the formula is intended as a source of substitutions for "good," or as a description of its use, and as to whether analysis is or is not normative—this last seems most of the time to be settled in the affirmative, so I hesitate to compliment the author on what is in fact an excellent account of what our uses of "good" actually *are*. Section 5, on qualities, is important, but could easily have been pruned and put where it would do most good, in 6.142. The unnecessary prolixity of the earlier portions suggests a too close connection

between writing and teaching, and will put off lay readers (who will be dismayed) and specialists (who will be restive).

I have no corresponding complaints about the ways in which the main findings are used in related areas after Section 6. The discussions of moral goodness, obligation, and (especially) moral relativism and the comparison of cultures, are refreshing and original. So also are all the comments the author makes on morality and religion. (I hope he takes up again the theodicy he says he abandoned to write this book, for it would fill a bigger gap, and he has the ability to dispel years of muddle over these matters in a few sentences; see 7.212, for example.) The defects of form do not extend to the style, which is always clear, no more complex than the substance requires, and imbued with a vigorous Shavian humour. (I particularly liked "To think clearly on a basis of ignorance is merely to rearrange one's prejudices" and "Some analytic philosophers have seemed to go on the assumption that 'there are no sides to every question.' ")

On the whole, this book can stand comparison with the very best work in ethics in recent years. (T. M. PENELHUM)

V

The writing of mediaeval English constitutional history has for a generation and more been changing in two senses. First, the field has been broadened to include much more than the political events and institutions that dominated the interests of Stubbs and the older writers. The constitutional historian today is concerned not only with politics but with political and legal thought, not only with political institutions but with economic, social, and legal institutions as well—and more specifically with how these ideas and institutions bear upon political events and the development of political institutions. Second, the more intensive study of a broadened field may have dissolved "the certainties and systems of Stubbs and Maitland" (the phrase is Professor Wilkinson's) but it has not, as yet, produced a new synthesis to match theirs. Perhaps no other field (or at least mediaeval field) of history has supplied so rich a literature of so high value, and yet it has all served to correct, broaden, or revise the interpretations of Stubbs and Maitland without replacing their monumental works.

In both senses, Bertie Wilkinson's *Constitutional History of Medieval England, 1216–1399*, III: *The Development of the Constitution, 1216–1399* (Longmans, Green, pp. viii, 421, $6.30) is illustrative.

While providing new material and critically discussing divergent interpretations, and offering a sturdy defense of his own, the author makes no claim "to rival the spaciousness and authority of Maitland and Stubbs." The merit of his work, and especially of this third volume, lies in its value to students who have already mastered the basic facts—it is not a textbook for beginners who have "no previous knowledge" of so simple a matter as, for example, livery and maintenance (cf. pp. 42 f. and 204 ff., where the terms are not clearly or adequately explained). But for a student who is prepared for this volume there are many rewards. The general introduction presents the author's own view of how liberty and order were steadily being reconciled during the period, looking towards the later achievement of both strong government and limited monarchy. Perhaps the most fundamental criticism of these pages is that Professor Wilkinson tends to attribute motive and purpose where other historians can see only events or developments that happen. For example, on page 71 we read that "they avoided transferring the sovereignty which had resided in the law either wholly to the ruler or wholly to the subject." This statement (to a nodding reader at least) seems plausible—something like this indeed took place—but the argument does not bear serious scrutiny. Looking back two sentences we find that the antecedent of "they" in the sentence quoted is "the English people," and it must be obvious to all who are familiar with the period that the discussion has reached a rarified and dubious level of abstraction.

But these remarks do not detract from the value of the rest of the book. Each chapter begins with a useful select bibliography of recent works on the topic covered, followed by a provocative introduction presenting both the author's interpretation and a running rebuttal of opposing views, and then a generous selection of sources in translation. As for the latter, there is nothing better in English now available for the period and there are, in addition, documents that cannot be found in Stubbs's *Select Charters* or Lodge and Thornton's *Documents*. (ROBERT S. HOYT)

Most scholars would agree that the interesting and often brilliant theorizing of recent years about the nature of economic change in the late Middle Ages needs to be supplemented by the kind of detailed and scholarly research which is reflected in J. Ambrose Raftis' *The Estates of Ramsey Abbey: A Study in Economic Growth and Organization* (Toronto: Pontifical Institute of Medieval Studies, pp. xx, 341, $7.00). Professor Raftis has used the abundant records of Ramsey Abbey

which stretch from its foundation in the tenth century to the dissolution of the monasteries. These are already well known, but he has subjected them to an unprecedented analysis, and has cast new light on the whole series of changes which took place in the organization and productivity of an important group of estates, in the English fen lands, over a period of six hundred years. His concentration and skill have brought remarkable results.

He has shown the elasticity of the estate organization at Ramsey and the ability of the abbot and his advisers to meet changing conditions, at no time more marked than in the fourteenth century, the period of transition from the "classical" economy of the mediaeval estate to that of the early modern age. Professor Raftis has shown that this transition, in the Ramsey estates at least, was not as simple as economic historians have believed. Instead of the sweeping antithesis between boom in the eleventh and twelfth centuries and recession somewhere in the fourteenth, he has shown the existence of important minor economic variations, with prosperity prolonged into the 1390's. However, the general trend seems to have been from a period of easy circumstances for landowners, resulting from a steady pressure on land, to a period of difficulty resulting from a declining population which seriously threatened the economic prosperity of the greater landowners (cf. G. A. Holmes, *The Estates of the Higher Nobility in XIV Century England*, Cambridge, 1957, p. 113). Like the lay magnates, the abbot of Ramsey fought to retain his solvency. His methods had important consequences far beyond the economic sphere.

One of the basic factors in the agrarian economy of the Ramsey estates was the mutual interdependence and complementary interest of the abbey and the villein in the cultivation of the demesne and village lands. Another was the rôle of the villein, no empty-handed proletarian: "For the economic development of Ramsey manors in the twelfth century a peasantry with initiative and with productive capacity stand [*sic*] out as the most dynamic element" (p. 96). A third was the collective life of the mediaeval village, which we can discern in incidental references to the reeve, the *villata*, and the group of customary tenants renting parcels of the demesne. The manor was, indeed, a way of life as well as an economic unit; and we may see how it was affected in both aspects by what we may still, somewhat loosely, refer to as the rise of a money economy.

By renting his demesne to the more prosperous villeins, many of whom were subsequently unable to fulfil their obligations, the abbot helped

to destroy the mutual obligations between him and his tenants; he increased the diversity of villein holdings; and he helped to transform the structure of the mediaeval village. Because of the nature of his sources, Professor Raftis has not analysed this development in the fifteenth century; but he would perhaps agree that it did not simply represent a process of decline. It was part of a general and complicated transition to the broader social, economic, and political organization of the national state.

In his careful analysis, Professor Raftis has provided copious tables and statistics. His generalizations and comments have been kept to a minimum, and we could have done with more. His style at times provokes one to ask whether economic historians are really compelled to write such austere and specialized language. Nevertheless, this is unquestionably an important book, containing something of profit to all mediaevalists, and quite indispensable to experts in this field.

The Three Edwards (Doubleday, pp. 432, $5.00), the third volume of Thomas B. Costain's *Pageant of England*, takes his story from the accession of Edward I in 1272 to the death of Edward III in 1377. This was a great and colourful century of mediaeval history, offering full scope for the author's love of the dramatic and picturesque. The dust-cover proclaims, in language which closely echoes that of the text, that Mr. Costain has filled this brilliant historical study with all the sound and fury of brave deeds, the gripping suspense of plot and counterplot, the glitter of pomp and pageantry; and that he has woven history's multicoloured threads into a sumptuous narrative tapestry. Such a claim may be taken, not unfairly, to reflect Mr. Costain's conception of history. It is not that of the sober expert or even of the serious student. It sacrifices almost everything to colour and drama. Mr. Costain writes history unflaggingly and unmistakably for the general public. He clings determinedly to the surface. He never departs far from Froissart and the anecdote. He spurns footnote and bibliography. He cleaves to the obvious and admires all the simple virtues: strong kings, brave warriors, beautiful queens, and sturdy peasants. It would be easy, and foolish, to quarrel with him in matters of accuracy and interpretation. It is not easy to pass any kind of judgment on his volume, regarded as a contribution to history. It may perhaps be said that this is an admirable work for those who like their history without tears and without depth; it is not a book for an earnest student, nor is it intended to be. It will probably enhance Mr. Costain's reputation with the large following which already knows and admires his good historical novels,

but it will not be taken very seriously in historical journals. Professional historians may not be inclined to imitate his approach, but they should warmly welcome the great gift of popularization which Mr. Costain brings to their subject and they should wish him well in his long and courageous Odyssey. (B. WILKINSON)

Most Western studies of Islam (i.e. of the Muslim faith rather than of the civilization, as one may—or might have done at one time—distinguish between Christianity and Christendom) fall into one of three broad categories. There are the works, such as I. Goldziher's *Vorlesungen über den Islam*, which are purely scholarly, virtually devoid—almost of set purpose—of any religious sympathy or insight, and, be it said emphatically, so much the less adequate in consequence. There are those, on the other hand, that sacrifice scholarship and objectivity to a lately discovered, though often long sustained, enthusiasm for the Muslim religion and everything associated therewith: such a book, to take a well-known if extreme case, is Wilfred Scawen Blunt's *Future of Islam*. The third category comprises those works, more or less informed by learning and charity, which are written by Christian polemicists such as H. Lammens or S. M. Zwemer.

There should be a fourth category, written expressly for those numerous government officials in the West who seem to assume that the problems of peoples in a given region may be clearly understood "on a practical level," without reference to the spiritual and traditional motives for thought and action. Alas! There is no such category, or, if *Islam in Modern History*, by W. Cantwell Smith (Princeton University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders], 1957, pp. xii, 317, $6.00), falls into it, it does so (as is proper) purely incidentally.

Canada may feel pride at having, if somewhat absentmindedly, borne and partly nurtured a thinker in this field who is unique in his combination of scholarship with charity, erudition with insight, sympathy with toughness. The Birks Professor of Comparative Religion at McGill University, where he is also Director of the Institute of Islamic Studies, writes explicitly as a Christian scholar, but neither primarily as a Christian nor as an academic. Equipped as he is with the three indispensable implements of practical experience, theoretical knowledge, and humane curiosity, he yet has no need of that universal but useless fourth tool, the axe whose prime function is to be ground at all costs.

Cantwell Smith's principal purpose in this work is to reveal the peculiarly Islamic factor in the tensions now racking Muslim lands.

For him will suffice no simple formula of "backward communities reacting to the impact of Western progress": the Western impact is fully accepted, but far more significant than material backwardness is the presence of a powerful religious tradition, a force that claims, still with great success, the whole of a man's willing allegiance. Professor Smith's analysis goes even deeper than this, for he unravels some of the main, and often contrasting, strands of that tradition and demonstrates their pull, individually or in bunches, in the different Islamic communities.

This being understood, it will come as less of a surprise to find Cantwell Smith devoting some 90 pages, or nearly one-third of his text, to the two introductory chapters "Islam and History" and "Islam in Recent History." These chapters should come as a sufficient revelation to specialists and scholars, but they should be made material for compulsory study and contemplation by the "crash-programme" experts, the people who feel themselves "oriented" on the Near East after as simple and straightforward a course as would serve to teach signals procedure or Bren-gun assembly.

Cantwell Smith then passes in review the Arabs, who represent for him, in many ways, the Islamic crisis at its most intense, inasmuch as of all the Islamic peoples they tend the most to look back and to identify the greatness of Islam with their own racial history. The Turks form the subject of the next study, and here the subtitle is interrogative: "Islamic Reformation?" Cantwell Smith is obviously most impressed here by the sanity, the profundity, and the balanced humour of the Turkish reaction to the problem of confrontation, but he seems to wonder if they are not taking things just a little too much in their stride. With the complications and involvements of modern Islamic life in Pakistan and India, Cantwell Smith is on territory where he can speak with virtually unique authority in the West. The chapter on "Other Areas" is too short to be of much use, but the ten pages or so of "Conclusion" are rich, solid, and splendidly written.

This cannot by its nature be an easy book, nor is it in the normal sense a work of reference (indeed, in a continent as geographically illiterate as North America, the omission of maps or diagrams, for whatever reasons, must be accounted an error of judgment). It is, however, a book that, besides instruction and stimulation, offers a pleasure all its own—a remark that for once applies almost as much to the many footnotes as to the main body of the text. (G. M. WICKENS)

VI

In *Preface to Cairo: A Survey of Pre-Cairo History and Legend* by Kenneth P. Kirkwood (privately printed, pp. xiv, 144) the author takes the founding of modern Cairo in A.D. 969 to be his *terminus ad quem* and examines the earlier history of the district in which the modern city is located. He commences with the ancient Egyptian capital Memphis, on the western side of the Nile, moves to the east of the river to Heliopolis, sacred to the god Re, and so through the Persian, Ptolemaic, and Roman periods to the Arab conquest of Egypt in A.D. 640–2. The Roman fortress at Babylon, south of Heliopolis, was abandoned by the Muslims, and in its stead the nearby Arab camp at Al-Fustat became the administrative centre of Egypt. In 969 the Fatimids selected a new site for a capital, to the north of Al-Fustat, and named it Al-Qāhirah ("the triumphant"), present-day Cairo, this being formally entered by the Caliph Al-Muʿizz in 973. Two centuries later, in November 1168, the vizier Shawar set fire to Al-Fustat to save it from the approaching Crusader force under Amalric, king of Jerusalem, and the resulting 54-day fire created the ruined area, known as Old Cairo, south of modern Cairo.

This book offers a good account of Cairo's antecedents. While the author warns us that his narrative includes various legendary items, it must be said that the latter clutter up the text unnecessarily. The legends of Moses (pp. 7–9) and of the Holy Family's Refuge (pp. 30–2), are cases in point. Other extraneous additions deal with Queen Zenobia (pp. 38–9) and the Nile (pp. 98–108); much of the latter material is basic to an understanding of Egypt's economy, but it seems irrelevant to the present study.

The most serious criticism to which the book is open is with respect to numerous minor inaccuracies. Herodotus (II, 3) did not converse with "teachers and philosophers" at Heliopolis (p. 3), but probably with priests; the reference to Jeremiah (p. 4) should be 43:13, not 13:13; the date of Pharaoh Sen-Usert I is *ca.* 1971–1926 B.C., not 2460 B.C. (p. 4; cf. the correct date for the Fifth Dynasty on p. 6); "the western bank of the Nile" (p. 6) should be "eastern"; except for Josephus (*Ant.* X, 219–22), there is no substantial evidence that "Egypt was conquered by the Babylonians" (p. 9)—one damaged cuneiform text indicates an attack on Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar about 567 B.C.; the statement on page 10 (repeated on page 35) that Josephus suggests that Babylon in Egypt was built by Cambyses is not supported by *Ant.* XI, 19–30; on page 13 there is confusion about Alexander—he proceeded to Egypt

after taking Tyre and Gaza, arriving there late in 332 B.C., and the battle of Gaugamela (not Gaudmela) was fought in October 331, after Alexander's departure from Egypt; on page 15 "his Egyptian empire or satrapy" should read "his empire"; on the same page delete "Constantinople," which did not exist in the days of the Ptolemies; on page 20 "Pharsalia" should read "Pharsalus," and delete "by then known as the victorious Augustus," for the title was conferred on Octavius only in 27 B.C.; on page 29 "2 Exodus" should read "Exodus"; on the same page there is considerable confusion about Jeremiah—the prophet Uriah preceded Jeremiah in going to Egypt and when fetched back to Judah was put to death by King Jehoiakim (Jer. 26:20–3); Jeremiah "fled to Egypt" only in the sense that he was taken there by Johanan (Jer. 43: 5–6). Also on page 29 "Jer. 24:1" should read "Jer. 44:1," "Syriac" should be deleted, as should the words "including the Septuagint and the Pentateuch (the Law)"; on page 30 the reference to the persecution of Jews in Palestine at the opening of the Christian era is without historical foundation; on page 32 Archelaus was merely ethnarch of Judea, he did not succeed "to the throne of Judea"; on page 33 "I Peter 5:13" should be "I Peter 1:1," "Gabalia" should read "Galatia," and "II Timothy 4:2" should be "II Timothy 4:11"; on page 40 "the conquests of Rome and" should be omitted, and on the same page, in the reference to Jerome, read Palestine (or Bethlehem) instead of "Jerusalem"; on page 42 "the oldest copy of the Bible" should read "one of the oldest manuscripts of the Greek Bible"; on page 45 delete "like Justinian and Constantine," and read, a few lines down, "Nicaea, Ephesus, Chalcedon"; if Arabic breathings are to be indicated, they should be accurate, which means that on page 55 all the smooth breathings on proper names should be changed to rough breathings; on page 56 "north-west" should read "north-east"; on page 78 "538–606 B.C." should read "605–562 B.C."; on page 79 "Schichter" should read "Schechter" (and he was not an American historian in 1894), "Guenizeh" should read "Geniza," and "the Old Torah" should read "old manuscripts"; on page 86 "*phossatun*" should read "*phossaton*" (cf. "*fossaton*" on p. 90); etc., etc. These errors may not detract from the general usefulness of the book, but they do suggest that in matters of detail it must be treated with considerable caution.

In *In The Last Analysis* (Ryerson, pp. x, 98, $1.00), Dr. Alexander E. Kerr, President of Dalhousie University, Halifax, offers six sermons or addresses, given for the most part on special occasions, and expanded slightly for publication. The material is lucidly presented, the ideas are

challenging, and one can readily imagine these as very successful sermons. *Thinking of Rome? Think Twice!* by H. R. Alley, an Anglican layman (Ryerson, pp. iv, 68, $.50), is not actually as polemical as it sounds. It is an examination, on the premisses of an informed Protestantism, of some of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church as publicized by the Paulist Press of New York City. (W. S. McCULLOUGH)

VII

The Royal Society of Canada continues the campaign to broaden its influence by appealing to "educated readers everywhere" with its second public volume in the "Studia Varia" series, *Our Debt to the Future* (*Presence de Demain*), edited by E. G. D. Murray, F.R.S.C. (University of Toronto Press, for the Society, pp. viii, 134, $4.00). The major part of the volume consists of addresses given in a special symposium on the occasion of the Society's seventy-fifth anniversary, celebrated at the annual meeting in Ottawa, June 9–11, 1957. As the title suggests, the addresses are concerned with probable future trends in Canada's development, and with some of the obligations which these trends impose on the country's scientists and scholars. The volume opens with a felicitous contribution, "The Weighing of Ayre," by His Excellency the Right Honourable Vincent Massey, Governor-General of Canada. This is followed by Dr. W. A. Mackintosh's Presidential Address to the Society, a vigorous survey of "These Seventy-Five Years," in which our debt to the past is not overlooked. The rest of the papers are arranged in groups as they were originally delivered. The titles of these groups are: "The Roles of the Scientist and the Scholar in Canada's Future," "The Penalties of Ignorance of Man's Biological Dependence," "The Social Impact of Modern Technology," "Our Economic Potential in the Light of Science," "Human Values and the Evolution of Society," and "Let Us Look to Our Human Resources." The contributors include representatives of the physical, biological, and social sciences, together with several humanists. The general level of the papers is non-technical, but never (well, hardly ever) journalistic. Much of the material presented should prove challenging to those who enjoy watching scientists peer into their crystal ball. Yet the total effect of the volume is rather dispersive. No attempt is made to summarize the results of the discussion (perhaps it couldn't be done). Hence, "educated readers everywhere" may well wonder what it all adds up to. No doubt science and

scholarship need to be popularized, but is the Royal Society the right organization to undertake it? At least one member has his doubts. (T. A. GOUDGE)

VIII

The most notable event of 1958 in the world of Canadian education was the Canadian Conference on Education held in Ottawa in mid February. The purpose of the Conference was to arouse public interest in the problems of Canadian education, and there can be little doubt that Canadians were preoccupied with education during the fortnight which embraced the Conference. It might even be asked if anything else could have been undertaken in Canada during the particular week, since most of the executive heads of the 84 national organizations which sponsored or participated in the Conference were ensconced at the Chateau Laurier side by side with the representatives of no less than 19 departments or branches of the federal government. Furthermore, the Conference had the official blessing of the Deputy Ministers of Education for nine provinces, and it received excellent coverage in the national and local press. For once Canada had an Education Week in the real rather than the official sense.

The calling of the Conference reflected the growing recognition by leaders in every walk of Canadian life that the fundamental problems for Canadians are the problems of education; that progress, no matter what interpretation is given to the word, depends upon the kind of education provided in our schools and universities. The calling of the Conference also reflected the growing belief that these problems will not be satisfactorily solved unless millions of individual Canadians also recognize this simple fact. The purpose of the Conference, therefore, was to arouse interest in Canadian education not for one isolated week but for many related years. One swallow, however swift and flashy, does not constitute spring.

The purpose of all books written about education is also to arouse interest in some aspect of this vast subject, and one way to evaluate a specific book is to define the kind of interest which it is likely to arouse. Some books arouse momentary interest but are soon forgotten. Some confirm an interest already established and are therefore of limited value. Some—the significant books—arouse permanent interest in a field which is new to the reader. None of the six books bearing on Canadian education which were published in 1958 falls into the first of these categories, but two are examples of preaching to the converted.

Roy Fraser, Professor of Biology and Bacteriology at Mount Allison University for 34 years, was a great teacher and a fine human being, whose influence on generations of Mount Allison students and staff was both benign and incalculable. *Happy Journey* (Ryerson, pp. xvi, 124, $3.00) is his modest autobiography, posthumously published. Unquestionably, it will delight all those who knew Roy Fraser and who, therefore, already possess the secret of his being. The rest of us, unfortunately, can do little more than accept the verdict, for *Happy Journey* is statement rather than experience. For example he tells us that nature meant much to him, but he fails to demonstrate the fact in the texture of either his poetry or prose.

For a different reason, the appeal of John Macdonald's *The History of the University of Alberta, 1908–1958* (University of Alberta, pp. ix, 102, $1.00) will be limited to those who have been, are, or will be associated with that particular institution. The limitation here is the inevitable consequence of spatial restrictions: the attempt to render the exciting story of Alberta's fifty-year history in 88 slim pages (liberally sprinkled with fine photographs) can only result in a superficial treatment. The competence of Dean Macdonald to produce a study in depth is not, of course, in question. He is well aware that this is history on a modest scale (p. vii), and he is well aware of the inevitable result: "If our narrative appears to have concentrated largely on tangible developments—buildings, equipment, and the like—it is only because they are tangible and lend themselves more easily to record" (p. 85). Within the unfortunate limits, Dean Macdonald has done an admirable job, and the friends of Alberta (who know of its intangibles) are greatly in his debt. But no one is likely to become permanently interested in Canadian universities or even in the University of Alberta as a result of reading this little book.

As if to underline Alberta's misfortune, the University of British Columbia, which is also celebrating its first half-century, has provided a record which dramatically reveals how the recording of the tangibles can open the door to the intangibles. Harry T. Logan's *Tuum Est: A History of the University of British Columbia* (University of British Columbia, pp. xii, 268, $5.00) is in every respect a solid book and, incidentally, one of the handsomest Canadian books to appear in many years. The University is most fortunate in its historian. Professor Logan's association with U.B.C. extends back to the days when it was still McGill University College of B.C. and it includes service on the Board of Governors. He writes, therefore, with knowledge and affection but also, because he is a humanist, with grace and bite. The tangibles are presented in detail and, as well, in proportion; for example, two important

subjects normally disregarded in university histories, the development of the curriculum and the scholarly activities of the staff, receive adequate treatment. But it is the intangibles that are memorable: the bitter rivalry between Victoria and Vancouver which cost the University a quarter-century of existence; the personality of the first president, Frank Fairchild Wesbrook, who gave the University its motto (It's all yours? It's up to you?); the extraordinary record of student initiative in securing for the University what at different times it desperately needed; or, to take a more recent phenomenon, the apparently inexhaustible capacity of Dean Shrum. *Tuum Est* exposes the heart of one Canadian university and, by extension, the heart of all the others.

But is it possible to write contemporary history? Is it possible to evaluate the present administration? Apparently not; Professor Logan's treatment of developments since 1944 is less satisfactory—less inspiring if you will—than is his treatment of events undeniably of the past. It is the tangibles that stand out in the final two chapters.

Dean Emeritus C. R. Young believes that it is not possible to write contemporary history. His account of the history of the faculty over which he himself presided from 1941 to 1949 stops soon after his own appearance on the scene. *Early Engineering Education at Toronto, 1851–1919* (University of Toronto Press, pp. x, 150, $3.95) is a compact critical study of engineering education in Ontario for the period stated. The scholarship is impeccable and the style is good. Again the tangibles lead on to the intangibles; the book is the best possible introduction to two current issues: should an applied science be housed within a university? and can teaching at the university level be properly carried on if the staff are not provided with facilities to conduct research?

Our two remaining books are direct attempts to interest Canadians in educational problems. In *The University Question: Who Should Go? Who Should Pay?* (Ryerson, pp. xvi, 199, $5.00), Willson Woodside surveys the university scene. He states in the Preface that he wrote the book "for the simple reason that it didn't exist and it seemed to be needed," and he insists that his qualifications are chiefly those of the journalist "whose task is explaining things." Though the book contains much factual information (normally provided in admirably organized lists at the end of each chapter), its value rests chiefly in the raising of questions and not in the provision of answers. The book did not exist and it certainly is needed. In order to find a solution to the problems of university finance, it is necessary to know what the alternatives are. In order to give serious study to the establishment of junior colleges, it is necessary to know what the full implications of such an action are. The

virtue of Mr. Woodside's book is that it identifies such alternatives and such implications. It provides, in other words, a starting point for further discussion.

A starting point for further discussion about all aspects of education (including higher education) is provided by *Addresses and Proceedings of the Canadian Conference on Education*, edited by George G. Croskery and Gerald Nason (Ottawa: Mutual Press, pp. xii, 591, $3.00, paper bound; $4.00, cloth bound). The main work of the Conference was conducted in workshops, of which there were eight: "Buildings and Equipment," "Education for Leisure," "Financing Education," "Higher Education," "Organization and Curricula," "The Role of the Home in Education," "Special Needs in Education" (of the gifted, the handicapped), and "Teachers: Quantity and Quality." Since the bulk of the delegates were not educators, the workshops necessarily were exploratory in character, but there was sufficient time for the exploration to be reasonably complete. Consequently, the basic questions in each area were raised, and the published reports provide the starting point for the serious consideration of a great many specific problems. Since no one is an authority on all eight of the workship areas and since everyone is likely to find himself occasionally involved with an area outside his competence, all of us will do well to have the book to hand. In addition, the volume contains three addresses of particular interest: a *tour de force* by A. W. Trueman, a philosophic discourse by Marcel Faribault, and a superb essay by Douglas LePan which should be read by every Canadian several times over. (ROBIN S. HARRIS)

IX

Two additions to Canada's chronicles of World War II have appeared during 1958 in the form of regimental histories of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and of the Canadian Scottish. Their primary aim, as with all publications of this kind, is to foster regimental tradition and for that, of course, they do not necessarily have to be sound history. But books of this kind can have a secondary purpose, to tell the story of the war at a lower level than is possible in official national war histories; and this demands adherence to the canons of historical scholarship. As regimental historians make use of a vast amount of original sources, such as war diaries and personal narratives, which are not readily available, they can provide general historians and the public, as well as their comrades, with a synthesis from such sources that can give a closer

picture of operations than exists anywhere else. "Most official accounts of past wars . . . ," Field Marshal Montgomery wrote recently, "seem to omit . . . anything which might indicate that any of our commanders ever made the slightest mistake. They are therefore useless as a source of instruction." While it is true that in both of these books, the leaders in the regiments concerned, those in closely allied formations, and their immediate superiors, are always praised and never blamed (there is a single exception, an unfortunate C.O. who was a temporary import), nevertheless if we accept as inevitable a bias of this kind, both of these books, as well as being valuable essays in morale-building tradition, are undoubtedly instructive. One of them goes further still and is worthy of a wider public than the usual restricted circle of readers of a regimental history.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. Stevens, *Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, 1919–1957*, III (for the Historical Committee of the Regiment by the Hamilton Gault Barracks, Griesbach, Alta., pp. xvi, 411, $5.00), follows on the two volumes about the battalion in World War I which were written by R. W. Hodder-Williams and published in 1923. This new volume covers the years between the World Wars, World War II itself, and the Korean War. The Patricia's were reconstituted as one of the three Permanent Force infantry battalions of the new peacetime establishment in 1919 and, after a brief period in Toronto and London, were established in Winnipeg and Esquimalt as the Western Canada infantry battalion. The period up to 1939, "soldiering on a shoestring," is briefly treated and is a mere hodge-podge of promotions, parades, and the like. With the arrival of the Regiment in Britain on December 30, 1939, the story is taken up in greater detail; but in the training period the narrative tends to be officer-orientated and officers' names-conscious, a not unusual feature of regimental histories.

After three years of growing frustration at being denied a chance to get at the enemy, the Patricia's were sent to join the Eighth Army in the invasion of Sicily. The narrative improves vastly from this point. Despite their lack of experience in action, they fought efficiently beside Montgomery's veterans in Sicily, and in Italy were entrusted with some of the most difficult tasks. A few weeks before the end of the war they were transferred to North-West Europe to join the First Canadian Army. The story of these long campaigns is told quite clearly, but by relating the achievements of the Patricia's as a unit with the efforts of brigaded units and of the Allied forces as a whole, rather than by detailing the activities of the various companies of the Regiment. The writer tends to include

too many long and undigested direct quotations from secondary sources along with similar excerpts from war diaries and personal narratives. While the use of the latter may be justified on the ground that they are nuggets of original material, the former merely clutter up his pages. Maps show the routes which the regiment followed, but could be improved upon as aids to an understanding of the operations.

The account of the Patricia's service in Korea, where their three battalions served in turn, is a most useful contribution to our knowledge of that war and is told with much greater realism and with a closer attention to the peculiarities of the terrain than was the case with the account of operations in Europe. The book also throws an interesting light on the differences between serving under Commonwealth and under American command. The highlight of the Patricia's war service in Korea was the award of a United States Presidential Citation, the first ever given to a foreign unit, for the Second Battalion's share in plugging a gap in the United Nations Line at Kapyong which had threatened to compel a general withdrawal and the fall of Seoul for the third time in the war.

The Canadian Scottish is a militia regiment which was reconstituted in 1920 from a first war unit, the 16th Battalion (the Canadian Scottish) of the C.E.F., and was located in Victoria and also, later, up the island. Mr. R. H. Roy's *Ready for the Fray: The History of the Canadian Scottish Regiment (Princess Mary's), 1920 to 1955* (The Trustees of the Regiment, pp. xiv, 510, $6.50) is a sequel to Colonel H. M. Urquhart's history of the 16th Battalion, which was one of the more complete regimental histories of World War I. This new history of the Canadian Scottish lives up to the standards set by its predecessor and attains first rank among regimental histories. It devotes nearly half of its contents to the pre-war, and early war, training periods and provides a magnificent and readable account of the difficulties which faced militia enthusiasts in those trying years. It goes into the details of training and, surprisingly, makes the story interesting. There is shown to be so little relation between the weapons and training in the three different periods—in Canada before 1939, in Canada after 1939, and in Britain—that readers may wonder whether the first two periods were of any value at all for modern war. But the answer of the regimental historian would be, of course, a plea for the value of the continuing regimental tradition.

The campaigns fought by the Scottish, from the landing on D-Day to the German surrender, cover a shorter period than those of the P.P.C.L.I.; but they are told in much greater detail and with a more careful attention to the contribution of the various parts of the battalion.

In this regard, the writer is aided by Major C. C. J. Bond's excellent maps, which live up to his usual standard of excellence and make the narrative very easy to follow.

Mr. Roy's story is superior as regimental history because, partly by calling on his own service experiences which were not with the Scottish, he clothes the skeleton of the campaigns with flesh and blood, fills in the background, creates a realistic atmosphere, and brings the narrative very close to the troops in the front line and in camp. His narrative has sequence and balance. It is filled with colloquialisms which add colour: in some cases too much, perhaps, for a fastidious reader, when he uses the less crude phraseology of the troops for his own interpolations. *Ready for the Fray* is a book which is more than a regimental chronicle. It portrays with feeling an aspect of Canadian military history that is passing and it therefore deserves the attention of readers outside the circle of those who have a direct and personal interest in the Canadian Scottish.

The campaign studies published by the Canadian Army Historical Section, several of which have been reviewed previously in "Letters in Canada," have maintained standards of scholarship much above what often appears in older crammers' manuals produced unofficially for preparation for military examinations. Captain D. J. Goodspeed's *The British Campaigns in the Peninsula, 1808–1814* (Ottawa: Queen's Printer, 228 pp., $1.00), is no exception. Written with clarity and literary skill, it constitutes a convenient narrative of the campaigns, some of the most magnificent annals of the British Army. Produced as a manual for officers preparing for the Canadian Army Staff College examinations, it is restricted by the curriculum to the operations of Wellington's army and excludes the operations of the guerrillas in which, it is to be presumed, Captain Goodspeed personally had great interest: his theorizing in that field has aroused the ire of the Russians. Once again Major Bond's excellent maps are used to illustrate the operations.

Captain Goodspeed is responsible also for another important work in military history which has appeared this year, one which is a major contribution in a new and interesting field. His *A History of the Defence Research Board of Canada* (Queen's Printer, pp. xii, 259) provides a fascinating record of an institution, now barely ten years old, which is in many ways unique. For obvious reasons Canadian scientific research before World War I had lagged far behind that of the United States and the United Kingdom. The National Research Council, which had been conceived to meet the war emergency in 1916, was mainly con-

cerned with industrial problems until the eve of World War II. During the war it turned all its efforts and resources to military research but, as the war ended, its Director, Dean C. T. Mackenzie, was adamant in his insistence that N.R.C. "should return to fundamental research and to those projects which were important to the civilian economy, and should not carry also the burden of defence research." He was very aware of the need for scientific research closely associated with military needs but appears to have thought that those needs would distort the usefulness of the N.R.C. if it became directly responsible for defence research.

World War II had convinced service officers also that scientific research and military effort must go hand in hand. Indeed, it was Lieutenant-General Charles Foulkes, then Chief of the General Staff of the Canadian Army, who led the movement for the erection of a military research organization and who gave full support to the idea that, unlike what existed in every other major military power, the Canadian military research organization should be independent of any of the services, although, of course, working closely with them. The Director of the "fourth service" was to be made a member of the Chiefs of Staff Committee—with status equal to that of the chiefs of the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

This revolutionary plan was pushed by Lieutenant-Colonel "Wally" Goforth, Director of Staff Duties (Weapons). Opposition from Ordnance was overcome. The R.C.N. agreed in principle without, apparently, realizing the full implications. The R.C.A.F., more sensitive on the question of its independence, resisted. The airmen succeeded in obtaining some qualification in one significant sphere. There was a proposal that the defence research programme of Canada should never attempt development of material for which an American or British market could not be secured. The arguments put forward by Dr. Solandt, first chief of Defence Research Board, in support of this position were based on uneconomic expense and on wasteful duplication of effort. The R.C.A.F., thinking of its projected CF-100, blocked the proposal and so opened the way to the "Arrow controversy."

Despite this initial dispute, the success of D.R.B. in its first ten years seems proven by Captain Goodspeed's book. The scientists were given an entrenched position within the Canadian Defence establishment from which near-sighted military professionalism will probably never be able to dislodge them. The author does not, however, tell us whether, as the war enthusiasm has receded, any significant body of service opinion has come to regret the granting of equality of status to the scientists. There

are some civilian scientists who believe that the entrenchment of D.R.B. is the only thing which has preserved defence research in effective operation. Nor does he give a clear answer to suggestions which have been made in some quarters that D.R.B. has tended, perhaps inevitably, to swing more towards development with a corresponding relative decline of research.

Of interest to universities is the fact that D.R.B. is now spending nearly a million and a half dollars a year in grants to scientific research "extramurally," most of which is spent in the universities. It has thus been giving Federal aid to universities for ten years on a very large scale in a form which provincial autonomists have found acceptable. (RICHARD A. PRESTON)

SOCIAL STUDIES: I

Alexander Brady

This annual survey of social studies must of necessity be highly selective. Even a decade ago it was feasible in these pages to discuss briefly every Canadian book of consequence in the field of social study. With the growing volume of publication such inclusiveness is impossible. One can only select the works of major significance, or those which seem to warrant special mention because they break into relatively untilled soil.

Outstripping other studies in the current year for imagination and freshness is Arthur R. M. Lower's *Canadians in the Making: A Social History of Canada* (Longmans, Green, pp. xxviii, 475, $7.50). This is the work of a reflective scholar with a reputation already firmly established who here tries to fill an evident gap in Canadian historiography. The precise content of social history has been disputable, and at the outset he feels compelled to explain what he includes under the title, and certainly does not interpret it as history with the politics left out. He retains politics but puts it in a new and subordinate setting to that in conventional political histories. He illustrates his own conception in a contrast. "Economic history," he writes, "consists of the story of what man does to his environment, whereas social history has to do with what his environment does to man." An economic historian is interested in the raft of logs floated from the bush in the spring and the successive processes of its conversion into lumber. A social historian is interested in the new type of man that such activity produces. In brief Arthur

Lower endeavours to illustrate the attitudes, beliefs, customs, and ways of life that Canadians as a people acquired in their evolution. He gives pride of place to the climate of opinion and sentiment, attempts to sketch a mental portrait of Canadians in the diverse and changing phases of their existence, and derives his illustrative data about them from a wide variety of sources, from their books to their sports, from their religions to their dissipations. Geography, economics, politics, and churches all in different ways helped to shape the totality of experience through which Canadians have gone and which has made them what they are.

Since this task is immensely difficult, it is seldom attempted. The limitations of evidence are obvious. Professor C. S. Lewis remarked that a historian is "less like a botanist in a forest than a woman arranging a few cut flowers for the drawing-room." What he knows of the past is very small compared with what was there. Yet the task should not be dodged, and few other Canadian historians are as well equipped as Arthur Lower to venture on it. He is not merely well grounded in fact and detail; he has also the ruminating and evocative type of mind needed. He is not concerned with drafting a vast catalogue of social facts, but with a personal interpretation based on the facts. All history, especially perhaps this type, must reflect its writer's cast of mind. Arthur Lower has never been frugal in expressing opinions, and it is hardly to be expected that all his many judgments here will command acceptance. There are readers who will think that he misses some major points, misrepresents some, and exaggerates others. But the positive qualities of the present work are manifest—ripe erudition, shrewd perception, and an easy and provocative style.

A distinctive feature of *Canadians in the Making* is the importance attached to religion in shaping the outlook and determining the conduct of the people at different stages in their development. In a modern society the influence of religion is imponderable, but in most of his assessments Arthur Lower succeeds in being both persuasive and interesting. The rôle of Roman Catholicism in New France and in modern Quebec offers him little difficulty, and he aptly marshals and weighs the evidence that New France came close to the dream of the perfect society which only the Church can provide. It is little wonder that the French Canadians acquired some sense of being a chosen people. Yet in the colony there was no absence of conflicting forces. A political Gallicanism as well as an ecclesiastical ultramontanism existed, and the gallicanism of Intendant and Governor tended to win. The author quotes

Lanctot with approval that "it was only the British Conquest which freed the Canadian church, so much so indeed that ever since the beginning of the English regime, it has found itself freer than under the kings of France." Hence the Church could reasonably become a bulwark of British rule.

More controversial is the place of religion in the life of the English-speaking Canadians, and on this theme Arthur Lower writes boldly and perhaps sometimes a little recklessly. He traces in the century after the Conquest the contrasting ways and influences of Anglicanism and Dissent. He sees the American Revolution as largely a war between churchman and Puritan. "Anglicanism was the focus of the last cause which had to retreat from the new American nation to the Canadian bush," where also it was forced to surrender its more inconvenient pretensions. The sectarian atomization of Protestantism was a salient fact. With no mean skill Professor Lower tries to explain the social meaning of the various Protestant groupings: the Methodists with their Arminian theology, the Presbyterians with their Calvinism, and the numerous sectaries with their assortment of enthusiasms. Nor does he neglect the sectarian passion and prejudice that often harshly intruded into political contests. The religious leaders were sometimes tough and intrepid politicians. He notes how in contemporary times, with the postwar immigration from Europe, some atomization has taken place even in Canadian Catholicism. Hitherto Catholicism in Canada had been either French or English in complexion, but other groups, notably the Poles, have now pushed into a position of some autonomy under their own bishops.

In his later and concluding chapters Arthur Lower becomes more of a social critic, engaged in the melancholy task of passing judgment on the age that he knows at first hand, comparing it in some respects unfavourably with what has gone, complaining that Canada is not sufficiently proud of its own national identity, or sufficiently conscious of its own finer possibilities, and emphasizing its uncritical and accentuated tendency to worship the idols of the United States, especially the automobile and other gadgets of material progress. He sees also, as in its neighbour, the passion for equality, which was partly expressed in the automobile. "Once surrounded by his metal-and-glass turret, every man became equal to every other man, just as every metal-and-glass turret, despite the efforts of their advertisers to the contrary, was approximately equal in value and efficiency to every other metal-and-glass turret." Yet Arthur Lower is not unmindful of what seem to be some differences

between the Canadian and the American societies. He thinks that rich men in Canada, with some honourable exceptions, have not the same concern for the nation as in the United States; they do not receive the same popular worship; nor can successful generals vault into positions of political leadership as they have done in the United States.

This portrait sketched with a broad brush exhibits some contradictory features in the society of Canada. It is unduly but inescapably weighted by the author's personal view of the country's shortcomings, especially the tendency of English-speaking Canada to be little more than a pale imitation of the United States, when it could achieve distinction if the English had the imagination to link themselves more closely to the French. He thinks also that a basic reason why Canada has failed to find itself to the fullest degree is the absence of a genuine metropolitan centre. Hence throughout most of its history Canada has been provincial in outlook and slavishly dependent upon metropolitan centres outside, notably London and more recently New York. Here he has unquestionably a point, but most nations of the New World are in the same predicament. The shrewd critic Edmund Wilson complains of his own country, the United States, that "since we don't have any cultural capital—like London or Paris—we're scattered around all over." There is no focal point for the national culture. We can share Arthur Lower's regret that we have no metropolitan centre in Canada which like that in many an European country contributes to cultural coherence and strength.

Another major and distinguished book in the current year is *William Lyon Mackenzie King: A Political Biography*, I: *1874–1923*, by R. MacGregor Dawson (University of Toronto Press, pp. xiv, 521, $7.50).* Other lives of Mackenzie King have already appeared, although only two warrant any attention. Previous attempts, however, to study the career of the man who led the Liberal party for 29 years and ruled the country for 22 have not been buttressed by the massive wealth of information that the late Professor Dawson commanded and used with rare skill. Chosen as the official biographer, the author had complete access to the vast collection of private papers which King throughout his lifetime had diligently collected and preserved. Apart from extensive private correspondence and miscellaneous records King left a diary, covering a period of 57 years, which is unique in Canada's political annals. Sketchy in the early period, it grew in volume as its author became involved in

*See also the review of this book by Professor D. G. Creighton in the January 1959 issue of the *Quarterly*. EDITOR.

major developments, and the later records ran to 1,200 and 1,300 pages of typescript a year. It narrated not merely events, but also the constant and anxious debate within King's own mind on what his decisions should be, or the reasons for his decisions. From this remarkable repository the present book draws revealing facts. Yet such a diary, surveying history from King's vantage-point, naturally presents a problem. Until other private papers are fully explored, it may unduly influence the interpretation of the period. Moreover, if it is not ultimately made accessible to other biographers, its historical value must diminish, for we are left merely with the selections of one man, even though these with distinct candour portray King's motives and personality.

Mackenzie King gave his name to an age. He was a dominant politician from 1921 to his resignation as Prime Minister in 1948. The formative influences on a political personality are the chief interest of R. M. Dawson's book. The late B. K. Sandwell, a contemporary of King in the University of Toronto, once recalled that among the students of the time there were more brilliant personages, but about King "there hung already a sort of aura of destiny, which to me was inexplicable by anything in his personality or performance, and which probably emanated from his own absolute conviction that he had what in religious circles is designated a 'call.'" The present volume abundantly illustrates this point from the diary and the correspondence. It depicts King's soaring ambitions from early youth and his determination to vindicate the memory and principles of his grandfather. "His mantle has fallen on me," he wrote as a student at Harvard, "and it shall be taken up and worn. His voice, his words, shall be heard in Canada again and the cause he so nobly fought shall be carried on." Although he strongly believed in destiny, King never complacently left matters to its unattended care. Ceaselessly he planned and toiled to realize his personal ambitions, seeking out people who might further his prospects, and saving time for the things that most contributed to public success. Enthusiasm for his own career never lacked fuel. In all his ambitious manœuvres his parents were devoted mentors and collaborators, seldom failing to provide the appropriate admiration or necessary exhortation. In Mackenzie King Polonius would have had a remarkably apt pupil.

The present book throws light not merely on King the man but on varied aspects of Canadian politics and policies from the first decade of the century to the third. King began his career with eight years in the civil service (1900–1908), where he acted as deputy minister for labour. He brought to his post a considerable background of study in labour

and social economics, and did something to educate the politicians of the time in recognizing the importance of the labour problem. The facts cited by R. M. Dawson illustrate how far the civil service was then dominated by politics and partisanship. King was quick to perceive that the keys of power lay with the politicians, and hence he resolved to seek political office. The later chapters of the book portray him as party leader and prime minister. In all of them there are some illuminating points on the politics of Canada in the twentieth century. In the last two chapters the issues of Canada's relations with the Commonwealth and the League of Nations are treated, and, although there is nothing here entirely new, the private cogitations of King at the time are revealed. His determination not to permit Canada to become too involved in either the Commonwealth or the League is documented afresh, and it is plain how much he responded to the current sentiments of the time.

Other books on Canada in the current year lack the breadth and significance of the two discussed above, but some throw useful light on special facets of the country's development. W. C. Good's *Farmer Citizen: My Fifty Years in the Canadian Farmers' Movement* (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 294, $5.00) adds to the relatively slim literature on Canadian agrarian movements. It is partly an autobiography and partly an account of the organizations with which its author was associated, especially the United Co-operatives of Ontario, of which he was president from 1921 to 1945, and the political group that went under the name of the United Farmers of Ontario. As a representative of the agrarian interest W. C. Good sat in the House of Commons from 1921 to 1925, and in his book includes articles of his own and others on the attitudes of the farmers to political action in this era of agrarian ferment. He was keen for political reforms that would ensure a more genuine democracy, such as proportional representation in elections, the referendum, initiative and recall, and the abolition of the party system as something dishonest and undemocratic. He would have the executive elected by the assembly and would eliminate the domination now exercised by the Cabinet over the process of government. Most of these were the staple and conventional ideas in the agrarian thinking of North America, and in them is found a reason why the agrarian movement never acquired political endurance. It shrank from the methods and disciplines imperative for the success of parliamentary institutions. Indeed these methods clashed so strongly with W. C. Good's convictions that in 1925 he refrained from seeking re-election to parliament. Yet if the farmers achieved no success in their politics, they significantly contributed, as this book illustrates,

to some phases of public policy, especially to progressive ideas on banking and currency. In no sense is this an exhilarating book of memoirs, but it is a useful document on one phase of Canada's politics.

In Canada, unlike most Western countries, there has been little public housing. The first federal housing act was passed in 1938, and government aid in this sphere has been mainly devoted to helping families buy their own homes. For those whose incomes make difficult or impossible the purchase of a house, even on a long-term mortgage, little has been done. Yet the census of 1951 showed that in this country, with the second highest standard of living in the world, almost one-third of all heads of families earned less than $2,000 a year, while another 45 per cent earned under $3,000. For many such families home ownership is too expensive, and accommodation at rents they can afford is essential.

Hence a study of Canada's first major undertaking in slum clearance, urban redevelopment, and low-rental housing is of unusual interest, and is provided by Albert Rose's *Regent Park* (University of Toronto Press, pp. xiv, 242, $5.50). The author gives a detailed account of the pressure by various voluntary groups of citizens which finally led the city to take action, and of the financing and administration of the Regent Park project. In one of the most interesting sections of the book he assesses the results achieved by this experiment in the rehabilitation of depressed human beings as well as of a depressed area. The district chosen was Toronto's "Cabbagetown," one of the worst slums in the city, where housing conditions were appalling and the incidence of health and social problems exceedingly high. The provision of decent housing, at rentals varying with income, has resulted in marked improvements in family relationships and in physical and mental health. Additional privacy was the gain most prized by the tenants themselves.

Dr. Rose demonstrates that within thirty to fifty years the rents collected will repay the whole cost of the undertaking. It has admittedly been fortunate that the decade since the first cornerstone of Regent Park was laid has been one of economic prosperity. Yet it has also been one of inflation, with steadily rising costs of living. The evidence cited seems amply to support the author's conclusion that "many families have been rehabilitated wholly or partially as a result of rehousing." His study is objective, but his obvious sympathy for low-rental housing by public action is likely to rouse an answering sympathy in most readers.

The evil of slums is not unlike the evil of wasted resources: both

reflect the absence of planning. E. Newton-White, in *Hurt Not the Earth* (Ryerson, pp. xviii, 187, $4.95), presents a brief but striking picture of the waste in Canada's natural resources and the necessity for a comprehensive conservation policy. Waste resulted from one simple fact in the pioneer economy—superabundant materials with insufficient users. Hence, while the population was still small, the living resources were ruthlessly attacked and their best elements recklessly looted or destroyed. Only the highest grades of materials could meet the demands of distant markets and pay transport costs; these were depleted by individual greed, and the rest was commonly neglected and allowed to deteriorate. Too often this process is still operative for the balance of men and resources and the supremacy of the public over the private interest are not yet sufficient to bring conservation fully into effect. In this book we have a survey of what is happening to the resources of forest, soil, and wild life, and some consideration is given to what might be done to protect them. The things necessary to achieve what this writer calls "national husbandry" are difficult and costly, and usually demand a reorientation in men's attitudes and thought. "Our primitive era of national development by resource plundering is over; but our thinking is still unchanged." As long as it is unchanged, society will misuse its natural heritage. Such is the grave burden of this eloquent and forcible book.

Canadian federalism comes in for a brief scrutiny in *Evolving Canadian Federalism*, by A. R. M. Lower, F. R. Scott, *et al.* (Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press [Toronto: Burns and MacEachern], pp. xviii, 187, $4.25). This consists of five essays on different aspects of the theme, four of which were read as papers in a seminar in the Commonwealth-Studies Center at Duke University. Arthur Lower discusses the past and present theories of this framework of government; F. R. Scott examines the attitudes of French Canada to it; J. A. Corry treats constitutional trends and federalism; F. H. Soward describes the limitations which the federal structure has placed on the administration of external policy; and A. Brady draws some comparisons between the problems that in the past have confronted the Canadian and those that will confront the West Indian federation. Apart from official reports and articles in periodicals the current literature on Canadian federalism is scanty, and the essays in this slim volume present a useful introduction to the subject.

Two volumes published by the Champlain Society make accessible valuable documentary material on Canada's early history. *Lord Selkirk's*

Diary, 1803–1804: A Journal of his Travels in British North America and the Northeastern United States, edited with an introduction by Patrick C. T. White (Champlain Society, pp. xxii, 360, xvi, illus., maps), is the more successful. The diarist's force and shrewd observation give his pages an intrinsic interest, which the unobtrusive editing and an incisive introduction set firmly in historical context.

There are six segments in the 1803–4 diary: the record of Selkirk's first weeks with his settlers in Prince Edward Island and his excursions in the Maritimes; a journey through Massachusetts and New York State; the travels through Upper and Lower Canada; a second journey from Vermont through New York and Upper Canada; brief entries on Nova Scotia prior to his departure; and an Appendix, containing largely administrative details on land settlement in Upper Canada.

Interwoven throughout the diary are three themes. The predominant one is a minute concern with the settling of new land: how to assess the potentialities of a virgin tract; where to concentrate energy in the early years, what processes are most successful in stumping, building, planning domestic industries, and so on; and how such public services as roads and schools can be promoted. His travels through territories at various stages of development give bones and flesh to Selkirk's dream for his own lands, and his intensity of purpose makes the close-packed pages more than a factual record. The style is sharp and unadorned (e.g., "To boil a Ton of Potash takes 3 weeks—in which time 6 cords of firewood are used"). The second theme, the nature of the emerging society in the New World, is concentrated in two sections. One describes the human and institutional complexity of the French-English community, the bustle of transition amidst Canadian war memories and rumours of the French Revolution. The other, more dispersed, describes Selkirk's impressions of the American experiment. He noted that Boston's wooden houses promised "an original style and better taste of building among people who attend to the art." But in the main he concluded that the Americans slavishly copied everything from Europe. Though he was cool to political as to social developments in America, his reflections continually suggest lively conversations in the course of his travels, and he concedes the friendliness and energy of the people everywhere. The third theme is the diarist's personal record. Selkirk's thumbnail sketches give his notes a cheerful immediacy, although only in the Prince Edward Island section are personal concern and general observation fused in one story. The Baldoon settlement was launched in 1804, but Selkirk's agent acted for him on the spot, and the entries

for the period are scarcely related to this venture. His succinct records of Baldoon business are given in the Appendix. The Index, incidentally, fails to refer readers to these Baldoon notes.

The editor of *Royal Fort Frontenac* (texts selected and translated from the French by Richard A. Preston, edited with introduction and notes by Leopold Lamontagne; The Champlain Society for the Government of Ontario; University of Toronto Press, pp. xxx, 503, illus., $5.00) was restricted by the fact that regional history is scattered through many sources, and the excerpts must be chosen for their representative value as well as for readability. Yet, since the series is designed for a wider public than the usual Champlain Society volume, it is unfortunate that the editing serves research scholars rather than general readers. The lengthy introduction covers the same ground as the subsequent documents (given successively in English and French), where connective commentary might have sufficed, and left room for orienting the reader and pointing up the relevance of the texts. Some terms are not explained: the Indians' "Collars" (submissions? documents?) deserve an etymological footnote; and pay lists and balance sheets would be clearer if currency values were indicated. There is, however, much helpful editing too, especially in the excellent Index and the Appendix on places, persons, and Indian nations.

As the Introduction points out, there were only 50,000 people in Canada according to the census of 1754, and of these few stray into a focus fixed on the Quinte Mission and Fort Frontenac. The melancholy sense of a tiny fort in the wilderness pervades the documents. Was the Quinte Mission to take root? "Paris . . . 1677: . . . we see clearly, that this total desertion would be regrettable . . . unless the war, or some other public cause, which would make us know the will of God and would justify us before the world, should move us to this necessity." Was Fort Frontenac worth rebuilding after the Iroquois wars forced its destruction? "It is in fact . . . 60 leagues above Montreal at the bottom of a little bay near a marsh which infects the garrison . . . it can be used only to guard itself, and that which is within gunshot. . . ." Even Montcalm's plans for attack in the Lakes region envisaged the establishment of a new and chief post for the frontier: "Frontenac or the Bay of Niahoure [*sic*] can never be regarded as such; the English can enter the St. Lawrence River without anyone in these posts being aware of it, and besides, they are so unimportant that we may leave them behind without any serious consequences."

Because of the fort's connection with the careers of La Salle and

Frontenac, early history does involve it, if briefly. And there are many aspects besides military strategy clarified in these pages—the persistent difficulties of communication and transport, diverse notions of the fur trade, the terrifying death rate on the frontier, the long reach of intrigues and jealousies from the older settlements, or from across the ocean. The inventories are vividly real, as also such passages as this:

> Several soldiers complained that M. de Tonty sold them brandy at 8*d* the jar . . . it is only worth 5*d* at Montreal, and . . . cost him nothing for carriage to Fort Frontenac; moreover, he had thereby caused them to use up their credit balance, and had made them unable to get their laundry done and to purchase stockings and shoes . . . however M. de Tonty is very deep in debt . . . what may have brought him to this is the large family he is burdened with, which is so badly supported that it excites one's pity.

The section on the war with the Iroquois is lively reading. Would that there were some access to contemporary Indian conceptions and perspectives! This volume provides only one tantalizing document, a diplomatic speech of Tegannissoren; its figurative language needs elucidating, but this scrap hints at the new dimension all early accounts could have, if only there were some stepping-stone to long-gone experience other than the written records.

The translator sets out "to stay as close as possible to the old phraseology, but at the same time to provide a readable version . . . for the present day." And indeed, one is seldom aware of reading an English translation (although the pages on trading rights "farmed out" to Sieur Chalet slip out of English when it comes to "the farm of Forts Frontenac and Niagara"). One query does occur in reading the original English documents that close the selection. Surely it does not reproduce the old form of the "ss" to print "absolutely necefsary" . . . "to distrefs the Enemy" . . . "as soon as pofsible" . . . "the two Vefsels."

Two studies by Canadians may be mentioned which deal with lands remote from the affairs and circumstances of Canada: Donald K. Faris's *To Plow with Hope* (New York: Harper Bros. [Toronto: Ryerson] pp. 223, illus., $4.25) and Keith Callard's *Pakistan: A Political Study* (London: George Allen and Unwin [Toronto: Nelson], 1957, pp. 335, $6.50). Donald Faris has spent most of his adult life in the Orient, especially in China, where he acted as a missionary engaged in agricultural research and teaching. After World War II he returned to China with UNRRA and later with UNICEF in Hankow. At present he is an adviser with the U.N. Technical Assistance Administration community development service in Thailand. His book falls into three

parts: a simple and lucid account of the peasants' life in the East and all its allied problems; a discussion of the U.N. Technical Assistance Programs and also those sponsored by the United States, the Commonwealth, and Russia; and, finally, a very brief concluding section on the broad meaning of what is being attempted.

Professor Callard's study examines the attempt of Pakistan, in face of immense difficulties, to build a constitutional state. It may be added that shortly after its appearance Pakistan surrendered her experiment in parliamentary government. In October 1958, Major-General Iskander Mirza, backed by the army, abrogated the constitution, dismissed the Central and Provincial Governments, dissolved their legislatures, and abolished the political parties. The ultimate reasons for this event lay with the politicians, who, unrestrained by immature and confused parties, failed to respect the necessary procedures and ethics of parliamentary rule and certainly failed to utilize its opportunities. On this as on other aspects of the state Professor Callard casts illuminating light. In his analysis he illustrates how in Pakistan many of the essential ingredients of parliamentary democracy are absent—the will for democracy, a strong public opinion fed by groups that respect the constitution, a reasonable degree of material prosperity, a low temperature in class passion, and some tradition of self-rule in the electorate. He puts the major dilemma of Pakistan in a few sentences:

> The people want the country to be founded on the full measure of the immutable principles of Islam; yet they are willing to abandon none of the advantages of a modern secular state. They want democracy but they also admire an act of strength and rally to support the man who has acted. They want provincial autonomy but are ready to deny power to the central government. They want a foreign policy that will give automatic support to all Muslim causes; yet they also desire all the benefits of a policy of selective self-interest.

It need scarcely be said that this study throws light not merely on Pakistan but also on the conditions necessary for the success of democracy anywhere.

SOCIAL STUDIES: II

J. M. S. Careless

This section has had a brighter year than last. Several notably good books stand out above the normal run of middling to worthy volumes; and there are also several bad ones, which on occasion can be more

interesting to examine than merely useful mediocrities. The total number has gone up considerably besides, although there is little in the way of regional writing from east of the Great Lakes. The Pacific West, in fact, has received the most emphasis this year, largely as a result of British Columbia's centennial celebrations, which have helped to produce some of the best works in this category. In addition there are some pieces of autobiography, and as usual, a few other items that do not fit readily into any particular classification. The last-named range from *Street Railways of Toronto, 1861–1921*, by Louis H. Pursley (privately printed, pp. 155, illus., $3.00), to *The Call of Algonquin*, by Mary G. Hamilton (Ryerson, pp. xii, 188, $4.00). The former is a bald account of running operations and varieties of rolling stock which may delight street-railway hobbyists—they exist—but otherwise is chiefly to be noted for the excellent photographs it preserves. The latter describes the foundation and development of a girls' summer camp in Algonquin Park. It also may do well enough for graduates of Camp Tanamakoon, or devotees of the organized woodsiness of summer camping; but it is not likely to rouse emotions in a wider circle.

Then there are *Cruising the Georgian Bay*, by Kenneth McNeill Wells (Kingswood House, pp. xii, 123, illus., maps, $4.00), and *Fences*, by Harry Symons with drawings by C. W. Jefferys (Ryerson, pp. xliv, 155, illus., $4.95). The first is an amiably chatty guide for the amateur yachtsman, intended to supplement his pilot book. It seems to do a thorough job, as it runs the gamut from navigation lights to the water and beer facilities along the Georgian shore, fills in local scenery with colourful descriptions and historical notes, and provides such essential cruising information as a recipe for hot buttered rum and the most practical remedy I have yet seen for poison ivy—profanity: it gives some relief without spreading the infection. The second of the two books centres on the last series of drawings done by the late dean of Canadian historical illustrators Charles Jefferys. Mr. Symons supplies a lightly reflective introduction, an engaging essay on the fence, and brief comments on the sketches in turn. They themselves reveal the diversity that lies in the apparently simple subject of fences, although most of the examples illustrated come only from Ontario of an earlier day. Each is done with the concern for historical record and for accurate rendition which were so characteristic of Mr. Jefferys' work.

We may find some vague relationship between *Fences* and the next book, *Twenty-Three Skidoo* by Leonard Meyers (Kingswood House, pp. xii, 227, $5.00). Both deal primarily with aspects of everyday

Canadian life in the recent past: the one in the countryside, the other largely in towns since the turn of the century. And "period" illustrations play a significant part in the second volume, although they are generally photographs of old department stores, or cuts from their catalogues and advertisements. But here differences take over, the greatest of which is that the first is a good book and the second a poor one—almost as bad as its coy title. The text is a disjointed ramble through a haze of *clichés* and nostalgia. The inaccuracies and the lack of real information suggest that the author fully accepts the dictum that history is what you can remember. This is patter about the "good old days" of a depressingly threadbare kind.

We may dispose of another disappointing book in moving now to works of an autobiographical nature. The failings of *Canada Made Me*, by Norman Levine (London: Putnam [Toronto: McClelland & Stewart], pp. 277, $5.00), are of quite another order, however. Mr. Levine is a skilled and sensitive author. He doesn't always write well, but obviously he can. He does inquire, he avoids *clichés*; and any nostalgia that might have hung about him, as he commenced the pilgrimage he describes from his adopted land of England back to the country of his birth, was quickly blown away by the sharp and sordid realities he encountered in his tour of Canada. "Sordid" and "reality" are key words here: Mr. Levine plainly belongs to the stale-sweat school of realism. In this book, at any rate, he is determined to seek out the stark and the sour, and succeeds almost beyond one's wildest dreams. As the blurb on the jacket says restrainedly, the Canada he depicts is "no picture-postcard paradise."

It is not only fair and just, but also eminently true to life, that any honest picture of Canada should consist not merely of snowy peaks, golden wheat fields, and emerald lakes, of bronzed frontiersmen and happy home-owners. The bleakness of the lumber camp or mining town, the misery of the slums, and the narrow emptiness of so much of Canadian life deserve full recognition, just as their counterparts would in England, America, or any human community. But Mr. Levine cannot seem to see anything but drabness and pettiness, sickness and suffering, no matter where he goes. His picture, accordingly, is no more true than that of the pretty postcards. Assuredly he has been attacked by Canadian critics for this one-sidedness. They suggest that he is merely hostile to Canada, and by the very nature of his tour through city and frontier slums arranged to see only the worst. Following up this line of approach, one might even be tempted to suspect a certain Stephen Potter ploy in Mr. Levine's treatment of his subject. Canadian criticism, that is, can

be rejected from the start as simply evidence of colonial hypersensitivity to candid comment, while English reviewers, conscious that the land across the water has been oversold to immigrants, can beam approvingly on the resolute honesty and searching frankness of their author.

I would, however, put another interpretation upon Mr. Levine, even though immediately I become suspect of one more effort to write him off. He is almost morbidly fascinated with ugliness, in any event. Before he reaches Canada, his account of his tour from its starting point at Victoria Station, during a stopover in Dublin, and then aboard a most miserable immigrant ship, abounds with references to grey dirt, rank smells, and cheap people. He continues this approach across Canadian territory, regularly noting bad teeth, dirty underwear, and the odour of things rotting. If persons he encounters do escape dirt and poverty, then they are likely to be loud, or timid, or too well-groomed: Mr. Levine does not like many people beyond himself. He is sick, he is tired, he suffers a good deal. Perhaps he never should have come, but he goes grimly on to the end—and, in the end, says something rather revealing: "I said that failure in Canada is something that appeals to me." In short, he has come to see failure in Canada, and of course he finds it—because it is there. There may be other things as well, but they do not interest him. He felt an evident necessity to repudiate this country decisively, and he has done it. It is interesting to note that about the only warm touches in his book are those that recall the better memories of a hard childhood in Montreal back streets. But now he has proved that there is nothing left in Canada for him. Indeed, the most scathing indictment in a book of bitterness is in its title, *Canada Made Me*.

At any rate there is artistry in this book. There is little in the next, *Varied Operations* by Herbert A. Bruce (Longmans, Green, pp. xviii, 368, $6.00). It records in rather commonplace style, and with the discursiveness of memory, the author's recollections of his ninety-year-long life. The interest lies, however, in the scope and significance of Dr. Bruce's manifold activities. He was a prominent surgeon and founder of the Wellesley Hospital in Toronto, professor of medicine, and subsequently a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario between 1932 and 1938, and Member of Parliament for Parkdale from 1940 to 1946—when he was already in his seventies. Nor does this exhaust the list. The title *Varied Operations* may look a little arch (and the author uses it to cover descriptions of some of his more remarkable surgical feats), yet surely it is apt enough. Throughout the narrative, moreover, his definite

opinions come through with vigour, whether they concern Mitchell Hepburn's imperfect understanding of the rôle of lieutenant-governors, the issues of birth control, Christian Science and faith healing, or Mackenzie King's shortcomings in dealing with the manpower question during World War II and Family Allowances afterwards. But the best value in the book seems to lie in Dr. Bruce's memories of public men. While there are no very startling revelations, he has passages of much interest on such figures as Sir William Mulock, Hepburn, and George McCullough—for whom he felt deep admiration.

Another volume of autobiography is Vernon A. H. Kemp's *Without Fear, Favour or Affection: Thirty-five Years with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police* (Longmans, Green, pp. xii, 264, $4.50). It describes his 35 years with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, from which he retired in 1945 as Assistant Commissioner. The title comes from the oath sworn by members of the Force, which Mr. Kemp took at Prince Albert before World War I, when he entered what was then the North-West Mounted at the age of fifteen. His own record of service symbolizes the growth and changes in the Force itself. He first did duty on the Western plains when they were still a land of pioneer settlement, and later took command at Herschel Island in the opening western Arctic of the 1920's. Then he was stationed in Ottawa, once the Mounted had assumed the general responsibilities of a federal police force, and here had charge of organizing the operations of the capital detachment. Subsequent tasks included superintending Governor-General Tweedsmuir's tour of the North and the Royal Visit of 1939; but with the outbreak of war, security work and counter-intelligence took first place. He had to deal with fascist or communist elements in Toronto, shepherd Winston Churchill on his 1943 visit to Canada, and provide protection for the Quebec Conferences. The account of this last phase of his service seems the most interesting of all.

Mr. Kemp's book makes very clear how far the Mounted Police have moved from the scarlet-coated riders of the plains beloved of Hollywood to become an organization that combines the functions of the F.B.I. and a ceremonial horse guard, a coastal patrol service and a superintendency for native peoples, a contract police for provinces and municipalities and a protective corps for federal property. At the same time he portrays a career closely connected with the emergence of many of these duties with ready humour and calm judgment, but always with obvious devotion to the Force. He has things to say from the perspective of the Mounted Police—for example, on the treatment of communists during

World War II—which particularly repay the reading, since the viewpoint of the Mounted is not frequently to be heard. The writing at times may become a little heavy-handed, but one can only find the book, as the man himself, attractive and well deserving of attention.

Still another autobiographical venture is *The Side Door: Twenty-six Years in My Book Room* by Dora Hood (Ryerson, pp. x, 238, $4.95). For 26 years Mrs. Hood operated a book room in Toronto dealing with Canadiana, and its side-door entrance on Spadina Avenue became well known to *littérateurs*, scholars, and bibliophiles. Here is an account of this inviting enterprise: the author's experiences in the book trade from naïve beginner to accomplished expert; the people she encountered, the sellers and buyers, the authors, dealers, and collectors. Her story is not fully connected. Indeed, the treatment is more or less topical and episodic; but there is much engrossing material included on Canadian books and the state of the second-hand book trade in this country. *The Side Door*, perhaps, should not properly be classed here as autobiography but rather as a pleasant, desultory excursion in the field of bibliography. Without making a special category for it, one may at any rate recommend it in that connection.

The books from this point on may best be treated as regional writings. For while they include memoirs, biography, history, and more besides, they are all strongly connected with the life of one or another Canadian region. Beginning in the East, then, we find only two concerned with Atlantic Canada; but one of them powerfully depicts a little-known aspect of seafaring in dangerous waters off the eastern coastline. This is *The Grey Seas Under*, by Farley Mowat (McClelland & Stewart, pp. x, 342, $5.00): "the hazards and triumphs of the deep-sea salvage tug Foundation Franklin." Mr. Mowat has written a tight and absorbing story of the daring work of rescue carried on by this little ship from 1933 to 1948, through fifteen years of Atlantic gales, ice, and wartime perils. Indeed, the tale seems almost melodrama, as the dauntless, indefatigable hero (in this case heroine) goes on to victory time after time against enormous odds. Perhaps one gains this feeling from the way in which a fluent and enthusiastic author recounts each episode at top pitch. Every succeeding gale is practically the worst in history; all seas are towering; and every floundering, helpless victim is huge and unwieldy—while the *Franklin* may drive her powerful engines or strain her aging machinery as the excitement of the moment requires. Nevertheless, in all truth, the record of her exploits is exciting and triumphant enough. She was wonderfully tough and tenacious, and her crew, mostly Newfoundlanders,

were well worthy of her. Thus Mr. Mowat may be forgiven his tendency to overwrite. He has a strenuous theme, and he catches and expresses its intensity.

While far more dryly presented, *The Oak Island Mystery*, by Reginald V. Harris (Ryerson, pp. xii, 211, illus., $4.00), is nothing less than a romance of buried treasure, buried this time on an island in Mahone Bay near Chester, Nova Scotia. The treasure has repeatedly been searched for since the first discovery of a strange, deep-sunk shaft on the island ("the money pit") in 1795. Over the years a variety of expeditions have at least revealed the surprisingly elaborate nature of the work that includes a carefully cut and supported shaft, well over a hundred feet deep, and ingenious underground channels to the sea to flood and protect the secrets of the pit. This they have done too well. About all that has been recovered, after much effort and expense, are such tantalizing items as masses of fibre, probably coconut, a curiously inscribed stone, and a fragment of parchment with some writing on it. It does sound as if some local chamber of commerce was busy drumming up the tourist trade; but they must have been remarkably prescient to have begun as early as 1795.

Whether buried treasure lies on Oak Island or not, it seems apparent that a considerable piece of engineering was effected there, some time in the eighteenth century, and what other purpose could it have had but to guard a fortune? That, certainly, is the author's belief. He discusses various theories on the nature of the "money pit," from a Spanish depository for the loot of the Incas to the fabled hoard of Captain Kidd. He does not put forward any answers, however, and with so little to go on one may hardly blame him. Yet this is a decidedly sober book that does not seem to do full justice to the subject. Still, whatever it lacks in lively consideration and conclusion, it partially makes up for in carefully recording the many efforts made to solve the mystery of Oak Island.

There is nothing between *Oak Island* and *Lights on the St. Lawrence: An Anthology*, edited by Jean L. Gogo (Caxton and Ryerson, pp. 303, illus., $6.00). This is an anthology of writings on the St. Lawrence River produced with an eye to the opening of the Seaway, and it is possibly for this reason that a large part of the volume deals solely with the Upper St. Lawrence. Early settlement in this section is treated in detail, as it is not on the much longer stretch of river below the Ontario border. In fact, considering that the waterway was the very core of French Canada, there is remarkably little on the French-Canadian community all along its banks. That does seem a sizable omission. Besides,

while there is a sprinkling of good primary sources, much of the material comes from secondary authorities such as Francis Parkman, Stephen Leacock, Blodwen Davies and Katherine Hale. This might not be a point of criticism if the excerpts were markedly distinguished passages, but often they seem rather run of the mill. One cannot help wondering, moreover, how it was possible to quote historians on the St. Lawrence and yet miss D. G. Creighton, either for evocative descriptions or to express the significance of the great river throughout Canada's past. Altogether, then, while this volume was a good idea, it does not come off too satisfactorily. Of course, in reviewing an anthology, it is almost compulsory to object to the editor's selection of materials. But the subject is so big here, and the opportunities so broad, that one cannot help but be somewhat disappointed at the result.

We move on up the waterway to Lake Ontario to find one of the best books in this year's offering. It is *The Head of the Lake: A History of Wentworth County*, by C. M. Johnston (Wentworth County Council, pp. 345, $2.50). This is a history of Wentworth County from first European contact—long before there was a county—down to 1958, Wentworth's centennial year. It is a veritable model of local history: conscientiously documented, backed with wide reading in secondary sources, and written consistently with careful scholarship and a comprehension of general, overriding historic patterns. At the same time it contains the anecdote and detail that convey the life of the particular area. Local history, history in miniature, can be, and frequently is, the worst possible kind of historical writing, half-researched and inaccurate, antiquarian and trivial. Yet properly done, it can provide a basis for observing the play of historic forces in a community where it is virtually possible to know something of every individual member. Accordingly, in a country like Canada, where so much of our history is essentially regional and local, it is all the more important to urge that it be written precisely and in full awareness of much broader patterns—and all the more important to praise warmly when that standard is achieved. Such is the case in *The Head of the Lake*, a wholly admirable and satisfying study.

Niagara: Hinge of the Golden Arc, by Marjorie Freeman Campbell (Ryerson, pp. xviii, 356, $6.00), is a comparable local history, and while not as outstanding, has merits of its own. Its treatment of the Niagara Peninsula is more popular and less scholarly. These terms need elucidation, however. "Scholarly" does not imply that *The Head of the Lake* is a dull book: rather that it is organized and presented according

to the canons of scholarship. "Popular" does not infer that *Niagara* is not based on wide reading and close knowledge of the area: it means that the author does not provide a thoroughgoing record of historical growth but instead offers a series of deft impressions of the past and present, many of which stem from the descriptive tour she gives her readers of the modern Niagara Peninsula. Mrs. Campbell has a strong sense of the meaning and significance of the geographical environment, and equally makes plain, often with dramatic emphasis, the main historic influences which have given Niagara its proudly distinctive character. Nevertheless, a good deal of history is missed or oversimplified in this fashion; nor does she evaluate her sources very critically. An original record, a present-day amateur historian, a secondary work quoting another secondary work, or an old-timer's memory, are cited as indiscriminately equal. There are some errors in fact, also—though usually peripheral—such as the mention of James II's deposition by Cromwell. It may be ascribed to the union exclusiveness of the professional historian, but I must still say it: while this is a competent and entertaining piece of amateur writing in the local historical field, it does not carry the weight or have the enduring value of the more professional treatment of the history of Wentworth County.

William "Tiger" Dunlop: "Blackwoodian Backwoodsman", edited by Carl F. Klinck (Ryerson, pp. xii, 185, $5.00), is a collection of essays "by and about" the celebrated forest warden of the Canada Company, a man of noteworthy capacity, medical, literary, and alcoholic. The well-qualified editor has here performed considerable service to Canadian letters by making so much "Dunlopiana" accessible, and by filling in the literary and biographical background on the basis of extensive research. As a result, Dunlop stands out not merely as the colourful colonizing agent, author of the witty and informative *Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada* (1832), but as a journalist in India and editor in London as well, a contributor to *Blackwood's*, and friend of the essayists who wrote for the leading British periodicals of the day. It all goes to show that the early nineteenth-century backwoods of Canada were not so far off, after all, and could be comprehended in the single cultural world of the Second British Empire.

Next comes *Tarry Breeks and Velvet Garters: A First Book of Schooner Days* (Ryerson, pp. xviii, 148, illus., $4.50), an account of the earliest days of sail on the Great Lakes under the French régime, by C. H. J. Snider, well-known authority on Great Lakes' sailing craft, and for many years a writer of the weekly *Schooner Days* in the Toronto

Evening Telegram. Mr. Snider has a penchant for titles of this sort and there is a certain flair and flourish of an older school of journalism about the whole work. There is a good deal of imaginative description as well; and sometimes bold creation, where history has little or nothing to say—as in the opening chapter, which depicts the Senecas on the heights above Toronto watching the arrival of the first French sail from Cataraqui in 1678. When, however, the author deals with ship construction and handling, or with naval tactics, a note of authority sounds through. Furthermore, the broad enthusiastic strokes with which he paints in his historical canvas help to emphasize the vigour and achievement of this first age of sail on the inland seas, still surrounded as they were by uninhabited, forested wilderness. The stories of La Salle's *Griffin*, of the French fleet on Lake Ontario, and of the naval aspects of the Franco-British struggles in this area are all graphically set forth. If slight and somewhat uneven, the book is worth reading, and useful too in listing "the rig and roster of forty French keels."

Here we jump to the prairies and *John Black of Old Kildonan*, by Olive Knox (Ryerson, pp. viii, 198, $4.00). This is the biography of the Reverend John Black, first Presbyterian minister to the descendants of the Selkirk settlers at the Red River. Scottish-born John Black studied at Knox College in Toronto, went to the West in 1851, and served there until his death in 1882. He was a respected, affectionately regarded figure in the little Manitoban community, far beyond the limits of the church he worked so earnestly to develop. He was part of that critical era on the plains when the Hudson's Bay Company rule passed away, and when a new province was born out of the travail of the Riel rising. This, in consequence, might well have been a powerful book; but it is not. Based in part on the letters of John Black, it is presented in semi-fictional form, practically as a historical novel, with much reconstructed dialogue. There need be nothing wrong with that, if it had been effectively handled. The effect instead is wooden and unconvincing, while the real goodness and nobility of Black, the man and minister, almost disappear behind the aura of sanctity with which the author surrounds him. The whole volume, in fact, sounds a little like an inspirational tract to be awarded to the best pupils at Sunday School, or to be distributed on behalf of the Mission Society. These purposes it might fill, but it is not well calculated to hold a larger audience.

Grant MacEwan's *Fifty Mighty Men* (Modern Press, pp. viii, 342, $4.00) presents more biography of noted western figures. These short sketches, competently done by an able and prolific popular writer on

Western themes, first appeared as a series in the *Western Producer* of Saskatoon. Their range is too wide to do more than note a few examples here, such as Louis Riel, Bob Edwards and Sir George Simpson, Cuthbert Grant, Twelve-Foot Davis, and Henry Wise Wood. In thumbnail form, they show not only the colour, but the vigour and variety of the West, where a close examination—as with any region of this country—readily proves the falseness of the judgment that Canada is a land of dull monotony and sameness. It must be added that the generally commendable format and appearance of this volume, published in Saskatoon, are unfortunately marred by amateurish pen-and-ink illustrations that at times seem very crudely drawn.

North West of 16, by J. G. MacGregor (McClelland & Stewart, pp. 224, $4.00), describes the opening of a pioneer bush farm north of Edmonton in the early years of the twentieth century. As a child, the author came here with his parents from Britain to settle on a quarter-section enumerated as the "north-west of sixteen." This volume is based on his childhood memories and the reminiscences of his parents. Memory, however, is filled out with imaginative and often nostalgic reconstructions of the pioneer scene: the landscape of the partly cleared farm, the growing company of settlers, the Christmas dinner with the neighbours—this last most warmly and lovingly set forth. Here is a thoroughly enjoyable book. Its view of the past may have been tinted by the passage of time, but the pictures presented of the bush-farming world are sensitive and vivid. The style is light and lucid too; although sometimes its easy informality descends into *clichés* and too ordinary slang expressions which do not accord well with the freshness of the description.

The next is a very different kind of study of a very different Alberta. *Dynamic Decade*, by Eric J. Hansen (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xx, 314, $5.00), covers, as its sub-title indicates, *The Evolution and Effects of the Oil Industry in Alberta*. It is a scholarly analysis of the economic and social changes consequent upon the discovery and development of Alberta's petroleum resources within the brief span of the decade 1946–56. Two of the most striking results affirmed are the sharp increase in the income *per capita* of Alberta, and the addition of probably some 600,000 people to the population of the prairie region. Thanks to the strengthening of Alberta's economy, moreover, the book forecasts a major rôle for the province in the continuing expansion of Canada's northern frontier. Indeed, the "Dynamic Decade" might "save decades of time in the assault upon the potential wealth of the north." Liberally

furnished with statistics, charts, and maps, and supported by extensive bibliography, this will obviously remain one of the most authoritative productions of the year.

The next three volumes take us northward to sub-Arctic or Arctic regions. The first, *A Journey to the Northern Ocean* by Samuel Hearne (Macmillan, pp. lxxiv, 301, $6.50), is the latest in Macmillan's valuable series of "Pioneer Books," which in this case republishes Hearne's account of his journeys from Hudson Bay across the Barren Lands to the shores of the Arctic Ocean between 1769 and 1772. His journal of these forays into the Barrens is engrossing enough in itself, a record of hardship, frustration, and accomplishment, full of information on the country and its native inhabitants. It has as well been ably edited by Richard Glover of the University of Manitoba, whose detailed introduction adds much to our appreciation of the author. If, however, one seeks a digest version of these travels, one may turn to *Coppermine Journey* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xiv, 145, $3.50), which is a selection from Hearne's writings by the busy Farley Mowat. Presumably there is nothing against making a shorter—and cheaper—version of Hearne, though the original is not that long; and, moreover, is bright enough throughout that cutting seems hardly necessary. But it does seem strange that, after Hearne's waiting for republication for so long—and with many other explorers' journals to choose from—two editions of him should appear in the same year. Perhaps there was bad staff work in publishing headquarters?

Explorations still further north are dealt with in L. H. Neatby's *In Quest of the North West Passage* (Longmans, Green, pp. xii, 194, $3.75), a well-designed volume with several fine reproductions of original Arctic sketches. Here Mr. Neatby treats one of the grand themes in the history of exploration. He successfully compresses a complex story into brief compass, as with force and clarity he traces the vicissitudes of men who sought the northern seaway around America: from Frobisher, Davis, and Hudson to Parry, Franklin, Ross, and others who, by the middle of the nineteenth century, had marked out the inexorably difficult Passage. This is another product of the year to be recommended to the great mass of Canadians who may hear of catching the vision of the North, yet know nothing of the men who first penetrated its ice-locked waters.

The remaining books of this section are all concerned in one way or another with the westernmost region of Canada, the realm of mountains and Pacific slope. The first of these, however, *Wilderness Men* by Howard O'Hagan (Doubleday, pp. 263, $4.50), is not entirely so. Most

of the ten men of the wilderness, Indians and whites, whom it depicts do represent the Far West. But they also include Almighty Voice, the Cree warrior who with two companions made a defiant stand near Prince Albert, in 1897, that was overcome only by bringing the full resources of the Mounted Police and even artillery against him. Again, there is Grey Owl, the Englishman turned Indian, who began his dedicated work of conserving the beaver in northern Ontario in the late 1920's. In general these are action stories, whether they relate the struggle of the trapper Old MacNamara to outwit the wolverine that was robbing his trap-line and endangering his food supply, or the violence of Tzouhalem, a hunchback Cowichan Indian who terrorized the Coast with pillage, rape, and murder for twenty years before his violent death in 1854. They are good tales, skilfully told. If there is no great message in the book, it makes first-rate entertainment.

Pathfinders in the North Pacific, by Marius Barbeau (Caxton and Ryerson, pp. 235, illus., $6.00), ranges freely along the vast arc of territory from British Columbia through the Yukon to Alaska, and reaches even as far as Russia and China in describing some of the main phases in the opening and early development of the North Pacific world. This appears to be its main theme, although there is no very clear or complete pattern to the work. Starting with Vitus Bering and early maritime exploration, it goes on with the rise of the sea-otter trade, then digresses on aspects of the life of the whalers. Next it tells of Indians of the Stikine area, in a mixture of history and legend, then turns to the relations of the Hudson's Bay Company and Russian traders. Thereafter it gives lore of the Klondike gold rush a good deal of attention before concluding with the work of the missionary William Duncan, "the apostle of Alaska." Accordingly it is best viewed as a series of discursive essays on cultural change in the North Pacific. They discuss not only the effect of the white man on cultural development in the region, but also its effect on him: for example, in creating a Pacific-wide sea-otter trade, or in shaping the brief and wonderful outburst of scrimshawing, the sailors' art of carving whale bone. Dr. Barbeau's concern for folklore also comes out to the full, particularly in the material he collects on the Klondike rush. In fact, the interest of his book seems to lie in its mass of detail and its extensive quotations, not in any general assessments.

There is an excellent book wholly devoted to the Klondike this year. Pierre Berton's *Klondike: The Life and Death of the Last Great Gold Rush* (McClelland & Stewart, pp. viii, 548, xxii, $6.00) combines the

sharp immediacy of good journalism with the careful preparation and research of good history. Thus it is at once a full record of a major North American historic experience, and a compelling report on the hope, courage, and stupidity of individuals, their endurance, their luck, and their disasters. As the narrative unfolds, Mr. Berton deals in turn with the mining frontiers of Alaska and the Yukon on the eve; the chance events that brought George Carmack's dazzling strike on a Klondike creek in 1894; the sudden emergence of Dawson, and its first winter of harsh isolation, when the cheapest thing available was gold. He incisively describes the explosion of the Klondike on the world outside, and the consequences thereof: the hardships of the trails of '97–8 in the rush that followed; desperate hardships on all the trails attempted, not simply the chief ones over the Chilkoot and White Passes. Alongside the chronicles of suffering are the stories of men who made their fortunes, sometimes most effectively by mining the miners—including, of course, Soapy Smith of Skagway, the greatest gold-rush ruffian of them all. The profusion of gaudy Klondike characters are set forth once more, from Swiftwater Bill Gates to Diamond-Tooth Gertie; but this time within a firm framework of history. Furthermore, Mr. Berton's graphic style here has a theme equal to all the glowing adjectives and trenchant action words he can use. Content and style fit happily together, to produce what may be readily acclaimed as a masterly achievement.

The five remaining books all deal with aspects of British Columbia. *British Columbia in Pictures* (Nelson, unnumbered, illus., $3.00) displays every part of the province through the keenly perceptive camera of Mr. Richard Harrington. Lyn Harrington's introduction adds further to the delineation of a well produced book of photographs. *This is British Columbia*, by Ken Liddell (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 250, $4.00), offers another kind of description. It is a fairly typical travel book which tours the various sections of the province describing as it goes, and adds some contemporary experiences, a bit of history, and much anecdote. A reasonably good representative of its kind, it is clear, entertaining, and generally informative for visitors. Its use of the language, however, can be all too folksy: the Doukhobors have a "phobia" about martyrdom; Field had a "real posh" hotel; and Lady Burdett-Coutts was "one wingding of a hostess."

Amor De Cosmos, by Roland Wild (Ryerson, pp. xiv, 146, $4.00), is a short biography of the shrewd eccentric who became second Premier of British Columbia—the Bill Smith of Nova Scotia who changed his name by act of the California legislature, and who came to the Coast

as a photographer transporting an enormous camera single-handed across the American desert. It is sad to report that having such a subject Mr. Wild does not manage to succeed with it. The text is thin throughout, and often not much more than quotations from the *British Colonist* which De Cosmos founded in Victoria. The extracts can be quite interesting in themselves, but clippings from editorials or reports of speeches do not provide sufficient basis for this book. Nor is it well organized. It consists largely of episodes of widely varying degrees of significance strung together under a thin covering of general history. The history is not always sure either. For example, Mr. Wild seems to think that the Hudson's Bay Company charter extended to the area of British Columbia and had to be revoked there. He also writes as if the events of 1858—which British Columbia would celebrate one hundred years later—combined the mainland colony with Vancouver Island in one province, though this was not to come until 1866, and what *was* being proclaimed in 1858 was the very establishment of a mainland colony known as British Columbia.

The Indians of British Columbia, by H. B. Hawthorne, C. S. Belshaw, and S. M. Jamieson (University of Toronto Press, pp. xii, 499, $10.00), is a tightly packed study of modern Indian life in process of adjustment to the Canadian community. It grew out of a large-scale research project on the Indians undertaken by the University of British Columbia on the commission of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration. It is not, however, a complete account of Indian culture as it now exists in British Columbia: the primary concern of the inquiry was Indian needs in regard to government policy and action. Nevertheless, a great deal of information has been condensed here which includes the traditional and historic background of the Indian groups, their economic activities and social organization today, their welfare problems, and their relations with government. Some of the most interesting material lies in the mass of details: for instance, field workers' reports on Indian housing or on the goals and standards revealed in interviews with individual Indians. Lacking the basis of knowledge to judge this volume critically, I can only report that it seems of fundamental value to any understanding of the vexed position of the Indians in transition, and that it well might set the pattern for similar investigations in other regions of the country. Here is a book of much significance, surely, to scholars in its field.

Another as fully significant in its own field is Margaret A. Ormsby's *British Columbia: A History* (Macmillan, pp. x, 558, $4.75). This is a detailed and definitive treatment of the growth of British Columbia, from

the first opening of the North West Pacific Coast by sea down to the present life of the province in the 1950's. It is a product of meticulous research and comprehensive knowledge, for Miss Ormsby is a specialist in the history of her province. Well balanced, judicious in its ordering and evaluation of regional developments, it no less keeps wider frames in mind. The British Columbian story is integrated into that of Canada generally, and beyond, even while the distinctive character of the province is made eminently clear. It is also written crisply and effectively, with an initial chapter dealing with the awakening Pacific which seems particularly fine. One should also be grateful to Macmillan's, who have published the work quite splendidly, and to the government of British Columbia for the financial aid which enabled the provincial centennial celebrations to be marked by this production. There should be some criticism; but the only shortcoming to be noted in this feast of excellence is that there is not really a decent general map of British Columbia in the whole volume. While there is a rich abundance of illustrations, including contemporary photographs, colour prints, and political cartoons, the one large map of the province is a blurry thing that does not provide sufficient place-names, or allow one clearly to trace out the path of historic developments. This, however, is a muted note in the peal of praise which the book deserves.

The last item of all is *British Columbia: A Centennial Anthology*, edited by Reginald Eyre Watters with the aid of a distinguished advisory board (McClelland & Stewart, pp. xvi, 576, illus., $7.50). Their names and the list of the contributors read like a roll-call of British Columbian talent, past and present, of whom but a few are Earle Birney, Emily Carr, Roderick Haig-Brown, Bruce Hutchison, Dorothy Livesay, and Ethel Wilson. The choice is wide and the selections almost uniformly agreeable. They are well arranged too—so many anthologies fall down here—in a pattern that gives them convincing coherence as an expression of British Columbian life. That is the main thing: the editors have sought to manifest a regional identity, besides offering an always readable, often stimulating, and sometimes exciting representation of what British Columbians have achieved in literature. And it is not in literature alone. The anthology is magnificently illustrated with photographs of the people, the seascape and landscape of the province, with drawings and water colours, and with a gallery of British Columbian art. Finally, it is produced most handsomely: McClelland and Stewart deserve to be congratulated on this volume, no less than did Macmillan's for that immediately preceding. Indeed, both these books seem to make cen-

tennial celebrations worth the trouble. It may be that they will stand among the more lasting results of the British Columbia centenary, and endure in significance well into the second hundred years.

LIVRES EN FRANÇAIS

LA POÉSIE

Guy Sylvestre

Il ne me paraît pas probable que l'année 1958 sera considérée dans l'avenir comme une année poétique remarquable au Canada français. Du moins, elle ne semble pas en être une à première vue. Plus de trente volumes ou plaquettes de vers ont paru au cours de l'année, et cela constitue tout de même une certaine quantité de papier et d'encre. Mais la poésie n'est pas affaire de quantité et, une fois enlevée la paille des mots, il ne reste guère de grain de poésie: cette année, la récolte est pauvre.

En raison du marché qui reste très limité, les éditeurs ne s'aventurent que très rarement à publier de véritables volumes de poésie; ils préfèrent multiplier les minces plaquettes, qui ne dépassent guère 48 ou 64 pages le plus souvent, et diminuer ainsi les risques financiers en répartissant leurs frais sur une plus longue période. Cela nous vaut deux ou trois plaquettes par mois, dont quelques-unes sont illustrées de gravures, presque toujours non-représentatives. Il y a là une heureuse collaboration entre certains poètes et certains artistes d'avant-garde mais, au risque d'être cruel, je dois dire que plusieurs de ces plaquettes sont beaucoup plus agréables à voir et à palper qu'à lire. En général, elles sont éditées avec bon goût, sur beau papier, et il est parfois regrettable qu'on emballe avec tant de soin des denrées aussi périssables. Il est assez rare que les maisons d'édition les plus riches publient les œuvres des poètes, et il faut être reconnaissant à quelques jeunes poètes et amis de la poésie, réunis sous le signe de l'Hexagone ou d'Orphée, de la persistance dont ils font preuve en continuant de publier ces jolies plaquettes en dépit de l'indifférence du grand public. Les poètes ont peu de lecteurs; heureusement, ceux qu'ils ont sont fidèles et fervents.

Les poètes sont sans doute aussi responsables que les lecteurs du divorce qui existe aujourd'hui entre les uns et les autres. Le lecteur qui ouvre au hasard des gestes une plaquette de poèmes chez son libraire y découvre souvent quelque chose qui ne ressemble en rien à la poésie

qui lui est familière. Il risque ainsi de passer outre, en présence d'une œuvre de poids, et il serait vain de le disculper totalement de cet état de désunion qui contribue à isoler davantage le poète qui est déjà par définition un solitaire. D'autre part, les poètes se complaisent parfois trop volontiers dans l'incommunicable, et je suis convaincu personnellement que chez beaucoup d'entre eux l'hermétisme n'est qu'une forme raffinée du jeu de cache-cache. Il ne semble pas indéniable que le poète doive jouir d'une grande liberté, mais la plus haute liberté est celle qui domine les contraintes et, en tournant le dos aux formes régulières traditionnelles, plusieurs poètes n'ont rien fait d'autre que de prendre une solution de facilité dont il ne faut pas être dupe. Quelques-uns obéissent à une exigence personnelle profonde en rejettant certains canons pour trouver un rythme qui donne à leurs vers libérés un mouvement, un nombre qui soit celui-là même de leur souffle; mais pour la plupart des poètes, ce refus de toute forme fixe n'est que la manifestation d'une impuissance et une aberration. Aux ordres établis par des poètes qui ont fait école ils n'ont pas su en substituer un nouveau. Il est également vrai que d'autres prétendent respecter les lois officielles des traités classiques, mais que n'ayant rien à dire, leurs textes ne sont que de vains exercices de littérature mort-née.

Il semble que la poésie soit liée à des phénomènes de deux ordres totalement divers, voire parfois opposés, et que la plus haute et la plus rare ne se rencontre que lorsque les uns et les autres coexistent d'une manière singulièrement harmonieuse. Il y a dans toute œuvre de création une mise à jour de secrets qui est l'aboutissement d'aventures vécues, comme il y a une splendeur qui est l'achèvement dernier de la forme verbale. Le malheur est que trop de poètes soient déficients, soit du côté de la vie, soit du côté de l'art, et que trop souvent les uns, qui pensent avoir une expérience unique à révéler, ne savent pas lui donner une forme belle et durable, tandis que les autres, qui parfois ont réussi à dominer l'appareil poétique, n'ont rien, ou si peu que rien, à dire. Les habiles faiseurs de vers ne sont pas plus poètes que les prétendus révélateurs d'inconnues, et la tâche du critique est devenue beaucoup plus difficile depuis que la majorité des poètes et de ceux qui se veulent tels revendiquent le droit de n'obéir qu'à des lois personnelles. A la vérité, c'est obliger le lecteur à découvrir dans chaque œuvre un code individuel: il n'est pas d'art sans un ordre quelconque. Mais pour un poète authentique qui nous donne une œuvre valable, il y a dix littérateurs dont les textes ne sont que littérature, ou beaucoup moins que littérature dans maints cas. Ces considérations générales—et je sais bien

que toute généralisation est par maints côtés malheureuse—naissent naturellement dans l'esprit d'un lecteur à qui on a confié la tâche, par moments ravissante, parfois agréable et le plus souvent détestable, de lire d'affilée (et dans certains cas de relire) plus de trente volumes et plaquettes de vers parus au cours de 1958. Il y faut un estomac solide.

La valeur du langage poétique a d'ailleurs retenu l'attention de ceux qui ont participé à la Deuxième Rencontre des Poètes qui a eu lieu à Morin Heights l'automne dernier et où Frank Scott pouvait discuter avec Clément Marchand, Jean-Guy Pilon avec Louis Dudek et Anne Hébert avec Jay Macpherson. Ces rencontres sont la manifestation évidente du profond désir qu'ont quelques poètes de prendre plus nettement conscience de la nature et de la fonction de la poésie, et on y peut entendre des communications d'une précision illuminante, et d'autres qui sont d'un verbalisme qui ne résiste pas à l'analyse même la moins sévère. La communication la plus importante de la rencontre fut celle de Fernande Saint-Martin, qui mettait en question le pouvoir même de la parole, et qui était un résumé de son essai sur *La Littérature et le non-verbal* dont il est question dans une autre chronique (*vide* p. 478). Quoi qu'on puisse penser de ses théories, Fernande Saint-Martin a eu le mérite de situer le débat à son plan le plus essentiel, et de tels échanges de vues ne peuvent que cimenter plus solidement les pierres que chaque poète apporte (les uns n'ont rien d'autre qu'une truelle!) dans un geste de fraternelle collaboration, en vue d'édifier une demeure commune.

Le plus parfait plaisir poétique que les poètes du Canada français m'ont donné en 1958 ne m'est cependant venu ni d'un volume, ni de cette rencontre de Morin Heights, mais de ce disque microsillon gravé par *Folkways Records* qui nous fait entendre la *Voix de 8 poètes du Canada*: Alain Grandbois, Anne Hébert, Gilles Hénault, Roland Giguère, Jean-Guy Pilon, Rina Lasnier, Yves Préfontaine et Paul-Marie Lapointe. Ces poètes disent bien leurs vers—ce ne sont malheureusement pas toujours les meilleurs—et l'enregistrement est excellent. C'est un disque d'un intérêt indéniable, car il souligne sans équivoque le caractère grave d'une partie importante de la poésie canadienne récente, par opposition à ce qu'elle avait de léger et de sentimental il y a vingt ou trente ans. Quand Alain Grandbois évoque ses "tourments plus forts de n'être qu'une seule apparence" et Anne Hébert dit son "cœur au poing comme un faucon aveugle"; quand Gilles Hénault parle "la bouche pleine d'une amère certitude" et Roland Giguère évoque "le voyageur qui s'enlise dans les jours que nous vivons"; quand, d'autre part, Pilon

annonce que l'amour lui révélera "la stratégie des bêtes et les projets inamovibles de l'arbre libre," et Rina Lasnier apprivoise la conque et la mouette "par la robe sans fissure de l'harmonie"; quand enfin Préfontaine nous dit entendre le chant d'espace et Paul-Marie Lapointe pleure les tristesses de la "planète désolée"—tout cela est, sur le plan de l'art, très inégal, mais tout cela révèle combien profond et répandu est aujourd'hui le sentiment tragique de la vie. Sauf chez Préfontaine, c'est une poésie qui a tordu à l'éloquence son cou.

Certes, *Albert Lozeau* a chanté il y a un demi-siècle "la poussière du jour et la cendre de l'heure," mais l'expérience de la souffrance et de la solitude qui est à la source de la meilleure partie de son œuvre lui est toujours apparue comme un malheur personnel et non comme la condition de l'homme. Cette œuvre est nostalgique, mélancolique et sentimentale et, à ses meilleurs moments, fait de Lozeau un poète mineur digne d'une place dans cette excellente petite collection "Classiques canadiens" (Fides, pp. 96, $.60) où il a été introduit par Yves de Margerie. Comme tous les autres, ce petit volume de cette collection contient une introduction, une chronologie de la vie et de l'œuvre, des notes bibliographiques et un choix de textes. Deux autres "Classiques canadiens" parus en 1958 ont été consacrés à des poètes, *Paul Morin* et *Alain Grandbois*. Présentée par Jean-Paul Plante, l'œuvre de *Paul Morin* (Fides, pp. 95, $.75) nous apparaît aujourd'hui comme celle d'un virtuose pleinement maître de ses moyens qui sut fabriquer de jolis "bibelots d'inanité sonore" ornés de motifs exotiques: français, grecs ou orientaux. Sur le plan de la technique, on n'a rien fait de plus parfait au Canada français; quant au poids humain de l'œuvre, il est assez léger. Le désenchantement de l'auteur semble être un sentiment assez superficiel quand on le compare à l'angoisse d'Alain Grandbois en présence de la mort, angoisse que les sortilèges de la parole ne parviennent pas à dissiper. Le poète des *Iles de la nuit* reste à l'avant-garde de la poésie actuelle et, probablement, celui dont l'œuvre et l'exemple exercent l'influence la plus profonde et la plus étendue sur les poètes de la génération montante. *Alain Grandbois* a été préparé par Jacques Brault (Fides, pp. 95, $.75).

On peut d'ailleurs avoir une idée assez juste des tendances actuelles de la poésie canadienne-française en lisant *Twelve Modern French-Canadian Poets: Douze Poètes modernes du Canada français* (Ryerson, pp. xii, 99, $3.50) où l'on trouve le texte de 42 pièces de douze poètes et la traduction anglaise qu'en a faite G. R. Roy. Pour le lecteur de langue anglaise qui n'a qu'une connaisance imparfaite du français,

ces traductions littérales et littéraires peuvent constituer une excellente introduction à la poésie canadienne-française contemporaine. La plupart des textes sont choisis judicieusement et font connaître Gabriel Charpentier, Fernand Dumont, Jean-Paul Filion, Saint-Denys-Garneau, Sylvain Garneau, Roland Giguère, Alain Grandbois, Anne Hébert, Gatien Lapointe, Rina Lasnier, Isabelle Legris et Fernand Ouellette. Sauf Sylvain Garneau, qui est resté attaché à des formes fixes, tous ces poètes ont adopté des formes personnelles et le traducteur a réussi à rester fidèle à des textes qui comportent presque toujours une certaine dose d'ésotérisme.

Le fait est que très peu de poètes utilisent aujourd'hui, pour s'exprimer, le vers régulier et le poème à forme fixe. Très peu d'entre eux également aspirent à la clarté classique et, malheureusement, ceux qui le font ne sont pas les meilleurs, du moins à en juger par ceux qui ont publié en 1958. Il est aussi malheureux que la plupart des autres ne dépassent pas la pure médiocrité, et certains n'y atteignent même pas. Il n'est pas un seul volume de vers paru en 1958 qui soit vraiment remarquable; somme toute, c'est une année de sécheresse.

Presque chaque vers des *Propos d'un soir* de François Noël (s.l.n.d.) pourrait trouver place dans un sottisier. Il ne s'était rien publié de tel chez nous depuis assez longtemps. Plusieurs autres recueils ne méritaient pas d'être publiés. Je ne trouve aucun intérêt, par exemple, à des plaquettes comme *Perds-moi encore* de Guy Michon (Editions Nocturne, pp. 53, $1.50), *La Chair abolie* de Gilles Leclerc (Editions de l'Aube, 1957, pp. 63, $1.00), *Le Pouls de ma vie* de Claire Lévesque (Editions Albert Lévesque, 1957, pp. 44, $1.00), *Cherche tes mots, cherche tes pas* de Roch Carrier (Nocturne, non numéroté, $1.00), *Les Affres du zeste* de Diane Pelletier Spiecker (Editions Quartz, pp. 32, $1.50), ou *Matin sur l'Amérique* d'André-Pierre Boucher (Editions d'Orphée, pp. 51, $2.00), qui ne confirme pas la vague promesse que représentait *Fuites intérieures*. Je ne trouve guère d'intérêt non plus aux quelques pièces primées au concours des jeunes auteurs organisé par la Société Radio-Canada et publiées dans *Les Jeunes Auteurs: Un Choix des poèmes, contes et textes dramatiques primés au 1er concours des jeunes auteurs* (Société Radio-Canada, pp. 108, $1.00) non plus qu'aux pièces réunies dans *Fantaisies*, présentation par Léandre Poirier (Nocturne, pp. 62, iii, $1.50).

Quelques autres plaquettes n'offrent qu'un intérêt très mince. C'est le cas d'*Au loin l'espoir: Poèmes*, par Gilbert Choquette (chez l'auteur, pp. 56, $1.25), dont je ne retiendrais qu'une page: "Si mes mains

étaient de terre . . ."; de *La Mémoire innocente* de Georges Dor (De l'Aube, pp. 60, $1.00), dont le premier poème est le meilleur; de *Terres prochaines,* par Guy Fournier (Orphée, non numéroté, $1.50), suite d'imprécations qui rappellent de loin Céline ou Prévert; d'*Au grand soleil de l'avenir*, par Michel Aubier (Beauchemin, pp. 78, $2.75), poèmes ambitieux où les bons vers sont si rares qu'ils y font figure d'accidents; la même remarque s'applique aux *Poèmes* de Louis-Paul Hamel (chez l'auteur, pp. 50), où le manque de goût et de cohérence ruine des qualités certaines du côté du tempérament et du rythme. Quant à *La Fille du silence* de Jean-Charles Harvey (Orphée, pp. 127, $2.00), c'est une suite de poèmes érotiques d'un romantisme usé: le sens du rythme que possède l'auteur ne parvient pas à faire oublier tout ce qu'il y a de conventionnel dans ce livre où abondent aussi les fautes de goût.

Trois jeunes filles, ou jeunes femmes, n'offrent guère mieux que des promesses, et encore incertaines. *A la limite des choses* de Marie Saint-Jacques Guimont (Beauchemin, 1957, pp. 89, $1.75) se termine par une belle page:

> Quand je mourrai, Seigneur,
> et qu'on me posera
> parmi les radicelles et les sucs vitaux,
> divisée, désunie,
> et que tout doucement en votre grâce entrerai,
> qui me reconnaîtra de ceux que j'ai aimés? . . .

Il y a dans *Les Poèmes de la sommeillante* de Kline Sainte-Marie (Quartz, pp. 48, $1.50) une unité de ton qui est l'indice d'un tempérament poétique en puissance, mais une ambiguité d'écriture qui est la manifestation d'un inachèvement qui rend impossible l'interprétation de l'œuvre. Il y a également chez Françoise Bujold un pareil inachèvement du côté de l'écriture qui empêche *La Fille unique* (Edition Goglin, pp. 38, $2.00) d'être un livre aussi impressionnant qu'il eût pu l'être. Je ne sais trop quoi penser non plus des *Sentences d'amour et d'ivresse* de Jean-Claude Dussault (Orphée, non numéroté, hors commerce), dont l'écriture est ferme et nette, mais dont il est impossible de saisir l'originalité sans connaître l'arabe puisque ces quatrains sont des adaptations de poèmes qui ont la brièveté des maximes et, souvent, leur ambiguité:

> Si je L'aime, je ne suis rien
> Autre que l'Amour qu'Elle est;
> Et mon âme, en vérité,
> N'est rien que mon amour pour Elle.

Tous ces quatrains sont des suggestions érotiques plus platoniques que réalistes.

Les Temples effondrés d'Yves Préfontaine (Orphée, 1957, pp. 77, $1.50) sont, par contre, une orgie de verbalisme qui trahit chez l'auteur un goût presque maladif pour les mots sonores et rares et pour les associations imprévues de termes dont la légitimité n'est pas souvent apparente. Il y a là une forme supérieure de gargarisme qui réduit la poésie à un phénomène physique, ou physiologique: à ce niveau les poèmes n'ont plus besoin d'avoir de sens, ils vous bousculent comme un coup de vent. Mais ce n'est précisément que du vent: *flatus vocis*.

Le souffle est devenu d'une telle rareté chez les jeunes poètes qu'il est malheureux que celui qui semble en avoir le plus s'y abandonne aveuglément et accouche de longs discours inintelligibles. Moins verbeux qu'Yves Préfontaine, Ronald Després manque cependant, lui aussi, de densité, s'il ne manque pas de cohérence, dans la plupart des pages de *Silences à nourrir de sang* (Orphée, pp. 103, $1.50). Ces poèmes sont plus facilement accessibles que ceux de la plupart de ses confrères, mais ils comportent presque toujours une part de développement verbal dont la nécessité n'est pas évidente. Des pages comme "Porte sacrée," ou "Trahison du soleil,"

> Cygnes blancs posés sur mes genoux
> Laissez-moi palper le duvet de vos ailes mortes . . .

révèlent des possibilités chez l'auteur qui, cependant, devra apprendre à se méfier d'une certaine facilité et à s'imposer de rigoureuses contraintes pour élaguer de cette poésie ce qu'elle a de vague et de vide.

Chez Alain Marceau, comme chez quelques autres, on retrouve des thèmes chers à Alain Grandbois, Saint-Denys-Garneau, Anne Hébert et la dernière Rina Lasnier; mais ici, ils se retrouvent tous comme l'image réduite d'un nouveau conformisme. A lire, par exemple, la page qui suit, on ne trouve rien d'autre que ce qu'il y a de commun aux poètes mentionnés ci-haut:

> A quoi rêvent les noyés
> leurs grands yeux bien ouverts
> sur la nuit verte et verticale
> de toutes les mers
>
> Les lourds plafonds d'eau
> les colonnes d'algues
> les coraux immenses fleuris en jardin
> leur font un domaine étrange

Où ils se promènent
seuls comme avant
cherchant toujours plus loin
leurs désirs de soleil

Leurs mains creusent les sables
leurs pieds cheminent cent chemins
leur bouche éternellement engouffre l'océan
puis ils se retrouvent [retournent?] sur eux-mêmes
toujours seuls et pareils

Cela pourrait tout aussi bien se trouver dans *Solitudes*, *L'Etoile pourpre*, *Escales* ou *Le Tombeau des rois* que dans *A la pointe des yeux* (Editions de l'Hexagone, pp. 30, $1.00), et cela donne nettement l'idée du sous-produit: nos poètes d'avant-garde les plus authentiques auront leur académisme, comme Racine a son Lebrun-Pindare.

Quelques-uns toutefois ont un accent personnel. Olivier Marchand est de ceux-là. Il y a quelque chose de tendu et d'âpre dans *Crier que je vis* (Hexagone, non numéroté, $.75), et cette poésie est vraiment un cri, le cri de celui qui ne veut pas se laisser écraser par les mécaniques géantes d'une civilisation de glace. Le cri est ici une protestation, et il est un appel vers la lumière et la justice. Nous touchons ici à des expériences essentielles, et il est regrettable que cette vie ne passe pas dans une parole plus poétique.

On peut en dire autant de Michel van Schendel dont les *Poèmes de l'Amérique étrangère* (Hexagone, pp. 46, $1.00) expriment surtout le déchirement intérieur d'un Flamand qui s'acharne à s'adapter à une terre qui lui est étrangère et où il balance entre l'acceptation et le refus de la civilisation qu'il y découvre. L'auteur a beau parler d'un "combat dans le sang et dans le froid," on a peine à y croire, car ce cahier manque de chaleur et de spontanéité et sent l'huile: l'auteur réfléchit sur sa condition d'exilé, et ce qu'il veut être poésie n'est, en somme, que l'organisation volontaire d'une suite d'images et de termes violents qu'il se plaît à entrechoquer, à heurter. Michel van Schendel est un critique de qualité, il n'est pas un poète.

Fernand Ouellette l'est davantage, malgré ce qu'il y a de cérébral dans un recueil comme *Sequences de l'aile* (Hexagone, pp. 53, $1.25), où revient comme un *leit-motiv* l'aspiration à sortir de ce monde fini et à se perdre dans les espaces interstellaires. L'auteur cherche à intégrer dans la poésie une part du vocabulaire scientifique: il nous parle de "la radiographie du jour" et il écrit "un quatuor climatisé," et il y a là, je le crains, une certaine résistance de la part du matériau qui rend

difficile la réussite de son effort. Le poète est de son temps: il élargit sa curiosité jusqu'aux confins des mondes, mais il ne renonce pas aux réalités les plus immédiates, et il ne parvient pas à concilier vraiment "la paix des cuisses" et "l'ultra-parfum du métal." Il a beau dire à la femme: "Ta pure extase est passeport des étoiles"; on croit difficilement à de tels rapprochements qui ont quelque chose de forcé (tout le monde n'est pas Supervielle).

Alors que Ouellette s'élance vers les espaces interplanétaires, mais sans réussir à les apprivoiser, Maurice Beaulieu reste, non plus enlisé dans la glaise comme on le trouvait dans *A glaise fendre*, mais attaché au sol par tous ses membres: créature essentiellement terrestre. Il y avait dans le premier cahier comme un étranglement de la voix qui permettait à peine à la parole de sortir douloureusement de l'organe blessé: jamais parole ne fut plus voisine du mutisme. Aujourd'hui, le verbe reste bref, la parole reste laborieuse, mais *Il fait clair de glaise* (Orphée, pp. 95, $1.50), c'est-à-dire que la lumière s'est levée sur cette planète à laquelle le poète reste attaché par les deux pieds:

> Homme trituré je fus
> Homme de joie je suis.

Cette joie, c'est le fruit de l'acceptation humble et grave de la condition terrestre: Beaulieu se découvre le frère du minéral et du végétal et il dit, "J'habite la saveur charnelle des éléments." Nous sommes ici assez près de Ponge, et cet accent a la dureté de celui de Guillevic. Mais la voix de Beaulieu n'est qu'à lui, et elle est une victoire durement gagnée sur l'opacité profonde des éléments les plus humbles de la nature dont le poète refuse de se séparer. Il y a dans le vocabulaire une certaine recherche, qui par moments, touche à la préciosité: c'est la coquetterie de la tortue.

Toutes ces poésies, celles de Beaulieu, de Marchand, de van Schendel, de Ouellette et de Préfontaine, sont des poésies dont la gravité touche parfois à l'ontologie et à la théologie, et elles se veulent armes d'assaut dans ce dur combat dont parlait Rimbaud. Mais il y a aussi le repos du guerrier et, après que le sang est séché sur la face du poète, on peut légitimement trouver un certain plaisir à lire *Les Pavés secs* de Jacques Godbout (Beauchemin, pp. 93, $2.25), et *Fredons et couplets* d'André Cailloux (Beauchemin, pp. 80, $1.50). Peu de choses échappent à l'ironie de Godbout et il pourrait bien jouer parmi les jeunes poètes d'aujourd'hui le rôle de dégonfleur de ballons—nous en avons bien besoin. Il y a quelque chose de salutaire dans la poésie de ce jeune homme qui oppose aux thèmes ambitieux qui courent les rues aujourd'hui:

oh pas grand chose
un cheveu
une parole dans le vent
un morceau de fraise
laissé dans une assiette
un pépin
trouvé par hasard dans une orange.

Cette ironie est la manifestation d'une pudeur instinctive et d'un sens critique qui, peut-être, nuit à l'épanouissement poétique complet mais a, en tout cas, le mérite de ne pas prendre des lanternes pour des vessies!

Comme Godbout, André Cailloux nous repose de l'eschatologie avec ses simples *Fredons et couplets* où il a retrouvé le ton léger et badin qui a toujours accompagné en France la plus grave poésie, et la plus haute, comme pour alléger l'atmosphère et revendiquer une place pour le sourire entre le cri d'allégresse et le sanglot de détresse. Cailloux a même l'audace de ressusciter la ballade et le sonnet pour rimer sur tout et sur rien; son cahier ne renouvelle rien, mais j'y ai trouvé un repos après avoir cherché à suivre la plupart des autres dans des aventures spirituelles où se jouerait à chaque instant le sort du monde.

En un mot, la poésie canadienne-française ne s'est guère enrichie en 1958, qui est une des nombreuses années creuses. Il ne faut ni s'en étonner, ni s'en plaindre: cela est parfaitement normal. Nous serions vraiment comblés si nous avions un très bon recueil de poèmes tous les cinq ans. Ce serait être trop exigeant que d'en espérer davantage.

[The reader's attention must also be called to the second edition of M. Guy Sylvestre's *Anthologie de la poésie canadienne française* (2ième éd., revue et augmentée, Beauchemin, pp. xxiv, 298, $2.60). This ably introduced and selected collection is the best possible introduction to French-Canadian poetry. EDITOR]

ROMAN ET THÉÂTRE — *Roger Duhamel*

Il y a déjà un bon nombre d'années que Léo-Paul Desrosiers poursuit une carrière littéraire jumelée: livres d'histoire et ouvrages de fiction alternent à une cadence régulière très éloignée de la trépidation. Méditatif et appliqué, l'auteur gagne en profondeur ce qu'il perd en facettes brillantes. C'est la forme de sa probité, qui lui vaut l'amitié de ses lecteurs; sans doute la préfère-t-il à la ferveur qui accueille des gloires plus tapageuses et peut-être provisoires. Le solide l'attire plus que le clinquant. Artisan consciencieux, il construit son œuvre lentement, sans

se soucier des fioritures et des ornements. La sévérité l'emporte sur la séduction; il nous arrive de le regretter.

Carrière jumelée, venons-nous d'écrire. Dans les débuts, cette activité à double voie tend à s'identifier; les romans eux-mêmes recherchent des étais historiques. Quelques personnages d'invention pure se mêlent à des êtres qui ont réellement vécu; placé dans un décor historique authentique et contrôlable, leur liberté de pensée et d'action en est entravée. Cet apprentissage terminé, Desrosiers a heureusement décidé de voler de ses propres ailes. Depuis *Sources*, surtout depuis *L'Ampoule d'or*, ce récit que je retiens d'une dilection particulière, il crée des hommes et des femmes absents des manuels d'histoire. Cet affranchissement s'imposait pour qu'il atteigne à sa taille véritable de romancier.

Vous qui passez (Fides, pp. 266, $2.50) soulève dès l'abord une objection. On nous laisse entendre qu'il s'agit du premier tome d'une trilogie; il est possible qu'il fût contre-indiqué de publier les trois volumes en même temps. On nous fera aisément remarquer, comme si nous l'avions oublié que les galériens du roman-fleuve, Proust, Martin du Gard, Duhamel, Romains, ont réparti la publication de leur série sur un laps de plusieurs années. Il y a cependant une différence; ces écrivains s'arrangeaient pour que chaque livre formât un ensemble bouclé, qu'il pût même se lire isolément. Ce que je reproche ici à Desrosiers, c'est d'avoir mis le point final à son volume une fois rendu à la page 264, sans aucune raison déterminante. Nous demeurons sur notre appétit; je crains même que des lecteurs point trop gourmands se dispensent de lire la suite. Ce serait dommage.

Le héros du roman, c'est Romain Heurfils, dont nous faisons la connaisance au déclin de son âge. Les premières pages nous présentent un vieillard cardiaque, condamné au repos. Puis, brusquement, retour en arrière. C'est toute la vie du héros qui nous est racontée. Romain, petit bonhomme éveillé, doué de beaucoup de facilité, plus compréhensif que travailleur, épris de solitude et cependant capable d'entregent et de bonté, appartient à une famille nombreuse de paysans. Nous le voyons s'adonner aux travaux de la ferme, nous le suivons à la petite école du rang, au collège, à l'université. Une fois reçu ingénieur, un riche mariage s'ajoutant à ses qualités personnelles, qui ne sont pas médiocres, lui assure une existence dépourvue de toute inquiétude matérielle.

Qu'on ne s'attende pas ici à des effets de surprise; il n'y a nul imprévu dans ce destin. Tout s'enchaîne avec la régularité d'un mécanisme d'horlogerie. J'avoue éprouver une certaine attirance pour ce Romain Heur-

fils; il possède, malgré une certaine étroitesse, une force de volonté qui séduit. J'apprécie également l'habileté avec laquelle l'auteur lui fait franchir les différentes étapes entre son origine rurale et son établissement dans la bourgeoisie professionnelle et cossue d'une grande ville.

Tout cela n'est encore qu'assez extérieur; il importe de dépasser la surface et d'atteindre au défaut de la cuirasse. Romain rate le bonheur à la suite d'une blessure très ancienne, à peine cicatrisée quand s'achève le livre. A la petite école, un camarade a attiré l'attention de tous sur une légère défectuosité physique en l'appelant "le Loucheux." Le sobriquet lui a collé à la peau comme la tunique de Nessus. On le sait de reste que cet âge est sans pitié. Si je comprends qu'il ait été sensible à cette taquinerie d'un goût douteux, je m'explique moins bien qu'il en ait été marqué à ce point. Dans *Le Poids du jour*, de Ringuet, Garneau, qui n'est pas sans quelque ressemblance avec Heurfils, avait été durement frappé en apprenant le secret de sa naissance illégitime. Je suis d'avis que cette révélation était plus grave que les quolibets puérils à propos d'une tare sans conséquence.

Nous avons donc en Romain Heurfils un bonhomme dont toute la vie est faussée comme s'il était un criminel de droit commun! J'ai quelque mal à accepter ce postulat, encore que les tomes subséquents pourront modifier l'éclairage et apporter une réponse plus satisfaisante à notre interrogation. De ce fait, ses rapports avec les femmes deviennent compliqués et ambigus. Par un sot entêtement, il refuse l'amour ingénu et réciproque d'une petite amie d'enfance, Angéline Bazire, il fuit devant d'autres jeunes filles qui souhaitent un attachement durable, il est ébloui par la grâce et l'intuition de Renée de Fronsac, la mère de ses amis de collège. Finalement, comme un automate, il épouse sans passion Nicole Aulneau, dont la silhouette inquiétante n'est encore qu'esquissée.

Le respect exemplaire dont Desrosiers entoure ses créatures féminines risque sans doute de trahir leur vérité intime. Leur pureté devient trop touchante pour demeurer terrestre. Le romancier a choisi de ne retenir que le côté noble des êtres; c'est un parti-pris honorable, encore qu'il ne rende pas compte de toute la réalité. La femme qu'il a dessinée avec le plus d'attendrissement communicatif, c'est Darie, la sœur chérie de Romain, rayonnante de vivacité et de grâce, d'une très souple intelligence féminine.

Desrosiers est avant tout un descriptif; la nature vit avec intensité dans son récit. Il la voit et la dépeint avec des yeux neufs, émerveillés. Certaines scènes se gravent en notre mémoire: le sarclage du champ

de tabac par les trois "petits," la promenade nocturne et solitaire de Romain sur la rivière gelée, la dernière rencontre de Romain et d'Angéline, surtout la passion du savoir qui s'empare au collège des membres de la "constellation." Si la psychologie des personnages nous paraît parfois un peu courte, elle est le plus souvent exacte. On souhaiterait toutefois que l'auteur ne se perdît pas en d'aussi longues analyses et comparaisons: qu'il fît davantage confiance à l'imagination de ses lecteurs. *Vous qui passez* inaugure avec sérieux et sans éclat un cycle romanesque que nous devrons suivre avec autant d'attention que de sympathie.

Il n'existe en soi aucune opposition fondamentale à ce qu'un poète écrive des romans. Toutefois, l'expérience a depuis longtemps démontré que l'inspiration est tout à fait différente, de même que les moyens mis en œuvre. La gratuité de l'invention poétique se plie malaisément aux exigences de l'architecture romanesque. Il reste que sur le plan de la création il est souvent illusoire de tracer des lignes de démarcation trop rigoureuses. Le génie rachète tout et brouille volontiers les catégories savamment élaborées par les professeurs. N'accolle-t-on pas indifféremment l'étiquette de roman à un livre de Paul Vialar et à un livre de Julien Gracq? C'est bien le seul point de rapprochement entre eux!

Ses vers dépouillés et austères ont valu à Anne Hébert un public peu nombreux et de qualité, quelque peu accru par les nouvelles du *Torrent*. A l'instar de son préfacier Pierre Emmanuel, elle a voulu recourir au roman comme mode d'expression. *Les Chambres de bois* (Paris: Editions du Seuil, pp. 190, $1.80) ne risquent pas de sombrer dans la banalité de l'anecdote. Si la réalité du récit est délibérement fort mince, elle ne fait que jeter une ombre légère sur une autre réalité, plus profonde, et qui ne se livre pas à l'avenant.

Réduit à son mouvement extérieur, ce roman se résume en peu de phrases. Catherine est l'aînée des quatre filles d'une mère morte et d'un père besogneux et taciturne. Dès qu'elle sort de sa chrysalide adolescente, elle fait la connaissance d'un étrange garçon, Michel, qui vit avec sa sœur Lia dans le château de la forêt. Le jeune homme voit en Catherine la branche de son salut et s'agrippe à elle. Une fois mariés, ils habitent un pied-à-terre dans la grande ville, deux chambres de bois où ils mènent une existence de reclus. L'arrivée de Lia ajoute au désaccord presque métaphysique du couple. De cette prison Catherine s'échappe un jour pour habiter un paysage de soleil et de fleurs. C'est là qu'elle se donne à Bruno, garçon fruste et sain qui lui apporte la vie après le cauchemar nocturne d'une mort artificielle qu'elle a dû traverser.

Le roman fourmille de symboles sous-entendus; l'auteur, d'une discrétion exemplaire, ne s'appesantit jamais, elle suggère plus qu'elle n'explique. Il s'ensuit un récit lisse, aérien, d'une fragilité et d'un éclat de cristal. Michel est déjà sur l'autre rive, où nul ne saura jamais le rejoindre, hors sa sœur qui partage avec lui sa mystérieuse malédiction. Ces deux êtres raffinés sont des fruits de décadence blessés dans leur esprit et jusque dans leur chair constamment frémissante. Lia a plus de courage que son frère, elle se rend jusqu'au bout de sa passion; elle est toutefois atteinte du même déséquilibre.

Le drame de Michel, c'est l'inadaptation à la condition humaine et à ses servitudes. Sans doute a-t-il cru se rattacher à l'existence en associant Catherine à son destin, mais il en a bientôt fait une victime qu'il ne s'applique plus à faire souffrir. Est-il impuissant ou à demi dément, ce garçon qui, sitôt qu'il touche à sa jeune épouse, éprouve le sentiment de la culpabilité et de la souillure? Porte-t-il dans son sang les séquelles de l'hérésie cathare? Ou plus simplement n'est-il qu'un enfant égaré dans un corps d'homme?

En face de lui, il y a Catherine, porteuse des sources de vie. Elle végétera de longs mois à l'intérieur de cet univers clos, étouffant, où le remugle du tabac remplace le vent du large. Comme un oiseau avide des vastes espaces, elle s'envole vers la lumière, vers la mer, vers le sable blond. Cette volonté qu'on aurait pu croire broyée retrouve sa vigueur pour assurer sa plénitude. Entr'ouverte pour la libération, la cage de la volière ne se refermera plus jamais sur Catherine.

Je laisse au lecteur le soin de s'abandonner à ses propres réflexions au fil de cette aventure triste et pure. Anne Hébert écrit comme l'on n'écrit à peu près pas au Canada; c'est-à-dire superbement, d'un trait juste et évocateur, avec un sens délicat du mystère dissimulé au fond des êtres. Elle a promu la litote au rang d'un art souverain! Sa poésie ne tourne jamais au verbiage. Une phrase brève, précise où jaillit une image neuve, parfois inoubliable.

> Il y avait des feuilles jaunes qui tombaient à intervalles presque réguliers, lourdes comme des sous qu'on aurait jetés dans un étang. . . . Cette façon de parler qu'avait Michel gênait Catherine comme une blessure qu'on fait fleurir sur la place. . . . Elle vit Michel qui dormait, enroulé dans une couverture sur un petit divan bas, écrasé comme une marche usée. . . .

Phrases cueillies au hasard, légères et exactes, qui s'élancent comme un jet pour atteindre au cœur des choses.

J'ai été très frappé, au cours de ma lecture, d'un ton spontané de solennité quasi liturgique. Il n'y a pas un rire dans ce roman, nul

sourire. Les personnages se déplacent à pas feutrés et se figent tout naturellement dans des attitudes hiératiques, comme des gisants. Aucune parole ne rejoint vraiment l'interlocuteur; les mots s'affaissent contre un mur glacé. Les échanges deviennent impossibles; chacun est emmuré vivant, dans la compagnie des ses phantasmes. La détresse s'exprime rarement par des gestes extérieurs, quotidiens; elle est diffuse comme une poisse. C'est un drame qui se déroule dans un aquarium.

Beaucoup plus que de fantaisie, c'est de fantasmagorie qu'il faut parler ici. Maîtresse d'une écriture qui rejoint sans effort la perfection inanimée du *Bal du comte d'Orgel*, Anne Hébert nous égare dans les voies sans issue où se perdit Augustin Meaulnes. Son récit n'est relié ni au temps ni à l'espace; il atteint à la simplicité du mythe éternel. L'épée nue entre Tristan et Iseult est de tous les siècles et toujours Mélisande échappera son anneau en présence de Pelléas. Anne Hébert se meurt dans un univers poétique d'une intensité souvent bouleversante. Elle confère à notre roman une dimension qui lui était avant elle inaccessible. On ne risque pas grand chose à voir dans *Les Chambres de bois* une œuvre haute de notre littérature.

En publiant *Les Enfants qui s'aiment*, la toute jeune Claire France avait démontré qu'elle savait déjà transposer une mince aventure d'adolescence en un récit juvénile et attrayant. Puisant dans ses propres émotions, les faisant revivre pour les savourer encore, il était possible qu'elle ait tout dit en une seule fois de ce qu'elle avait dans le cœur. Ce n'était assurément qu'une hypothèse aujourd'hui démentie par son second roman, *Et le 7e jour . . .* (Beauchemin, pp. 300, $2.75).

On ferait tort à l'auteur en lui laissant croire qu'il s'agit là d'un grand livre; qu'il lui suffise d'avoir écrit un bon roman. Elle réussit à nous intéresser, par la justesse de ses notations psychologiques et par des bonheurs d'expression assez fréquents, à une histoire toute menue et qui n'est même pas neuve. Preuve qu'il n'est pas nécessaire d'un sujet inédit —à supposer qu'il en puisse exister—pour charmer les lecteurs et peut-être davantage, dans le cas présent, les lectrices. Car il s'agit avant tout d'un roman sentimental, où domine l'amour.

L'anecdote dure peu de temps, une semaine, le temps d'une traversée Paris–New York. Deux protagonistes seulement, les autres ne sont que des comparses sans importance et dessinés d'un trait cursif. Il y a Pierre Desrochers et il y a Catherine Williams, eux seuls nous retiennent. Lui, un homme encore jeune en voyage d'affaires aux Etats-Unis; heureusement marié et père d'une fillette. Il est seul à bord et fait la connaissance de Catherine, une toute jeune fille qui a terminé ses études en France

et qui rentre dans son pays. Entre eux, attirés par un invisible aimant, se noue une idylle très tendre. Une fois débarqués, chacun se dirige vers son destin.

Ce que j'ai surtout apprécié dans ce roman, outre une grande souplesse d'écriture, c'est l'habileté de l'auteur à éviter deux écueils contraires. Elle pouvait opter pour un adultère banal et assez sordide ou elle pouvait choisir les déliquescences sucrées de la littérature rose. Elle a tracé son chemin entre les deux voies, ne dissimulant jamais les embûches terribles auxquelles doivent faire face ses deux héros, leur accordant en définitive une victoire douloureuse sur l'affolement de leurs sens. Tout cela est observé avec pénétration et mesure. Il n'y a plus aucun doute qui subsiste dans nos esprits: Claire France est vraiment une romancière.

Editeurs et libraires s'entendent pour reconnaître que les recueils de nouvelles se vendent beaucoup moins bien que les romans; cela est également vrai en France, mais se confirme beaucoup moins dans les pays anglo-saxons où fleurit la *short story*. Comment expliquer cette réaction? C'est peut-être que les lecteurs préfèrent se plonger dans le flot d'un abondant récit, plutôt que de voltiger d'un sujet à l'autre, d'un personnage à l'autre. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est malheureux que les nouvelles n'aient pas de plus nombreux partisans. Surtout au Canada, où plusieurs écrivains doués n'ont pas toujours le souffle suffisant pour s'atteler à la tâche d'un vaste roman.

J'ignore si c'est le cas de Claire Martin. Ce que je sais en revanche, c'est que les nouvelles groupées sous le titre d'*Avec ou sans amour* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 185, $2.50) sont d'une qualité exceptionnelle. Son nom s'ajoute avec honneur au bataillon déjà imposant de nos femmes de lettres. Le public connaissait depuis longtemps la distinction de son esprit et l'étendue de son savoir. Il lui reste à découvrir un écrivain d'une rare subtilité, d'une grande finesse d'observation, maniant une langue souple, dépouillée de tout colifichet et de toute fioriture. Un nouvel écrivain nous est né! Ce qui n'arrive pas forcément tous les ans.

Claire Martin ne s'embarrasse pas d'affabulations compliquées. Elle a compris d'entrée de jeu que la nouvelle devait avoir la rapidité du trait. Mérimée demeure le maître incontesté du genre. Ici, l'auteur ne recherche pas, à l'exemple de Maupassant, une situation dramatique conclue par un brusque dénouement. L'aspect psychologique dans le comportement des êtres la retient davantage. En quelques phrases ailées, avec l'air de n'y pas toucher, elle met le doigt sur telle tare de caractère, sur telle faiblesse de l'humanité. Rien de sermonnaire dans tout cela. Il

suffit de faire agir des personnages, à nous de procéder à nos propres déductions.

L'humour ne fait pas défaut au conteur. Rien d'appuyé, quelques indications cursives nous restituent l'atmosphère. Je choisis un début de nouvelle pour laisser deviner le ton de Claire Martin:

> En sortant du cinéma, j'aperçus, ce soir-là, Francis Thierry donnant le bras à une femme rousse, vêtue de vert, naturellement. Les femmes rousses savent, en naissant, que le vert leur donne un aspect incantatoire, qu'il argente leur peau blanche, et que leurs cheveux, qui brûlent au-dessus de cette absinthe, les font paraître sortir de la cornue d'un alchimiste. Pour peu qu'elles aient aussi les yeux verts, on a envie qu'elles vous fassent l'horoscope ou qu'elles vous amènent au sabbat. Circé devait être une rousse aux yeux verts. Pauvre Thierry, est-ce qu'il savait seulement ce que c'était que Circé?

C'est l'histoire d'un petit raté vaniteux. Il aboutit là d'où il n'aurait jamais dû s'éloigner: "Et puis, pour finir, il a repris son véritable nom: Gaston Dupont."

Claire Martin a plus d'intelligence que de sensibilité. La cruauté ne lui fait pas défaut. Dans mon opinion, ce n'est pas un reproche; l'estomac finit pas répugner à de fades pâtisseries. On peut trouver certaines de ses nouvelles décevantes par leur sécheresse ou arides par leur manque total de complaisance. Chacun a son univers et celui de Claire Martin n'est pas éloigné de la vérité. Un texte comme "Suis-moi" est frémissant d'une mélancolie résignée. De ces récits les uns sont meilleurs que les autres, comme il se doit; aucun n'est indifférent et l'ensemble nous procure un plaisir à peu près sans réserve. *Avec ou sans amour* marque une entrée plus qu'honorable dans nos lettres.

Ce serait sottise d'affirmer que Yves Thériault manque d'imagination et d'originalité; il déborde de l'une et de l'autre. Il a pu lui arriver de ne pas toujours utiliser heureusement ses dons abondants. C'est le type du créateur-né. Il invente avec une facilité exceptionnelle; il procure en tout cas l'impression d'une facilité jamais tarie. Les péripéties, les incidents, les aventures, naissent sous sa plume comme par enchantement. C'est une grande richesse qu'il a appris aujourd'hui à maîtriser.

Il n'est pas banal de publier un roman esquimau au pays de Québec. Tel est bien cependant *Agaguk* (Paris: Bernard Grasset [Québec: Institut littéraire], pp. 298, $3.50). C'est une œuvre ambitieuse où le romancier renouvelle à peu près complètement sa manière. Dans ses débuts, il nous présentait des personnages frustes empruntés au milieu paysan et il insistait surtout sur la puissance de leurs instincts élémentaires. Il se permit aussi une farce satirique, assez cruelle, située dans un village

québecois. A mon avis, c'est avec *Aaron,* roman se déroulant dans le milieu israélite de Montréal, qu'il conquit vraiment ses galons.

Il nous entraîne aujourd'hui très loin, dans la toundra. Son récit est plus dépouillé que jamais et atteint à une certaine grandeur épique. A vrai dire, nous ne connaissons rien de l'existence quotidienne des Esquimaux. Thériault nous la rend vraisemblable. Et comme si la vie monotone dans ces petites agglomérations isolées n'était pas suffisamment désolée, il a choisi de nous intéresser à un couple qui vit en marge de la communauté. Un homme et une femme qui repartent à zéro, comme l'Adam et l'Eve des millénaires passés.

Il se greffe là-dessus une intrigue policière, sans doute nécessaire pour retenir l'attention et rompre une certaine uniformité, et qui est au reste bien menée. Je n'y ai pris aucun déplaisir, mais j'avoue que ce n'est pas ce qui m'a davantage captivé. Ce qui donne son prix à ce roman, ce sont les rapports simples et parfois émouvants entre Agaguk et son épouse Iriook, leurs rares propos réduits à l'essentiel, les chasses du mari, sa joie naïve en découvrant la merveille de la paternité. Dans le désert de l'iglou, il y a aussi des moments tragiques. Je pense à ce sommet du livre, à la naissance de la petite fille, au combat secret qui se livre dans le cœur d'Agaguk entre son amour et son orgueil, à la farouche résistance d'Iriook, devenant l'éclatant symbole de la mère.

D'aucuns voudront faire des réserves sur le style heurté, parfois hésitant, de Thériault. Je n'en fais rien au sujet d'*Agaguk,* qui se situe dans un autre registre et qui relève d'un lyrisme viril d'une remarquable vigueur. Voilà un romancier qui n'a pas fini de nous étonner favorablement. De lui, nous n'attendrons plus que des œuvres de haute maturité.

Réalisme pas mort! Ceux qui en douteraient n'auront qu'à lire *La Bagarre* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 231, $2.50). C'est un roman de Gérard Bessette. Si je ne suis pas victime d'une fâcheuse homonymie, je crois que c'est le même homme qui a passé une thèse de doctorat ès lettres sur les images dans l'œuvre de Nelligan et qui a écrit naguère des alexandrins d'un classicisme exemplaire. On ne l'imaginerait pas aisément à la lecture de son roman.

C'est en quelque sorte un livre de choc, où il ne se passe pas grand-chose, mais où les caractères sont nettement accusés, parfois puissamment dessinés. Jules Lebeuf est un garçon qui rêve d'écrire et n'écrit jamais; s'il est vaguement étudiant à l'université, il gagne sa vie, la nuit, à nettoyer les tramways dans une remise. Pour l'instant, il vit en concubinage avec Marguerite, serveuse dans un restaurant. Tous ses moments libres, il les passe en compagnie de quelques amis dans les clubs les plus

mal famés de la ville. C'est proprement incroyable ce qu'on peut boire dans ce livre! Ces gaillards ont le foie solide!

Dans le groupe, il y a un Américain venu faire une étude sociologique sur le Canada français et qui retournera bredouille pour devenir dans son patelin petit reporter. Il y a Sillery, d'un milieu social plus élevé, un amateur peu ragoûtant des amitiés particulières. Il y a Bill, un manœuvre dépourvu de toute instruction et qui est un compagnon de travail nocturne de Lebeuf. Il y a surtout sa fille, Gisèle, petite nature vive et sensible qui aspire à s'élever au-dessus de la médiocrité ambiante et à qui Lebeuf offrira le secours de sa compréhension.

Un roman triste, au fond, puisqu'aucun de ces personnages, malgré leurs interminables palabres, n'atteindra même de loin l'idéal plus ou moins grand qu'il s'est fixé. Tout se solde par un constat de faillite, quand le groupe plus ou moins homogène formé par les circonstances se désagrège à jamais. Tout effort est vain qui tend à nous faire sortir de l'ornière où nous nous enlisons; le drame définitif, c'est au moment où nous n'en souffrons même plus. Bessette a eu raison décrire ce récit tout en grisaille qui ne manque pas de vérité.

J'entretiens toutefois à son égard un grief sérieux. Sa langue est approximative: il écrit volontiers "sur" la rue au lieu de "dans"; il nous apprend que Gisèle a obtenu une "position"; il n'hésite pas à parler de la "cancellation" d'une pension de retraite, et le reste à l'avenant. Il y a encore plus grave. Par un souci un peu puéril de réalisme verbal, il a voulu recopier les conversations telles qu'elles se tiennent, hélas, trop souvent. C'est pénible et désolant. Je m'excuse d'avance de cet exemple choisi au hasard:

> Voulez-vous que je vous dise, moué, les boys, quoi ce que c'est not'e trouble, baptême? Not'e trouble, c'est que, dzu premier jusqu'au dargnier, à commencer par moué, on chie dans nos culottes parce qu'on a peur de perde nos petites jobs! Mais Boulboule, lui, Christ, l'hiver passé—il sait p'tête ben pas la différence entre ein trèfle pis ein pique, mais il est pas si fou que hâ—l'hiver passé, quand qu'il a été au bureau-chef avec e'L'beuf, il savait ce qu'il faitsait, pis il y a été pareil. Pis à c't'heure que le v'là su' le cul, on va-t-y l'laisser su' le cul, baptème, sans lever le petit doigt?

Arrêtons là. Il y en a ainsi à toutes les pages, jusqu'à plus soif. *La Bagarre*, qui aurait pu être un bon roman, est à jamais condamnée par un langage délibérément ordurier, jamais stylisé, et par une consommation abusive de jurons.

Curieuse impression: lire un roman inédit d'un nouvel écrivain et

s'imaginer l'avoir déjà lu quelque part. L'auteur n'imite délibérément aucun de ses devanciers, mais il retrouve comme d'instinct une atmosphère que nous avons autrefois respirée, il nous situe dans un climat psychologique qui ne nous est nullement étranger. Cette observation s'impose à mon esprit après avoir terminé la lecture du *Mauvais Pain* (Fides, pp. 114, $2.00), mais je m'empresse de préciser que je n'en tire aucune conclusion péjorative à l'endroit de Jean-Paul Pinsonneault, qui fait preuve d'une incontestable maîtrise.

Voilà un roman dans la plus pure tradition française de l'analyse intense des êtres. Il est bâti avec la simplicité grandiose d'un tragédie classique. Peu de personnages, mais un conflit insoluble ou qui ne peut se dénouer que par la mort. Le drame demeure tout à fait intérieur; à qui l'envisagerait superficiellement, il apparaîtrait inexistant. Les situations douloureuses, déchirantes, ne sont pas toujours, ne sont presque jamais, celles qui déterminent le plus de tapage sur la place publique.

Une fois veuve, Ruth Villemure s'est entièrement consacrée à l'exploitation du domaine hérité de son mari. Elle montre de la dureté, de l'égoïsme, une volonté sans cesse tendue vers la possession des biens terrestres. Ce n'est pas qu'avarice de sa part. Dans cette identification avec la terre nourricière, elle trouve une compensation au vide moral de son existence. Elle ne connaît pas l'amour, même si elle se joue la comédie de déployer une telle âpreté au bénéfice de ses deux enfants. Elle perd sur tous les tableaux, puisque ces derniers s'éloignent d'elle, qui les a déjà écartés.

Ce personnage de la femme mûre et possessive est habilement campé. Toutefois, on souhaiterait en connaître davantage. Pourquoi s'est-elle ainsi sclérosée? Fût-elle malheureuse en ménage? Ou d'extraction modeste, redoute-elle d'avoir un jour à manquer du nécessaire? "I will never be hungry again," disait Scarlett O'Hara. . . . Malgré la netteté linéaire du récit, Ruth Villemure nous demeure mystérieuse; elle ne se révèle à demi qu'au moment de son entretien pénible avec le curé de la paroisse.

J'en dirai sans doute autant en ce qui a trait aux enfants. Marthe est éprise d'un jeune homme que nous ne connaîtrons pas et que sa mère éloigne avec une diligence et une efficacité diaboliques. Rien d'étonnant à ce que les rapports soient tendus entre les deux femmes. Quant à Alain, il épouse le parti de sa sœur et portera le coup final à sa mère en lui annonçant son intention de se faire prêtre. Cependant, pourquoi Marthe refuse-t-elle aussi obstinément la main tendue de Ruth, le soir de cette promenade au jardin? Pourquoi Alain parle-t-il de sa vocation

religieuse sur le ton du défi, peu compatible avec le sentiment d'humilité et de ferveur que suppose son prochain état? Il y a dans ces oppositions si fermement marquées une part évidente d'arbitraire.

Le Mauvais Pain demeure néanmoins un livre attachant. Jean-Paul Pinsonneault construit son roman à la manière de Bourget et prête à ses personnages des sentiments excessifs comme le fait généralement Mauriac. Ces deux évocations flatteuses ne doivent pas ternir son originalité propre. Je parierais que ce récit bien mené servira surtout à son auteur d'un exercice salutaire. Il se rompt aux lois non écrites de son métier. Une fois dégagé de certaines servitudes d'école, il lui sera loisible de s'affirmer pleinement lui-même. Son coup d'essai justifie la confiance que ses lecteurs placeront en lui.

Les échanges entre le roman et le théâtre ne sont pas une invention de notre temps. Ainsi Courteline tirait toutes ses pièces de ses propres contes. Procédé économique, qui convenait particulièrement bien à un écrivain dont l'imagination était peu fertile et qu'on a exagérément loué. On pourrait s'interroger sérieusement pour savoir si ces échanges s'effectuent aussi heureusement d'un côté comme de l'autre.

Il paraît plus naturel de bâtir une pièce à partir d'un roman que de pratiquer l'opération inverse. Le roman possède de la densité, de l'épaisseur; l'auteur ou l'adaptateur, selon le cas, a la faculté de choisir dans cette accumulation de faits les éléments les plus dramatiques. Il doit beaucoup élaguer, serrer le récit de près, viser à une indispensable unité d'impression. Il y parvient en ne se refusant pas des coupes sombres dans le récit. Imagine-t-on, à la scène, une représentation de *Guerre et paix*, qui conserverait tous les personnages et toutes les péripéties de Tolstoi?

Robert Choquette s'est montré plus présomptueux en procédant par la voie contraire avec *Elise Velder* (Fides, pp. 334, $3.00). Depuis des années, il anime à la radio et à la télévision une pension de famille. Comme il se doit, tout se passe au niveau des conversations et des silences; aucune description n'est permise. Pour étoffer la matière du roman né exclusivement de ses personnages déjà bien vivants, bien en place, il lui a fallu expliciter par des observations psychologiques ce que le simple dialogue réussissait avantageusement à nous faire entendre. Pour nous convaincre, peut-être aurait-il dû couper plus généreusement dans les échanges de propos, ne conservant que les scènes essentielles et vraiment efficaces.

Je sais tout ce qu'il y a d'odieux à vouloir refaire à sa guise ce que l'écrivain a porté en lui et auquel il a accordé le meilleur de sa vigilance

et de son cœur. Il n'empêche que je ressens ici un malaise que j'essaie de m'expliquer. A vrai dire, je crains que nous soyons quelques-uns à avoir mauvaise conscience. Le choc de la surprise, le plaisir de la découverte, comment les éprouverions-nous, nous qui depuis longtemps sommes commensaux de Madame Velder, qui aimons le sympathique Papineau, qui sommes agacés de l'intolérable Alexis, qui souhaitons le bonheur à cette tendre Elise? Bref, qu'est-ce que le livre nous apporte que nous ne possédions déjà?

C'est une attitude tout à fait injuste; elle le devient moins une fois avouée. J'aimerais deviner la réaction du lecteur qui n'aurait jamais entendu parler de Choquette ni de ses remarquables émissions à la radio et à la télévision. Je pense qu'il ne saurait éviter de se prendre d'amitié pour ces hommes et ces femmes vivant en vase clos, pour ce petit milieu où tous les incidents de l'extérieur ne parviennent que réfractés par le prisme minuscule de leurs passions, de leurs sentiments et de leurs faiblesses. Aucun souffle épique ne bouleverse la maison bourgeoise de la rue Sherbrooke, près Saint-Denis! C'est de l'honnête réalisme, dépouillé de toute médiocrité, soucieux de cerner les êtres dans leurs faits et gestes quotidiens. Choquette n'a pas tendu bien haut ses filets: des fauvettes remplacent les aigles. Je persiste néanmoins à croire qu'il demeure victime des succès remportés dans d'autres domaines. Il n'empêche que les amateurs de saines lectures qui ne soient pas fadaises seront servies à souhait. Le métier probe du romancier n'est jamais en défaut.

Ce n'est pas à Maurice Gagnon qu'on enseignera les lois du roman, à supposer qu'il existe des recettes infaillibles. Voici un écrivain d'une remarquable lucidité, qui mène ses personnages beaucoup plus qu'il n'est guidé par eux, et qui sait nouer très habilement les fils d'une intrigue. *L'Echéance* m'avait ravi par sa qualité d'émotion: un homme face à sa mort et qui tente désespérément de s'accrocher à la vie par la voie de la jeunesse. Malgré l'adresse de la construction, *Rideau de neige*—qui ferait un excellent film—m'a paru le travail exact de l'artisan trop appliqué.

J'éprouve à peu près le même sentiment en terminant la lecture de *L'Anse aux brumes* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 218, $2.50). Cette fois-ci, Gagnon s'est lancé dans le roman fantastique. L'aventure se passe en mer. On m'affirme que tous les détais concernant la navigation sont d'une impeccable rigueur; ce qui n'a rien pour m'étonner puisque l'auteur, sauf erreur, fut officier de marine. S'il ne l'avait pas été, il se serait à ce point documenté qu'il eût mérité de l'être! Du point de vue

métier, qu'on lui fasse confiance; sa probité est au-dessus de tout soupçon.

Je me refuse à raconter une aventure qui ne manque pas de piquant. Le personnage de la jeune femme, Sigrid, est attachant par son étrangeté même. Les hasards du voyage suscitent sans cesse notre curiosité. La déception ne survient qu'à la fin. Il y a en effet une invraisemblance fondamentale dans la trame du récit. Ce transfert de personnalité à travers les âges n'est pas en soi inconcevable, si l'on se place dans la perspective romanesque. Nous n'avons pas oublié le très beau roman de Julien Green *Varouna*. Encore est-il indispensable de respecter la crédibilité installée au sein de l'incroyable. J'ai l'impression que Maurice Gagnon a dépassé la mesure.

Il reste un fabricant de grande classe. Le mot peut déplaire; il n'a rien de vraiment péjoratif. Il indique simplement que nous sommes en face d'un écrivain désormais chevronné, qui a sans doute le tort de se fier trop aveuglément aux impératifs techniques, sans toujours conserver la marge d'âme suffisante. Et avant tout nous aimons les êtres humains! Un roman bien bâti, à coup sûr.

On me rapporte que Marie-Anne A. Roy serait la sœur de Gabrielle Roy. Je n'en sais rien. La lecture de son roman *Valcourt ou La Dernière Etape* (chez l'auteur, pp. 414, $325) n'invite à aucun rapprochement; ce qui n'est pas un reproche, puisqu'il n'est nullement recommandé que deux sœurs doivent écrire d'identique façon. Je n'avais rien écrit en marge du *Pain de chez nous*, pour ne pas donner l'impression désagréable de m'acharner sur une débutante. Au second volume, il en va différemment. Après l'histoire d'une famille manitobaine nous avons aujourd'hui un récit qui se déroule dans le Grand Nord canadien, en Alberta.

C'est l'histoire d'une institutrice, Antoinette Bernier, qui fournit les rudiments de l'instruction à des enfants dans un bled perdu; il y a là des petits Canadiens français et des petits Néo-Canadiens. La population est pauvre, elle côtoie la misère. Chacun n'est donc préoccupé que de l'immédiat et n'entretient aucun souci désintéressé. Par sa formation, Antoinette les dépasse de beaucoup. Mais elle est simple, franche, directe, et n'essaie jamais d'étaler une supériorité qu'elle est même trop modeste pour ressentir. De son zèle, elle n'est guère récompensée; elle n'a pas l'appui entier de celui qui devrait la comprendre davantage, le curé, représenté ici sous les traits d'un prêtre autoritaire et assez obtus. Dans sa solitude, cette femme mûrissante a échafaudé un roman d'amour avec un brave bougre du voisinage; l'espoir a lui et s'éteint bientôt. Un drame mettra

fin à une existence faite de dévouement obscur et de renoncement quotidien.

Bien qu'il ne soit pas puissamment original, le sujet en vaut d'autres. De cette matière, un romancier plus doué aurait pu tirer un récit palpitant. Avouerai-je à regret qu'il n'en est rien? Non que Marie-Anne Roy ne sache écrire convenablement; ses descriptions sont justes, sa psychologie des personnages l'est également, quoiqu'un peu sommaire, ses dialogues ne sont pas trop artificiels. Et pourtant rien ne nous empoigne. Il lui manque cette faculté indéfinissable de transposition qui nous situe d'emblée dans un univers à part, celui de l'auteur. Ici tout s'enchaîne sans la moindre surprise, dans un climat d'honnête banalité. Ce n'est pas un roman raté; c'est une chronique consacrée à l'existence âpre et humble de bâtisseurs de pays qui ne sont pas dans l'ensemble tellement sympathiques. Aucun défaut saillant, mais l'art est absent. Dommage.

Je croyais sincèrement que le roman à thèse était définitivement effacé de la carte littéraire. C'était sans contredit une illusion. Le démenti, je le trouve dans l'ouvrage de Louis-Roland Paradis *Sentence le 21 . . .* (Beauchemin, pp. 187, $2.00). C'est aussi, si l'on veut, un roman social dont l'argument se résume à ceci: les jeunes gens en apparence les plus rudes et les plus affranchis ne sont pas aussi méchants qu'on se l'imagine et toute tentative de réhabilitation n'est pas d'avance vouée à l'échec. Ce qui est bien de nature à rasséréner nos âmes bourgeoises.

Nous sommes dans un petit restaurant de coin de rue, où des jeunes gens du quartier, sans être forcément des amis intimes, se rencontrent fréquemment devant un sandwich ou une glace. Ce soir-là, Mollusque n'entretient aucune intention belliqueuse. Mais Taupin Bolduc pousse les choses un peu loin; il fait sur famille des allusions qu'il ne saurait accepter. Le règlement de comptes s'effectue sur place; après avoir démoli le Bolduc, Mollusque met le point final à sa crise d'indignation en détruisant le grand miroir du restaurant.

Le mécanisme est mis en œuvre. Nous faisons successivement la connaissance du policier compréhensif qui saura obtenir la confession de Mollusque, du juge humain, soucieux d'appliquer la loi en respectant l'équité, du travailleur social d'un optimisme robuste, de la tante au grand cœur sous ses airs goguenards, de la petite serveuse qui partagera la vie de Mollusque après la bénédiction de monsieur le vicaire. C'est presque trop édifiant pour nous convaincre. Comme c'est attendrissant, tant de braves gens à travailler à une cause commune!

Je ne veux pas céder ici à une ironie facile. Je pense bien que Louis-

Roland Paradis est suffisamment lucide pour comprendre que sa contribution à la littérature canadienne est très modeste. Il a voulu simplement attirer l'attention des lecteurs sur un problème véritable, celui des vestes-de-cuir, de ces jeunes hommes qui souvent ne bénéficient pas de la sécurité d'un foyer normal et qui s'efforcent de s'affirmer souvent dans des voies condamnables. J'ajoute que si la langue est volontairement populaire et incorrecte, les dialogues sont pris sur le vif et correspondent à une observation quasi photographique. (Est-ce que le correcteur d'épreuves sommeillait en revisant les galées de ce livre?)

Il est d'avance admis qu'on aime ou qu'on n'aime pas les œuvres dramatiques de Jacques Languirand. Les uns exaltent sa conception et crient au génie; les autres le jugent comme un mystificateur ou un insignifiant. Je suis bien convaincu que les deux clans ont tort, bien que s'il fallait me ranger dans un secteur déterminé, je n'hésiterais pas un seul instant à rallier les premiers. Je devrais plutôt écrire que je n'hésiterais *plus*, après la lecture de *Les Grands Départs* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 122, $1.50).

La représentation télévisée m'avait grandement agacé; c'est le contraire de ce qui arrive le plus souvent, nos interprètes s'affirmant généralement supérieurs aux textes qu'ils servent. Aussi bien étais-je heureux de pouvoir lire cette pièce en toute tranquillité, sans être encombré de quelques maladresses de mise en scène et de certains tics d'acteurs.

Il m'est indifférent de savoir s'il s'agit d'une tragédie ou d'une comédie noire; aux fabricants d'étiquettes de se débrouiller tout seuls! Languirand a choisi de traiter un thème largement universel, celui de la désespérance humaine, du vide des âmes, de l'inutilité de tout effort pour sortir de la médiocrité, d'un affaissement de la volonté impuissante à conjurer les automatismes avilissants de l'existence. Le sujet n'est pas neuf? Il n'existe aucun sujet neuf, seulement des écrivains qui construisent leur propre univers dans des termes à eux particuliers. Il n'importe que Beckett ou Ionesco entretienne une vue voisine du monde. Languirand est pleinement lui-même et il serait possible de montrer ce qui le différencie de ses aînés.

L'homme ne se résume pas à ce qu'il paraît être. Il conserve enfouis au fond de lui-même des oripeaux ou des trésors qui n'accéderont sans doute jamais à la lumière. Il vit dans un rêve, il vit de son rêve. La famille qui se torture devant nous est semblable à beaucoup d'autres familles. Ses membres en sont arrivés au point maximum de tension et

s'essaient à la courageuse lucidité de se regarder en face. Au cours de cette nuit où l'on attend les camionneurs aussi irréels que le symbolique Godot, les masques tombent. Les paroles prononcées sont délivrance et rien ne recommencera plus exactemnt comme avant. A-t-on fini de se payer en monnaie de singe? Même s'ils ne l'avouent pas par les mots, Hector sait qu'il ne sera jamais romancier, Margot sait qu'on ne ressent pas l'ivresse des épousailles après vingt ans de mariage, Eulalie sait que les hommes sont tous des êtres faibles et partant pitoyables, Sophie elle aussi sait que les rêves des jeunes filles ne s'inscrivent pas dans les voies du réel. Quant à Albert, il n'aura été que le rappel passager de l'extérieur et lui aussi est un vaincu qui a cherché à se donner le change.

Assurément, c'est une vue triste sur l'humanité; nous ne sommes plus au temps des bergeries. C'est pourquoi j'ai la conviction que *Les Grands Départs* est accordé à notre époque; cette pièce correspond à l'angoisse et à l'inquiétude plus ou moins diffuse de toute une génération. A cet égard, elle est hautement significative. Ce qui l'empêche d'être une tragédie, à la façon de Corneille ou de Montherlant, c'est que les personnages ne sont drapés ni dans leurs vêtements ni dans leurs sentiments. Je veux dire qu'ils ne se ménagent pas eux-mêmes. Un humour mordant et féroce atteint souvent un comique grinçant tout à fait de notre temps. Il en résulte que ce drame grave n'est jamais une pièce triste.

Je redoutais une entreprise métaphysique, intolérable à la scène. Il n'en est rien. L'auteur possède un sûr instinct des exigences dramatiques, il écrit une langue de théâtre, cursive, incisive, toute en rebondissements, visant droit à l'essentiel, ne s'embarrassant d'aucune fioriture littéraire. Il tranche délibérément avec les formules usées du théâtre devenu conventionnel, il ne craint pas d'innover. Il l'a eue, sa bataille d'*Hernani*! C'est d'excellent augure pour Jacques Languirand.

Pour des raisons qu'il ne semble pas nécessaire d'évoquer tant elles sont évidentes ou du moins faciles à deviner, les auteurs dramatiques au Canada francais sont peu nombreux. Ce qui est encore plus grave, c'est que leurs pièces ne survivent généralement pas aux semaines de leur création; à vrai dire, elles ne sont jamais reprises, elles ne constituent pas un répertoire permanent digne de ce nom. Le plus souvent, c'est qu'elles sont trop nettement subordonnées à un fait-divers emprunté à une actualité fugace ou à une certaine émotion collective sans lendemain. Gratien Gélinas a été un veinard de faire représenter son drame quel-

ques centaines de fois, en français et en anglais. Imagine-t-on toutefois qu'on puisse remettre *Tit-Coq* à l'affiche dans dix ou vingt ans?

Moins que la poésie, moins même que le roman, notre production dramatique ne rejoint pas l'universel. Nos personnages se meuvent en vase clos, à l'intérieur de petits problèmes particuliers et locaux, et ils demeurent à peu près inaccessibles aux auditeurs étrangers. Je n'invoque pas ici le facteur de la langue, dont l'importance, bien que réelle, n'est pas aussi grande que nous avons tendance à le penser. Je parle bien davantage d'un climat général, des préoccupations qui se bornent à notre horizon et n'atteignent pas l'homme dans son intégrité.

Si Jacques Languirand se lance dans des avenues neuves, du moins de ce côté-ci de l'Atlantique, assumant d'avance tous les risques et les maladresses de l'innovation, en revanche Marcel Dubé s'en tient à un monde familier, voire traditionnel. Son talent le porte vers le réalisme, relevé d'une pointe de poésie un peu naïve et à fleur d'épiderme. Il excelle dans la tranche de vie et à cet égard c'est justice de lui reconnaître de l'acuité dans l'observation de nos types humains et de la justesse dans le dialogue, écho fidèle de la conversation quotidienne.

Deux de ses pièces paraissent aujourd'hui en librairie: *Le Temps des lilas* et *Un Simple Soldat* ("Théâtre Canadien," no. 1, Institut Littéraire, pp. 311, $3.50). La deuxième œuvre a été d'abord conçue selon les exigences de la télévision; un découpage rapide la rapprochait des scénarios cinématographiques. Dubé se sent à son aise dans le milieu populaire où il s'est plongé dès sa première tentative, *Zone*. Il dépeint avec adresse le menu peuple des faubourgs, il le regarde vivre avec une tendresse lucide, un peu à la façon de la Gabrielle Roy de *Bonheur d'occasion*. Au sein de cette grisaille, dans cette existence vouée à la routine quotidienne, Dubé a su toutefois créer un personnage possédant une véritable dimension dramatique. Joseph, le simple soldat, possède une personnalité propre très accusée. Ce qui le rend pathétique, c'est le paradoxe dont il est déchiré.

C'est un inadapté, dans la force plénière du terme. Sa nature fruste et primaire n'a pas été affinée par une instruction qu'il n'a jamais reçue. Comme des centaines de milliers d'autres, il a été jeté dans un conflit dont il ignore tout; après avoir quitté des cadres, il ne parviendra pas à les réintégrer. Même s'il a eu sous l'uniforme une tâche obscure, il sent qu'il a participé à une grande aventure et la médiocrité de la vie civile lui répugne d'instinct. Brochant sur le tout, son être affectif a été blessé par le convol de son père avec une femme qu'il déteste du

simple fait qu'elle tient la place devenue vacante de sa mère. Ses sautes d'humeur et ses coups de boutoir s'expliquent par une détresse insondable. Dubé fait preuve d'une psychologie très déliée.

Sans doute a-t-il tenté de se renouveler avec *Le Temps des lilas*. Ce sont encore de petites gens qu'il suscite à la vie, mais l'atmosphère générale est empreinte d'une poésie discrète et nostalgique. Il n'y a ici aucune construction rigoureuse, l'action ne progresse à peu près pas, l'auteur nous présente un tableau touchant et un peu fade. La vérité humaine de chaque personnage est authentique; chacun d'eux nous intéresse à ses problèmes, à ses espoirs, mais ils ne sont guère liés entre eux. Il se dégage de cette pièce jolie une impression toute statique; en effet, la vie se déroule bien ainsi, et puis, après? On éprouve une certaine insatisfaction qu'il n'est pas facile de préciser. Il n'empêche que par ces deux œuvres très différentes de mouvement, Marcel Dubé confirme solidement ses dons. C'est un homme de théâtre qui doit se garder de tourner en rond et préférer risquer l'aventure afin de s'éloigner des sentiers battus.

Tout récemment, Jacques Ferron a publié une pièce de théâtre, *Les Grands Soleils* (Orphée, pp. 181, $2.00). A ma connaissance, c'est la première fois qu'il aborde un sujet canadien. La scène se passe à la fois au siècle dernier, lors de la rébellion des Patriotes, et de nos jours, au square Viger. Les mêmes personnages circulent d'un siècle à l'autre sans la moindre gêne. Ce qu'il importe avant tout de noter, c'est que le lecteur lui-même n'en éprouve aucune. La convention une fois acceptée, nous entrons d'emblée dans le jeu.

Comme à l'accoutumée, l'auteur ne dévoile pas ses batteries, se contentant de les laisser deviner. Parfois perce le bout de l'oreille de monsieur Homais, et aussitôt une réplique opportune et lénifiante rétablit l'équilibre. Médecin, Ferron connaît la vertu de la cautérisation. Le docteur Chénier, patriote, discute souvent avec son ancien camarade de collège, le curé loyaliste. Félix Poutré participe à l'action, en s'efforçant pour sauvegarder ses biens, de fournir des gages aux deux partis. Son fils François et la jeune Elisabeth représentent sans doute l'avenir d' "une race qui ne sait pas mourir." Sauvageau y pourvoira, son sac est rempli d'enfançons qui ne demandent qu'à vivre. Mithridate, philosophe et robineux, dégage la moralité de cette sotie.

Il ne vient à l'idée de personne de blâmer un romancier ou un homme de théâtre de prendre des libertés avec l'histoire, à condition qu'elles servent efficacement son dessein et ajoutent une beauté nouvelle. J'avoue

toutefois ne pas voir en quoi il est artistiquement avantageux de rabaisser le geste du Long-Sault pour exalter la bataille de Saint-Eustache. Un personnage s'exprime ainsi:

> Chénier est sur le point de mourir et tu me parles de Dollard, de ce petit bandit de notre préhistoire que les traîtres de '37, les Chouayens à moitié pourris, les charoquards de notre peuple sont allés déterrer pour nous faire oublier Saint-Eustache!

On croirait relire certains articles de Lucien Parizeau il y a vingt ans! Fanfaronnade d'adolescent prolongé? Petite malice gratuite? Les deux sans doute. Je suis tout prêt à reviser mon jugement sur Dollard, comme sur toute autre chose. J'attends des preuves; il se peut qu'elles tardent à venir.

Cette faute de goût oubliée, j'ai pris grand plaisir à la lecture de *Les Grands Soleils*. Ferron témoigne toujours d'une infaillible dextérité en évoluant sur la corde raide. Je souhaite qu'il se dégage à l'avenir de ces exercices où il est passé maître pour atteindre à plus de substance humaine. Le temps de la grandeur n'est pas aboli. Maurice Valency vient d'écrire: "Almost everything we do in the way of serious drama tends toward the trivial, the miniature and the sentimental." Je suis convaincu que Jacques Ferron a en lui les ressources nécessaires pour passer de la satire brillante et superficielle à une œuvre dense et authentique.

Les *Ecrits du Canada Français* (Ecrits du Canada Français, pp. 254, $2.50) publient leur quatrième cahier. C'est presque de la longévité! Cette initiative m'a paru tout à fait heureuse et j'ai toujours souhaité sa réussite. Avouerai-je que la dernière livraison m'a un peu déçu. Ce que j'appréciais dans cette publication, c'était l'électisme de son sommaire; des poèmes voisinaient avec des nouvelles et des essais. Cette fois, les dirigeants ont consacré tout le numéro à des textes rédigés pour la radio et la télévision. Je m'interroge pour savoir s'ils ont rendu un véritable service aux écrivains qui avaient conçu leurs œuvres en fonction des exigences techniques du micro et de la caméra.

J'ai lu néanmoins sans déplaisir des pièces de bonne qualité. L'intrigue de *La Mercière assassinée*, d'Anne Hébert, est aussi compliquée qu'invraisemblable, mais la langue est ferme et le mouvement demeure toujours dramatique. Je tiens *Florence* pour l'œuvre la plus humaine, la plus vraie, de Marcel Dubé. Il ne se contente plus ici d'exploiter le pittoresque du langage ou des attitudes du milieu faubourien; il s'attaque

à un problème universel qu'il recrée dans l'atmosphère propre à son théâtre. Il est possible que le décor sonore ajoutait à la valeur émotive du *Coureur de Marathon*, de Muriel Guilbault de Claude Gauvreau, mais à la lecture l'anecdote se révèle extrêmement mince et d'un dénouement trop aisément prévisiblé. Enfin, *Le Samaritain*, d'Yves Thériault, s'il ne nous empoigne pas, nous ramène à la langue drue et savoureuse que nous avions découverte avec joie dans les *Contes pour un homme seul* (1944).

LES ÉTUDES SOCIALES

Jean-Charles Bonenfant

Le livre du professeur Michel Brunet, de l'Université de Montréal, *La Présence anglaise et les Canadiens: Etudes sur l'histoire et la pensée des deux Canadas* (Beauchemin, pp. 292, $3.50) relève à la fois de l'histoire et de l'essai politique. Il contient neuf études, dont quatre sont inédites, qui ont le commun dénominateur de poser sous des aspects divers le problème des relations des deux races au Canada, aux "deux Canadas" comme aime à le préciser l'auteur. Dans "La Présence anglaise à l'époque de la Nouvelle-France," le professeur Brunet synthétise les événements qui se sont déroulés "entre l'expulsion des Anglais de l'Europe continentale et leur éclatante victoire sur le continent américain." Sous le titre "Premières Réactions des vaincus de 1760 devant leurs vainqueurs," il explique que "pour les Canadiens de 1760, la Conquête se ramenait à un simple changement dans la succession au trône." Dans "La Conquête anglaise et la déchéance de la bourgeoisie canadienne (1760–1793)," il montre comment en une génération les Canadiens conquis furent éliminés des grandes affaires. "L'absence de cette classe dirigeante laïque et bourgeoise, dont le rôle a été si important dans l'évolution des sociétés du monde atlantique," écrit-il, "demeure le grand fait de l'histoire du Canada français depuis la Conquête." "Trois Dominantes de la pensée canadienne-française: L'Agriculturisme, l'anti-étatisme et le messianisme" soulignent surtout comment on a cru par erreur et avec des conséquences néfastes à "la vocation agricole des Canadiens français du Québec." Revenant ensuite à une distinction qu'il a rendue célèbre dans son premier livre de 1954 *Canadians et Canadiens*, le professeur Brunet redit dans le chapitre intitulé "Canadianisme et

Canadianism" qu'il y a au Canada deux nations qui ne peuvent que s'unir en toute lucidité et dans un compromis. Le chapitre qui a pour titre "Un Problème historique mal posé: La Survivance collective des Canadiens et leur résistance à l'assimilation" est en définitive un plaidoyer en faveur de l'activité la plus grande possible de l'état provincial québécois. Dans "La Pratique du patriotisme dans un pays multinational et la situation particulière des Canadiens français," le professeur Brunet demande à ses compatriotes de se libérer "du verbalisme et des préoccupations culturelles et folkloriques de l'époque romantique" pour "s'appuyer sur une nouvelle pensée politique, économique et sociale qui rompra avec les illusions d'autrefois." Le chapitre sur "L'Inévitable Infériorité économique des Canadiens français" répète que cette infériorité est "le résultat inévitable de la Conquête" et qu'il est "un signe extérieur et tangible de subordination politique." Enfin, le dernier chapitre sur "Le Nationalisme canadien-français et la politique des deux Canadas" est un essai de vision réaliste des relations possibles entre les deux races. Le recueil du professeur Brunet peut soulever d'innombrables discussions mais il est certes un des plus riches d'idées qui ait été publié au Canada de langue française en 1958.

A son œuvre historique abondante, le chanoine Lionel Groulx, octogénaire, a ajouté un nouvel ouvrage en 1958: *Notre Grande Aventure: L'Empire français en Amérique du Nord (1535–1760)* (Fides, pp. 302, $4.50). C'est le second livre de la collection "Fleur de Lys" fondée par Fides en vue d'assurer la diffusion de travaux historiques d'un caractère scientifique et dans laquelle on annonce pour 1959 un autre ouvrage du chanoine Groulx, une histoire du Canada. Dans *Notre Grande Aventure*, le vénérable historien canadien-français reprend, avec un enthousiasme que même des jeunes ne possèdent plus, des synthèses qu'il a déjà tracées. Il offre une lecture agréable, passionnante, sans pour cela négliger les notes, les références ni l'index. C'est là un des meilleurs livres pour aborder l'étude de la pénétration française au sein du continent américain. Mgr Albert Tessier a publié sous le titre de *Québec-Canada* (Editions du Pélican, pp. 308, $3.25) le tome II d'une histoire du Canada dont le premier tome s'intitulait *Neuve-France*. Les événements qui se sont déroulés de 1763 à 1958 sont agréablement racontés sous un éclairage qui tient surtout compte de l'histoire française en Amérique du Nord mais qui ne néglige pas cependant complètement l'élément canadien-anglais. Sous le titre de *Camilien Houde* (Fides, pp. 258, $2.50), Robert Rumilly a publié le trentième tome de l'*His-*

toire de la Province de Québec, une chronique des événements qui débute en 1867. Malgré le titre, il ne s'agit pas d'une biographie de l'ancien maire de Montréal décédé en 1958. L'auteur a simplement voulu rappeler que la vie politique de 1928 et de 1929 est dominée d'une façon spectaculaire par l'homme qui fut alors le chef de l'opposition conservatrice. C'est la période de spéculation qui précède immédiatement la crise économique. La province de Québec se développe même si l'administration du premier ministre Taschereau est violemment attaquée. Le Québec s'intéresse aux difficultés des minorités françaises à l'extérieur et principalement aux Franco-Américains chez qui le groupe français de *La Sentinelle* en révolte contre l'évêque irlandais de Providence est condamné par le Pape.

Trois autres publications ont contribué à enrichir l'histoire sociale du Canada et plus spécialement du Canada français. Louis-Laurent Hardy a publié une *Brève Histoire du syndicalisme ouvrier au Canada* (Hexagone, pp. 158, $1.00) qui n'apporte peut-être rien d'inédit mais qui donne un résumé clair et précis des principaux événements qui se sont déroulés dans le monde syndical canadien du début du dix-neuvième siècle à nos jours. Dans *Réflexions en marge de "la grève de l'amiante": Contribution critique à une recherche* (Cahiers de l'Institut Social Populaire, pp. 80, $1.00), le R.P. Jacques Cousineau, S.J., a présenté une analyse scientifique fort intéressante des répercussions de la publication en 1956 d'un livre suscité lui-même par un événement regardé comme un point tournant dans l'histoire sociale de la province de Québec. Philippe Garigue, doyen de la Faculté des Sciences Sociales de l'Université de Montréal, traite dans des *Etudes sur le Canada français* (Faculté des Sciences Sociales, Economiques et Politiques, Université de Montréal, pp. 111, $2.00), de sujets variés, les uns en anglais, les autres en français comme "La Famille canadienne-française dans la société contemporaine," "Une Enquête sur l'industrialisation de la province de Québec: Schefferville," "Le Problème des élites économiques canadiennes-françaises."

L'année 1958 a vu paraître en un seul tome le 36e et le 37e *Rapport de l'Archiviste de la Province de Québec pour 1955–1956 et 1956–1957* (Québec: Imprimeur de la Reine, pp. viii, 553). Cette publication est une source abondante de documents d'histoire du Canada. Le dernier rapport contient en particulier l'inventaire de la Saberdache de Jacques Viger; la correspondance de Mgr Ignace Bourget pour 1844; les lettres de Louis-Joseph Papineau à sa femme de 1843 à 1862; la troisième

tranche d'un important travail de généalogie, *Nos Ancêtres au XVIIe siècle*; et *Dictionnaire généalogique et bio-bibliographique des familles canadiennes* préparé par le R.P. Archange Godbout.

Dans *Fleurs-de-Lys, Castors et Calumets: L'Epopée française du Ouisconsin* (Beauchemin, pp. 258, $2.50), Marie-Hélène Pauly a raconté l'épopée française du Ouisconsin, le Wisconsin d'aujourd'hui. Le numéro 10 des "Cahiers d'histoire" a rappelé sous la plume de Silvio Dumas, à l'occasion du 350e anniversaire de la fondation de Québec, ce que furent *La Chapelle Champlain et Notre-Dame-de-Recouvrance* (La Société Historique de Quebéc, pp. 47, $1.00).

Les Jésuites canadiens continuent de raconter dans de bonnes biographies les vies de leurs premiers martyrs en Amérique. Après Saint Charles Garnier, c'est *Martyre dans l'ombre: Saint Noël Chabanel* (Editions Bellarmin, pp. 212, $2.00) qui fait l'objet d'un livre. L'auteur, le R.P. Saintonge, S.J., dit dans un préambule avoir toujours été intrigué par la physionomie un peu voilée de Chabanel qui, venu de France au Canada pour évangéliser les Indiens, mourut martyr à trente-six ans sans laisser beaucoup de renseignements sur lui-même. La tâche du biographe n'en était que plus difficile, mais elle a été accomplie avec toute la patience et toutes les références d'un culte qui n'a voulu rien laisser à la fantaisie. Le R.P. Léon Pouliot, S.J., qui consacre depuis plusieurs années son activité d'historien à l'œuvre de Mgr Bourget, a toutefois publié en 1958 un petit livre qui a pour titre *Le Premier Retraitant du Canada: Joseph Chibouatenhoua, Huron (1640)* (Bellarmin, pp. 93, $1.00). En puisant ses renseignements dans les *Relations des Jésuites*, qu'il connaît bien, il a fait revivre un "apôtre laïque" du dix-septième siècle qui, périodiquement, se retirait dans la solitude du Fort Sainte-Marie pour y méditer et goûter les bienfaits d'une véritable retraite fermée comme on la pratique aujourd'hui.

Parmi les nombreux missionnaires oblats qui sont venus de France au Canada pour y connaître une carrière héroïque de missionnaire, le R.P. Gaston Carrière, O.M.I., a choisi de parler de celui qu'on a surnommé *Le Roi de Betsiamites: Le Père Charles Arnaud, o.m.i. (1826–1914)* (Les Editions de l'Université d'Ottawa, pp. 186, illus.). Le R.P. Arnaud arriva au Canada en 1847. Ordonné prêtre en 1849, il dépensa ensuite toute sa vie au milieu des Indiens sur la Côte Nord du Fleuve Saint-Laurent, dans l'intérieur du Labrador et jusque sur les rives de la Baie d'Ungava. Il vécut longtemps avec les Indiens à Betsiamites, mission qu'il avait fondée sur la Côte Nord. Le R.P. M.-Gabriel Perras, O.P., a publié *Le Père Eugène Prévost (1860–1946) et sa cause* (Cap-de-la-

Madeleine: Editions de l'Art Graphique, pp. 269. $2.50), biographie d'un prêtre canadien qui, en 1901, fonda une communauté, la Fraternité Sacerdotale. C'est une vie de Saint Jean-Baptiste que Béatrice Clément a donne sous le titre de *Prophète du Très-Haut: Vie de Saint Jean-Baptiste* (Editions de l'Atelier, pp. 145, $1.00).

Aux environs de la quarantaine, deux Canadiens français en vedette ont publié des essais d'autobiographies: l'abbé Ambroise Lafortune et Roger Duhamel. Sous le titre *Je suis un peu fou . . . Mémoires et confidences* (Beauchemin, pp. 138, $1.50), celui qui se contente de signer Ambroise, prêtre, raconte avec verve des incidents pittoresques de sa jeunesse et de ses nombreux voyages sur le pouce à travers le monde. Pour lui cependant, comme il l'écrit aux dernières lignes de son livre, "L'aventure n'est pas au bout du monde. Elle repose en nous, là où nous sommes, avec son magnifique cortège de joie. Il suffit d'être un peu fou. . . . " Roger Duhamel, journaliste et actuellement vice-président du Bureau des Gouverneurs de la Radio-Télévision, en intitulant ses souvenirs *Bilan provisoire* (Beauchemin, pp. 175, $2.00) nous révèle déjà la prudence intelligente des jugements sur les êtres et les choses d'un homme qui a été mêlé depuis près d'un quart de siècle à tous les événements de notre vie politique et littéraire. Les pages sont tour à tour brillantes, souriantes, ironiques parfois, même tendres, toujours intéressantes: ce sont les propos d'un esprit cultivé, sage, libéral, presque sceptique, un genre qu'a abondamment pratiqué la littérature française moderne.

Ce sont des souvenirs un peu différents que ceux du R.P. Armand Proulx, S.J., publiés sous le titre énigmatique de *Mon T'ang-li* (Bellarmin, pp. 137, illus., $1.50). "Le t'ang-li ou le *compound*," écrit l'auteur dans son avant-propos, "c'est l'église, la résidence, les écoles catholiques et les dépendances, entourées d'un haut mur de pierre et de briques." C'est donc un heureux titre pour le récit de près d'un quart de siècle d'activité missionnaire en Chine.

On s'est passionné en Amérique et en Europe pour l'aventure des trois jeunes gens qui, au cours de l'été de 1956, traversèrent l'Atlantique Nord dans un radeau primitif. Le chef de l'expédition, Henri Beaudout, a raconté la traversée dans *L'Expédition "l'Egaré II": La Traversée de l'Atlantique Nord en radeau* (Beauchemin, pp. 199, $2.50). Une première tentative avait échoué en 1955 lorsque "l'Egaré" se brisa sur la côte de Terre-Neuve. D'où le nom de "l'Egaré II" qui, lui, réussit à atteindre l'Angleterre après des semaines de navigation parfois périlleuse que l'auteur raconte simplement, mais avec beaucoup d'intérêt.

Jean-Marc Léger, journaliste de Montréal, a obtenu le prix du journalisme canadien (National Newspaper Award) avec son livre *Afrique française: Afrique nouvelle* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 258, $2.00). C'est un reportage rédigé après un voyage fait au cours de l'automne de 1956 en Afrique noire française. L'auteur analyse avec intelligence et une abondante information la transformation des colonies françaises.

Après avoir consacré ses premiers Cahiers à la poésie, ses seconds à l'histoire, l'Académie Canadienne-Française s'est contenté d'intituler ses "Cahiers 3" *Essais critiques* (Montréal, l'Académie, 535, av. Viger, pp. 175, $3.00). Victor Barbeau, qui a conçu et réalisé le volume, comme les précédents, explique dans un bref avertissement que pour embrasser la totalité du "panorama littéraire du Canada français" et être une véritable histoire de la littérature, il manque aux *Essais* un chapitre sur l'histoire et un autre sur la critique. Dans un premier chapitre, qu'il a intitulé "La Danse autour de l'érable," Victor Barbeau pose sur un ton mordant les problèmes de la littérature canadienne-française qui trop souvent, selon lui, n'est qu' "une apparence du Canada français" et est "irréaliste, sans point d'appui dans le charnel et le mystique." Dans les autres chapitres, Gilles Marcotte étudie le roman; Hermas Bastien, les contes et nouvelles; Guy Sylvestre, la poésie; Roger Duhamel, le journalisme; Paul Toupin, le théâtre; et Gustave Lamarche, la littérature sociale. Ces divers collaborateurs ont réussi une synthèse intelligente qui constitue indirectement, malgré son caractère incomplet, une des meilleures histoires qu'on ait jamais tentée des lettres canadiennes-françaises. *La Poésie et nous* (Hexagone, pp. 93, $1.25) donne les textes qui ont été présentés à la première rencontre des poètes canadiens d'aujourd'hui en septembre 1957. *La Littérature et le non-verbal* (Orphée, pp. 195, $2.60) de Fernande Saint-Martin étudie les théories psychologiques du langage et établit des rapports entre ces théories du langage et certains modes d'expression littéraire contemporain avec André Breton, Brice Parain, François Ponge et Jean-Paul Sartre.

Dans le premier des dix volumes que comprendra *L'Encyclopédie du Canada français* préparée par le Cercle du Livre de France pour constituer "la Somme de tout ce qui a été accompli au Canada français," Jean Béraud, critique dramatique depuis de nombreuses années au journal *La Presse*, a raconté l'histoire de *350 Ans de théâtre au Canada français* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 322, $5.00). On trouvera dans cet ouvrage, qui eût cependant été beaucoup plus utile avec un index,

une masse considérable de renseignements sur les théâtres, les acteurs et les auteurs dramatiques. Dans une postface, l'auteur souligne que le dramaturge et le comédien canadiens-français devant la tâche d'écrire et de jouer des pièces d'inspiration nationale sont dans la situation de ces latins qui avaient la tête pleine des chefs-d'œuvre athéniens: ils sont écrasés par le prestige du théâtre français. Ils connaissent aussi le problème "d'une langue de théâtre qui soit à la fois littéraire et vraie," ce qui fait que, comme chez les Romains encore, la comédie un peu grosse plait souvent davantage au détriment de l'œuvre savante ou fine. Séraphin Marion a ajouté un neuvième tome en 1958 à sa vaste étude commencée en 1939 sur *Les Lettres canadiennes d'autrefois*. Le tome a pour titre *La Critique littéraire dans le Canada français d'autrefois* (Editions de l'Université d'Ottawa, pp. 196, viii, $2.90). C'est en réalité une étude des critiques qui furent formulées contre le poète Louis Fréchette et des querelles que ce dernier eut avec quelques-uns de ses contemporains comme A. B. Routhier et William Chapman.

Sous le titre plutôt vague de *Lieux communs sur l'éducation* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 375, $4.75), le R.P. Jacques Tremblay, S.J., a présenté la substance d'un cours de philosophie de l'éducation. La première partie de l'ouvrage forme un "Petit Traité de l'éducation chrétienne" divisé en quatre chapitres: "Genèse des philosophies de l'éducation," "Métaphysique de l'éducation chrétienne," "Forme de l'éducation chrétienne" et "Pratique de l'éducation chrétienne." La seconde partie fournit "Quelques Données de l'histoire de l'éducation," "Quelques Données des sciences positives et de l'observation" et "Quelques Données de la métaphysique et de la révélation." Malgré l'humilité des titres du livre et des chapitres, on est en présence d'une véritable somme chrétienne sur l'éducation. Gérard Filteau a raconté l'histoire et donné la description de l'*Organisation scolaire de la province de Québec* (Montréal, Centre de Psychologie et de Pédagogie, pp. 246, $2.00), livre utile rédigé avec des préoccupations didactiques. Le R.P. Marcel de Grandpré, C.S.V., a publié *L'Educateur et la formation religieuse des adolescents: Etudes de psychologie et de sociologie religieuses appliquées à l'éducation* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. 164, $2.50). Théophile Bertrand et Edmond Caron ont dans *L'Apprentissage: Principes et réalisations dans le Québec* (Fides, pp. 162, $2.50) donné les principes et les réalisations dans le Québec non seulement de la préparation à un métier, mais aussi de l'éducation professionnelle.

Le *Manuel de statistique* de Lawrence-T. Dayhaw (Université

d'Ottawa, pp. 530) sera très utile aux étudiants de langue française qui poursuivent des études en sciences psychologiques ou pédagogiques et qui, jusqu'ici, souffraient de la pénurie d'ouvrages de ce genre. Il a été préparé spécialement pour eux par un professeur d'expérience. C'est aussi un ouvrage pratique que *Recherches et thèses* (Université d'Ottawa, pp. 162) dans lequel le R.P. R.-H. Shevenell, O.M.I., explique en français et en anglais comment préparer et rédiger une thèse.

L'Enseignement social des évêques canadiens de 1891 à 1950 (Fides, pp. 373, $4.50) a été d'abord une thèse présentée à la Faculté de Théologie de l'Université d'Ottawa par son auteur l'abbé Jean Hulliger. Le livre constitue une analyse organique et impartiale des lettres pastorales et des circulaires au clergé des évêques de tout le Canada. Avec sa bibliographie et un index détaillé, il servira d'instrument fort utile pour l'étude de l'histoire sociale et économique du Canada. La trente-cinquième session des Semaines Sociales du Canada (section française), tenue à Moncton au Nouveau-Brunswick en 1958, était consacrée à l'étude du *Chef social*. Le compte rendu des cours et conférences (Institut Social Populaire, pp. 204, $2.50) contient des allocutions, huit cours, quatre conférences et les conclusions générales des réunions.

On s'attache aux illustrations plutôt qu'au texte dans les deux ouvrages suivants: *La Province de Québec* (Editions Leméac, 1957, pp. 180, illus., $7.50) et *La Tête la première* (Québec, Institut Littéraire, pp. 318, $4.50) de Normand Hudon. Le premier est un bel album contenant 141 bibliogravures précédées de quelques pages d'introduction. Le second est un recueil de quelque 150 caricatures des vedettes de la vie politique, artistique et littéraire canadienne-française avec des légendes parfois cruelles et presque toujours spirituelles. C'est aussi sous son aspect extérieur un beau livre d'art que *Khmers* (Leméac, 1957, pp. 256, $4.00) de Raymond Bériault, mais l'auteur qui a vécu au Cambodge ne se contente pas de s'intéresser aux ruines archéologiques: il étudie un pays, son peuple et ses problèmes actuels.

Le culte marial a fait naître deux nouveaux comptes rendus de journées d'études de la Société Canadienne d'Etudes Mariales, les premières tenues en 1956 à l'Université de Sherbrooke et les secondes en 1957 à l'Université d'Ottawa. Le sujet fut le même aux deux endroits, *La Maternité spirituelle de la Bienheureuse Vierge Marie* et il sert de titre aux deux volumes (Université d'Ottawa, I, pp. vi, 184, II, pp. vi, 190). Dans *La Figure merveilleuse de Marie* (Fides, pp. 196, $1.50), le R.P. Paul-Eugène Charbonneau, C.S.C., étudie divers aspects

du culte à la Vierge et interprète les messages de Lourdes, La Salette et Fatima. C'est une thèse de théologie que *Jugement pratique et jugement spéculatif chez l'ecrivain inspiré* du R.P. Albert Desroches, C.S.V., (Université d'Ottawa, pp. 156, $4.00). Quant à *L'Action catholique: Son Organisation dans l'église* de l'abbé Roland Potvin (Presses Universitaires Laval 1957, pp. xxiv, 300, $3.50), c'est une thèse de doctorat canonique. Dans *Exercices spirituels* (Atelier, pp. 307, $3.00), l'abbé Anselme Longpré esquisse, sans procédé littéraire, comme il l'affirme lui-même, un traité de spiritualité.

La philosophie thomiste a produit de nombreux ouvrages au Canada français. Le plus récent est celui de Venant Cauchy, *Désir naturel et béatitude chez Saint Thomas* (Fides, pp. 128, $2.50). Le problème difficile étudié par l'auteur a déjà intéressé de nombreux philosophes et théologiens et il occupe une place centrale dans les relations entre la raison et la foi. Il est de nouveau étudié avec méthode et sincérité.

Le docteur François Cloutier a pratiqué dans *L'Homme et son milieu* (Cercle du Livre de France, pp. 234, $2.00) un genre peu développé au Canada français, celui de la littérature paramédicale. C'est un ouvrage de vulgarisation psychologique qui constitue une véritable initiation à l'hygiène mentale. Dans *A la recherche du bonheur* (Fides, pp. 184, $2.00), Geneviève de Francheville a étudié sans prétention les problèmes d'un foyer chrétien dans le contexte social canadien-français.

Dans la collection des dix-sept tomes que doit former le *Traité de droit civil du Québec* en voie de publication chez Wilson et Lafleur, de Montréal, deux ont vu le jour en 1958. Le tome VI (pp. 575, $15.00) est consacré aux articles 925 à 981-r du Code civil et couvre les substitutions, la prohibition d'aliéner, la fiducie et le placement des biens appartenant à autrui. L'auteur est Me Charles-Henri Lalonde. Le tome XV (pp. 439, $15.00) a été préparé par le professeur Witold Rodys, de l'Université d'Ottawa et il analyse les articles du Code civil traitant de la prescription. Il reste encore à publier trois autres tomes du *Traité de droit civil du Québec*. Sous le titre *Coffin était innocent* (Beloeil; Les Editions de l'Homme, pp. 188, $1.00), Jacques Hébert a cherché à prouver qu'il y avait des doutes sérieux sur la culpabilité d'un homme monté sur l'échafaud en 1956 à la suite d'un crime commis en Gaspésie trois ans auparavant.

Dans son *Dictionnaire général de la langue française au Canada* (Bélisle, 2–4 rue St. Jacques, Québec, pp. xvi, 1390, illus., $25.00), Louis-Alexandre Bélisle a voulu embrasser, comme il le dit dans sa

préface "la langue française dans son ensemble, telle qu'on la parle et telle qu'on la comprend au Canada français." Il a adopté comme fond le résumé fait par Amédée Beaujean du dictionnaire de Littré en y ajoutant les mots nés depuis et surtout les canadianismes qu'il a recueillis personnellement ou qu'il a puisés chez les lexicographes canadiens-français. Le dictionnaire ne fait que constater l'usage sans l'apprécier. Sa publication pose le problème d'une langue française qui, utilisée au Canada, s'éloignerait sans discernement du français international.

Le *Catalogue de la chanson folklorique française* (Presses Universitaires Laval, pp. xxxii, 397, $10.00) a été préparé dans les Publications des Archives de Folklore de l'Université Laval par Conrad Laforte. Tiré à 125 exemplaires seulement et dactylographié sur stencils, c'est un ouvrage unique au monde. Luc Lacourcière, directeur des Archives de Folklore, en dit l'importance dans la préface. "Le présent catalogue," écrit-il, "même inachevé, apparait donc déjà comme un instrument indispensable pour l'identification et l'étude comparée de la chanson folklorique française. D'ailleurs, dès avant sa publication, il s'est imposé à l'attention des chercheurs non seulement du Canada, mais de la Louisiane et même d'Europe qui en ont pris connaissance. Il demeurera comme une introduction monumentale au futur corpus de la chanson populaire."

La bibliographie de Gérard Tougas, *Liste de référence d'imprimés relatifs à la littérature canadienne-française* (University of British Columbia Library, pp. 93, $2.50) sera fort utile. Signalons qu'elle offre l'originalité de référer aux bio-bibliographies de l'Ecole des Bibliothécaires de l'Université de Montréal qui, pour la plupart, n'ont pas été imprimées et ont été microfilmées par la Bibliothèque de l'Université de la Colombie Britannique.

PUBLICATIONS IN OTHER LANGUAGES *Watson Kirkconnell*

The chief volume of poetry in this year's roster is *Canada Thistle*, by the veteran Icelandic-Canadian poet Guttormur J. Guttormsson. Born in the interlake colony in Manitoba in 1878, Mr. Guttormsson was publicly honoured in Winnipeg last autumn on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. It is fitting that yet another volume of significant

poetry from his hand should indicate that the old volcano is still in eruption.

Non-Icelandic readers need, perhaps, to be reminded that alone among the Germanic nations the Icelanders have preserved the strict alliterative prosody of their remote ancestors. Every verse-form of Western Europe has been borrowed by them, but upon all of these they have superimposed a rigid pattern of consonance. The opening lines of Guttormur's poetic preface, translated into his prosodic form, will demonstrate the point:

D'ye ken the Canada thistle
That covers the land with its harm
And chokes out the choicest harvest
To challenge the pioneer's farm?

Worst of all weeds is that thistle
To the wit of a farmer at bay,
In spite of the Russian species
That spatters his fields today. . . .

Or a stanza from his "Husky" illustrates the same point:

Husky and hiemal wolf
Are haters in any weather;
Lawless and lean, when they meet,
They leap like a flame together.

Some of his life-long interests appear again in this volume. Thus the poem "Flat Denials" (pp. 69–77) involves a sociological attack on the administration of criminal law in North America. The same sort of satirical comment is found in the thirty strophes of "Hence and Beyond." The humour is broader in "On a Borrowed Horse" and "Undertakers' Business."

His power over intricate patterns of verse is particularly noteworthy in the twelve-line stanzas of "Atomic Skill" (pp 14–16) and in the clanging consonantal masses of "The Craggy Mountain" (pp. 20–2). In "The Daughter of Aiah," he gives an original twist to the story of Rizpah, best known in one of Tennyson's grimmest and least characteristic poems. There are several personal and occasional poems but non-Icelanders would find more interest in the brief one-stanza epigrams of the "Stutt og Stakt" section. One whimsical example might, without attempting the alliteration, be rendered thus:

I'm fond of song and wine and wife;
And if God grants another life,
I hope to love a dame whose plan
Of worship is not Lutheran.

Another active veteran is the Ukrainian poet A. A. Granovsky, who was noted in this survey last year. Still another collection of his lyric poetry, *Songs to the Sun*, appeared in 1958. It is a harvest of 133 lyrics, averaging about one page apiece. It is fluent verse, which, thanks to the abundant inflections of the language, is richly adorned with feminine rhymes. It lacks, however, the sense of laboriously built and intricate craftsmanship that one finds in Guttormsson. Nature is constantly present. For example, in the space of ten pages (pp. 16–25), we find "On Lake Itasca," "The Power of the Sun," "In the Embrace of Summer," "At Dawn," "Summer Lassitude," "The Life of the Butterfly," "Rain," and "After Rain." Generally speaking, one might say that Granovsky is descriptive and reflective while the more intellectual Guttormsson is metaphorical and symbolic. Both poets are experienced craftsmen; but while Granovsky paints in oils, Guttormsson, with profound care, chisels his work out of granite.

Poetry at another level is provided by another octogenarian, J. Dziobko, of Virden, Manitoba, in *My Songs*, the English translation of an anthology of 86 Ukrainian folksongs (*Chyie to polechko ne zoranе?*) that he published in 1956. Mr. Dziobko was born in 1877 at Berest, in the Lemko district of the "Western Ukraine" and has had a long and distinguished career as a folklorist. About half of the present collection comes from the Lemko area, one poem is from the United States, and one is Canadian, while the rest are miscellaneous. The literal, line-by-line English renderings are by Professor Honoré Ewach, of St. Andrew's College, Winnipeg, who is himself a Ukrainian poet. He is doubtless right to let these artless songs speak for themselves without any warping of the sense through the exigencies of metre and rhyme.

The subject-matter comes out of the simplicities of peasant life. We see the dutiful wife taking off her drunken husband's shoes and putting him to bed. We see the poverty-stricken young peasant and his bride starting life from economic zero and making shingles for the lumber dealer. We see the gay young man called to the army and leaving tears behind among the girls. The one folksong that is Canadian in provenance runs as follows:

Tell no one, please, dear lady,
Of my casual visit to your home.

You know, it's easy to get lost in Canada,
To get lost and find a hospitable friend.

That's how I lost my way and found your house
Where you have treated me so very well.

Ah, what a treat it is to be here, in your home,
Resting and chatting with you.

After this rest, I'll keep going on;
But some day I may again drop in here for a chat.

If you will kindly take me in again,
I'll repay you, dear lady, with gratitude.

Two texts that have been prepared by Dr. J. B. Rudnyc'kyj and published by the University of Manitoba Press present comparable material on a much more extensive scale. *Readings in Ukrainian Folklore* is primarily a text for university classes in Ukrainian. The collection consists of anecdotes, short stories, historical tales, Cossack lays, funeral laments, wedding songs, carols, riddles, and proverbs. Some of these were transcribed from records of the Phonetic Institute at the University of Berlin and represent the performances of authentic speakers and singers from the Ukraine. They are here presented in literary spelling and provided with accents so as to facilitate correct pronunciation. Much more massive in character is *Readings in Canadian Slavic Folklore*, I: *Texts in Ukrainian*. This represents part of a very large collection of orally preserved traditions, both prose and verse, gathered on tape-recorder by Dr. Rudnyc'kyj in 1953 in the homes of several Slavic settlements in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Ontario. The field work was done on a grant-in-aid from the Humanities Research Council of Canada and laboratory transcriptions of the texts by the help of a subsidy from the Research Fund of the University of Manitoba. There are 244 Ukrainian items in the present book; and further volumes of Polish, Russian, Czech, and Croatian material are in preparation. Probably the most interesting sections in the present anthology are Part III, "Canadian Jests," and Part VI, "Songs about Canada."

Professor Stepan Kylymnyk has published yet another volume of his *Calendar Year in Ukrainian Folklore*. This is the *Summer Cycle*, recording the folklore and folk poetry associated with the festivals and saints' days of the summer season. There is a scholarly introduction by

Professor George Mulyk-Lutsyk of St. Andrew's College, Winnipeg, dated "on the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Georg Brandes." The Ukrainian peasants are traced through the rich ritualism of their high days and holy days: "Green Saturday" (the Eve of Trinity Sunday), "Green Festival" (Pentecost), "Nymphs' Week" (Pentecost Week), "Nymphs' Easter" (the Thursday of Pentecost Week), and, the greatest and most primitive festival of them all, "Kupalo" (St. John the Baptist's Day, June 24). The metropolitan mass-man loses a wealth of intimate experience when he turns his back on all this and melts into the "lonely crowd." The botanist and agronomist Fedir Onufrijchuk approaches folklore from an unusual angle in his *Spirit and Flowers in Ancient Beliefs*. To the lore of several Ukrainian and German authorities he adds, in this brief volume, his own sensitivity to the interrelations between plant and human life. He has also published three small volumes on various phases of botany.

Still another relevant work is *Folklore in Mediaeval Prayerbooks* by Dr. Josef Szövérffy of the University of Ottawa. This essay by a refugee Hungarian scholar was written in German and published in Copenhagen. It is typical of its closely woven erudition that 27 pages of text are followed by almost two hundred bibliographical references to Magyar, German, Danish, Finnish, Latin, French, English, and Erse authorities. His tentative conclusion, pending much more extensive research, is that "if one seeks to gather the basic attitude of mediaeval men from these texts, one sees in them a superficiality of faith, along with inner insecurity and fear. Fear of diseases, enemies and demonic influences marks not only the contents of these Danish prayerbooks but also the general attitude of the later Middle Ages. . . ." The House of Faith had a cellar full of horror.

The only drama that has emerged from 1958 is a set of four little *Christmas Plays for Children*, written in Ukrainian by Lidia Horbachewa, T. Kurpita, Yura Shcrumeliak, and K. Malitska. There are little twists of originality. In "Tidings of Joy" by Yura Shcrumeliak, four shepherds begin with the glad news of a Son born in Bethlehem to "the Mother of God." An angel presently enters to bring them tidings of love but is followed by Herod with a sword. The wicked king threatens them but their prayers to God disarm him. The shepherd Petrus cries out: "An end to Herod, to evil and to perfidy!" They all close with a hearty "Slava Bohu!"

Scholarly analysis of drama, rather than drama itself, marks *The*

Theatre of Kormart and Schoch, a doctoral thesis published by Abram Friesen, of Grünthal, Manitoba, in partial fulfilment of Ph.D. requirements at the Johannes-Gutenberg-Universität at Mainz. The objects of his learned research are scarcely remembered today. Christopher Kormart produced German stage versions of two of Pierre Corneille's tragedies, *Polyeuct* (1669) and *Die Verwechselte Prinzen* (1675), as well as a stage translation, from the Dutch, of Joost van den Vondel's *Maria Stuart* (1673). Johann Georg Schoch wrote an only moderately inspired *Comoedia vom Studentenleben* (1657). These plays all added considerable interest in their day to the stage in Leipzig, as the German states began their slow climb out of the devastation and depopulation of the Thirty Years' War. Dr. Friesen is particularly interested in the décor of the time, the actors, the properties, and the line-by-line stage directions. Perhaps it is the indifferent quality of the dramas as literature that leads him to give most of his attention to their dramatic production. Schoch is, of course, the more original writer of the two, although even in his work one sees stock characters of Plautus and Terence transposed into such seventeenth-century German equivalents as the fathers Petralto and Gerson, the sons Floretto and Amandus, and the cheerful rascal Pickelhering. There are crude scenes of student drinking, cudgelling, and fighting, but also such purely academic settings as Deposition, Immatriculation, Vorlesung, Concilium, and Promotion. Perhaps the saltiest dialogue is where the girls, Käthe and Brose, discuss the relative merits of shepherds and students as husbands.

The year's only books of fiction appear to be Ukrainian translations from German and English, designed for juvenile audiences. Some of the rollicking tales of Wilhelm Hauff (1802–27) and *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett (1849–1924), were thus published in Winnipeg.

On the political front, the League for the Liberation of the Ukraine has published two small books by Petro Mirchuk—a life of Eugen Konovalets, leader of the Ukrainian Liberation Movement, issued on the twentieth anniversary of his assassination, and *The First of November*, a story of the first Ukrainian "National Council," set up at Lviv on that date in 1918. The League has also published O. Merchansky's Ukrainian translation of the Marquis de Custine's letters, captioned *The Truth about Russia* and giving the French philosopher's famous analysis of Russian character a century ago. Akin to Mirchuk's work on Konovalets is Dr. M. I. Mandryka's pamphlet on *Simon Petlura.* In the same

tradition is Eugen Yavorivsky's *Leader of the Army of 100,000*, the story of Lieutenant-General Myron Tarnavsky, Commander in Chief of the Ukrainian Army of the Western Ukraine in 1918–19. General Tarnavsky died at Lviv in 1938 and this memorial volume is brought out on the twentieth anniversary of his death.

Omitted from this survey for 1956 was a massive volume of memoirs by Alexander S. Bryk, of Winnipeg. Born in 1898 at Kolodiyivku, a little village in the Western Ukraine, near Tarnopol and Skalata, he passed through the experiences of World War I and the Bolshevik Revolution. Leaving the U.S.S.R. in 1926, he sailed from Riga to Halifax and settled in Manitoba. He has woven a thousand details of Ukrainian history in with his own life story and his pages are filled with photographs of most of the men of note in the Ukrainian-Canadian community. It is thus in part a history of his ethnic group in Canada. Side by side with it should be read Dr. M. I. Mandryka's *Historical Sketch of the 'Prosvita' Reading Association for the Years 1905–1955*. This is a detailed and official jubilee history of a most useful organization. Mention should also be made of Dr. Mandryka's delicate little pamphlet of tribute to his late wife.

A Polish Research Institute which was set up in Toronto in 1956 has now issued a bibliographical report, *Polonica Canadiana, 1848–1957*, prepared by the Director, Dr. Victor Turek. The 798 items on his roster include both Polish translations of Canadian books and Canadian translations of Polish books. It is apparent that young Poles know of Canada almost entirely through 14 translations from "Grey Owl," 19 from Mazo de la Roche, 33 from L. M. Montgomery, and 43 from Ernest Thompson Seton. No other Canadians appear to be read in Poland. Of the listed works that have been published by Poles in Canada, a large proportion are organizational pamphlets and yearbooks issued by clubs, societies, veterans' groups, and Roman Catholic parishes. There are no Polish-Canadian novelists and, apart from a few chapbooks, no poets to speak of. Scholarship by Poles is associated sparsely with men such as T. Domaradzki, K. Rayski-Kietlicz, and P. Wyczynski. Henryk Mehlberg throws in a half-slice of philosophy. The really striking feature of the record is an array of 179 research papers by 41 Polish scientists who have escaped to Canada since World War II and are now on the staffs of our universities and of the National Research Council. Almost every known science is represented and the combined contribution to Canadian research has been noteworthy. One might mention, for example, the

discoveries made in aeronautics by Juliusz Lukasiewicz, Janusz Jerzy Samolewicz, and Boleslaw Szczeniowski, the mining reports of Jozef Obalski, the work of Jerzy Olszewski in neurology, or the medical researches of Konstanty P. Kowalewski.

Ukrainian scholarship has been associated with the Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences in Winnipeg. Thus Dr. Jaroslav Rudnyc'kyj and his associates continue to issue their annual bibliographies *Slavica Canadiana* and *Ukrainica Canadiana*. Dr. Rudnyc'kyj's *Studies in Onomastics* collects ten papers in English, German, Polish, and Ukrainian that he had read on toponymic problems at conferences in Uppsala, Salamanca, Paris, Prague, Belgrade, Lviv, and New York. In his *Problems of Contemporary Shevchenkology*, he sets forth certain scholarly projects that are desirable for consummation in time for the centenary, in 1960, of the publication of Shevchenko's *Kobzar*, and for the centenary, in 1961, of the death of this greatest of Ukrainian poets. Also in the Free Academy's series is W. Zyla's *Ideological Background of Shevchenko's 'Hamalia'*, which explains the poem as a Ukrainian defense of Cossack traditions and ideals as against the denigratory versions by which Russian literary critics tried to belittle the Cossack past. Also in the Academy's series, but financed by the Slovak Institute, is Dr. J. M. Kirschbaum's address on *L'udovít Stur and His Place in the Slavic World*. Stur (1815–56) was one of the outstanding Slovak poets of the nineteenth century and Dr. Kirschbaum seeks to redeem his reputation from the unfavourable judgment of earlier critics. Of related interest is Dr. Rudnyc'kyj's volume of reminiscences of a trip to Scandinavia in 1957, his essay in Spanish on toponymy in *Don Juan*, published in Salamanca, and the bibliography of Rudnyc'kyj's publications, prepared by Sever Pop and published in Louvain.

In Toronto, the Ukrainian Teachers' Association of Canada has launched a series of research volumes under the general editorship of Wasyl Luciw. The first book to be issued was one by Dr. Luciw himself, on *Pedagogical Activities of Dr. Ivan Franko*. The second is by Mykhaylo Lomackyj, on *Ukrainian Teachers of Hutsulia*, and deals with the history of educational work among the Highlanders (Hutsuls) of the Eastern Carpathians.

Among ecclesiastical publications, the most imposing of the year is the *Jubilee Book of the Rev. Metropolitan Ilarion*. This prelate, professor, and savant has had a most formidable record as an author. The present work, prepared in honour of his seventy-fifth birthday, gives a

list (pp. 250–2) of some 42 works, running to some 60 volumes. His poetical works, given as one title only, total 8 volumes. In addition to book publication and church administration, he has been an indefatigable religious journalist. His only book for 1958 is a life of Prince Constantine Ostrozkyj (1527–1608) and a study of his cultural activities. Ivan Semenya has issued a devotional volume, *Saved by the Lord*, and Yura Hominiuk a new Ukrainian translation of the Gospel according to Saint John. The Ukrainian Orthodox Brotherhood of St. Vladimir Cathedral, Toronto, has printed a third volume of its militant *In Defence of Faith*. The chief enemies denounced are Indifference and Communism.

A whole series of useful manuals in many languages has been prepared by the Federal Department of Citizenship and Immigration. These provide new citizens from abroad with a useful mass of information on Canada, on working and living conditions, and even on the operation of our unemployment insurance system.

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